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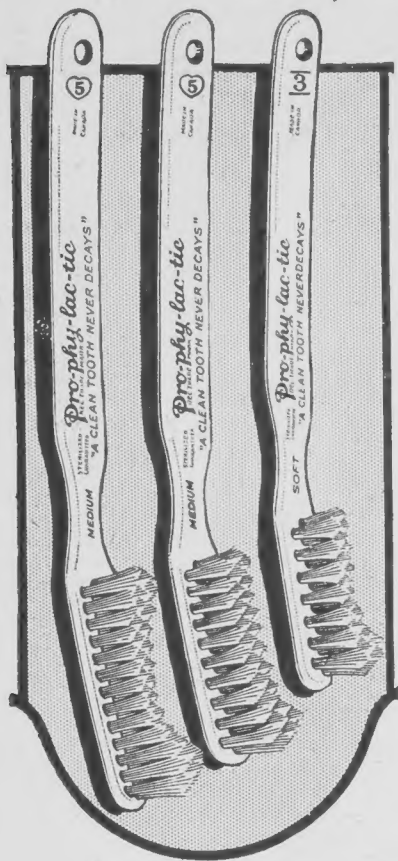


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Table of Contents

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	26
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	96

FICTION

MISS ECCLESTON'S GOOD FORTUNE—Rita Weller...	5
OUTCASTS—Dorothy Black.....	6
THE THANKSGIVING SUPPER—Marion Wathen Fox...	10
WILD GEESE—Martha Ostenso (Fourth Installment)....	11
THE CROSSING—H. Mortimer Batten.....	15
MEET MRS. RAFFERTY—Edith G. Bayne.....	16
AUNT BARBARA GIVES ADVICE—Beatrice Evelyn Barnard.....	18

SPECIAL ARTICLES

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE—Prof. W. T. Allison.....	9
THE HORNED GREBES IN SASKATCHEWAN—H. H. Pittman.....	28

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

DOLLARS AND CENTS—W. G. Lamond.....	30
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	31
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell.....	32
COME, LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M. Librarian...	34
RADIO NOTES.....	40
MUSICAL ITEMS.....	48
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	94

WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE WARM WELCOME OF THE LIVING ROOM—Katherine Caldwell.....	23
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	50
MOTHERS' PAGE.....	54
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS.....	60
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton.....	62
WOMEN'S INSTITUTE NOTES.....	64

The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR
WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Thanksgiving

WHEN, of the ten lepers who were healed, but one returned to give thanks, the Great Physician marvelled greatly. Why should gratitude be so uncommon? Is it any more common today in this Western land than it was in Palestine twenty centuries ago?

For what has the West to be thankful? First of all for the physical comforts—for health, freedom from plagues and disasters; then for adequate return for labor—bountiful harvests, plentiful supply from forests, mines and inland seas; but chiefly for spiritual blessings—continued peace and freedom to pursue the true, the beautiful and the good. And so Western Canada should return thanks.

How is she to manifest her gratitude? Not, surely, by self indulgence and excessive gluttony, but by deeds and words worthy of souls that are touched by the Divine. The least that can be expected of men and women who have received blessing is to pass it along to others. Because Providence has been so abundantly kind, the spirit of kindness should pervade all institutions and enrich the hearts of young and old. There is scarcely a family on the plains but can practise the virtue of thanksgiving. Husbands can remember their wives and wives their husbands, and both can join in making life fuller and happier for their children. The school, perhaps, needs a library and the church some new aids to worship or service. It may be that a recreation centre is the great need for the young people. How fitting it would be for older people to express their thanksgiving in providing something of this nature!

But better, even, than all this would it be for men and women in pure gratitude to cleanse themselves from all selfishness and bestiality and to lose themselves in their children and in those whose necessities are greater than their own. That would be true thanksgiving.

Religious Differences

WHEN The Western Home Monthly opened its columns to those who are exponents of what are known as Modernism and Fundamentalism, it clearly performed a good service, for it made known to its readers the real beliefs of those who hold what are deemed to be irreconcilable views. There has, unfortunately, been much bitterness and uncalled-for criticism on both sides, and many of the speeches have betrayed complete ignorance of the other party's view-point. It may be that if men and women only took long enough to understand each other they might not differ so very much after all. It is very evident that if in a religious discussion two people give different meanings to God, Word of God, sin, salvation, heaven, eternal life, evolution, and other terms such as this, they must differ essentially in their conclusions. The scores of letters that have reached this office since the articles appeared, show clearly that what is necessary is more understanding, and less acerbity.

Winter

OFTEN the city dweller commiserates the poor fellow who has to spend his winter in the country, but, were he acquainted with all that goes to make up the experience of the man who lives on the farm he might feel otherwise. For the country has its winter charms, and to some these are even greater than the charms of summer. The fir trees come into unaccustomed prominence and new vistas open in the woods. Sounds that were unheard in the summer and fall now force themselves upon the attention. There is a tang in the air that inspires and strengthens. The air, cleared of dust, courses through the lungs as a refreshing stimulant.

As for sports, the best are all country bred. Coasting, skating, hockey—they are at their best only in the wide expanses of the rivers and lakes and marshes.

A literary magazine writing on the glories of winter, says:

"The city man pities his country cousin because he has to get up in a cold room and start the fire and draw water from the well. His idea of living is to open the draft of the furnace, hop back into bed and get up when the house has got warm. The poor fellow does not know that the exercise of building the fire and drawing the water and doing the other morning chores would warm him more quickly and more thoroughly, and with that eternal, self-engendered heat which bestows a comfort greater than anything which a stove or furnace radiates. The ordinary country dweller probably sits down to his breakfast with a sense of physical well-being and contentment that the city man seldom has."

Let us thank heaven for the blessings of winter. It speaks virility. May we all be worthy of our climate.

Reconciliation

WHEN some business men talk about labor they get angry and some workers get equally angry when they talk about business men and employers. There have been praiseworthy, even if unsuccessful and unwise attempts to bridge the chasm, but there is yet a great gulf fixed between the opposing camps. Charity—kind hearted ladies with parcels, philanthropic institutions for the unfortunate, buildings for the unsheltered and food for the hungry—this was the first attempt at reconciliation. Then came force—starving the disobedient and punishing the autocratic. But neither charity nor force has brought a solution to the problem.

The last fifty years has given rise to the factory town—in the early days a town of black chimneys, small dwelling houses, without pretensions to beauty or comfort. In the factory the wheels were carefully watched and oiled but the human element was neglected. The immigrants who came, joined the dissatisfied, and the owners, in their desire to produce, forgot the by-product of poverty, wrong and hatred, that was born of injustice. And so this spirit of ill-will was handed down from decade to decade, and it is not now easy to appease the anger that was stirred up in the latter half of last century.

The pride in creative hand-work of earlier days has unfortunately been supplanted by the unbroken sameness of doing over and over one part, and not getting its relation to the finished product. For example, there are seventy different parts in a shoe, and having a limited area of work, like doing nothing but eyelets, dulls the mentality, narrows thought, saps vigor, and requires stimulating recreation to offset it.

A young worker in a canning factory, who had no adjustable stool and whose back was consequently round from stooping to reach the lever that drilled through small strips of tin, heard the others tell a new hand who spoke of being tired that she would get used to the work. "No," she protested, "it ain't that, you get used to being tired."

Overwork does two things: it breaks and it hardens; and when I see a calloused working woman with the coarse laugh and the sharp tongue that denotes a defeated life, I see also a vision behind her, the woman she might have been, had a wiser generation directed her to the things that are lovely and of good report.

There are other things to be considered—the sceptre of unemployment, the high tension required to keep up to the speed of the never-resting machine. No wonder that eight hours today is more tiring than twelve or fourteen in the days when labor was not specialized, and no wonder that owners of factories driven to desperation by competition and facing production of which they cannot dispose at any sacrifice—no wonder that they break down in their youth, and lose their poise and temper.

What then is the solution? It is not to be set forth in a single sentence, but it has been beautifully stated by Olive A. Cotton in the following paragraphs:

"Of course no one change will counteract all the evils of modern life; shorter hours will not stop the feeble-minded from reproducing themselves, nor high wages enrich a barren mind. We have indeed too many incompetent, inefficient workers, and too many wealthy men and women who would also have been unable to be self-supporting to say nothing of contributing anything to the progress of mankind."

"The schools must keep the children until they are better fixed for life in the community. The subtle influences of the home and false standards play a potent part in much of the unrest today."

"The workers were mostly simple-hearted folk and wanted only bread, peace and brotherhood, and we who were in control mismanaged affairs so sadly that unemployment, war, and hatred have prevailed. We failed in our part."

"Instead of anathematizing labor as good for nothing, perhaps we would better remember that the work and long patience of many have made the green earth a fairer place for thousands less conscientious than themselves, and that any intolerance, bitterness or vehemence that either side shows is the accompaniment of unenlightenment—that unenlightenment which the last generation did so little to change."

"How many of us can truly state that it has been entirely through our own effort, or deserving, that we are not doomed to pass our days at a machine? To see ourselves in the life of the other, that is the challenge of the future. Can we see it? The men in the mob, our brothers, the lazy, the ignorant, the vicious?"

"Yes, as much as the glutton, the materialist, and the monopolist. A few can go forward but they cannot stay long without the many. We are all related, and when we learn to say the right pronoun, not I, nor They, but We, the world may be a happier place for all."

The Home

VERY old people are able to recall perfectly the events of childhood, even though they may forget quickly what happens from day to day. First impressions last longest. So, too, do early friendships and affections persist. Character is formed during the early years. As the proverb has it—"The child is father of the man."

Because of this the home is the most important agent of civilization. It is there that the controlling habits, tendencies and affections of life are formed. The nation that would build up in its citizens enduring qualities of goodness and worth, must begin their education while they are yet in the cradle.

Next in importance to the home is the school, for it is here, chiefly, that the great social virtues are learned and practised, and the cardinal beliefs of religion settled. It may be unfortunate that this is so, because in a well-ordered life, reason and conviction rather than custom and tradition should rule, yet most people are satisfied to follow as they have begun in youth. Notwithstanding the tendency of this age to encourage free thought, it is only the occasional soul who casts away early beliefs in order to build up for himself a more convincing system. It is during the early years, or in adolescence, that one's political affiliations are fixed, and the fact that over ninety per cent of young people adopt the views of their parents has more than a little significance.

It is the duty of parents to bestow upon their children affection, to secure from them co-operation, to provide them with opportunities for activity.

A father should be one with his boys—their hero and friend. The mother should be worthy of worship, from boys and girls alike. The foundation of all sound life is reverence, and a parent who is to be revered must be respected. Money, luxuries, entertainment will not take the place of good old-fashioned affection which naturally flourishes in an atmosphere of goodwill and sacrifice.

Then there is co-operation. From earliest days the children should be taught that each has responsibilities and privileges and that the law of the home is the same as the law of society—each for all and all for each. That is not a good home in which the parents do all for the children, nor in which the mother alone feels responsible for the up-bringing of the little flock. The children who have something to do in the home love it most, provided only that they have not too much of the distasteful without any admixture of the pleasurable.

The great difficulty in most homes is in providing occupations for the children. Yet it is possible for even the poorest family to find something to read, something to play with, something to do. The best investment a parent can make is in books, toys, and a kit of tools. Children do not grow physically and mentally under starvation, but as a result of idleness and acting. Life at its best is joyous; but there is no joy in dreary inactivity.

There is a negative duty incumbent upon parents—to protect their children from evil in books, companions, associations and practices. The great necessity here is supervision. He is fortunate who can be a director or mentor for a gang of growing boys. She is wise who can encourage gatherings of young folk in her own home. Not even the church with its many organizations can take the place of the fireside.

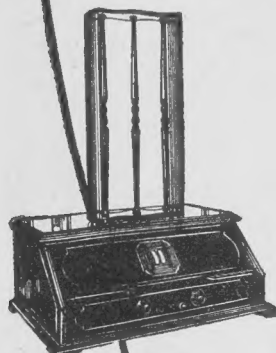
Sometimes it is said that it is easy to bring up a child in the city where there are many attractions, but that it is difficult to hold country children in their homes. Nothing could be wider from the mark. The modern attractions in town and city are ruinous to home life. They may enable careless parents to escape responsibility, but that is about all. But in the wide open country there is always something for children to see and do. There is life-giving power in farm chores. There is development of initiative where young people have fixed responsibility. There is good feeling and affection where families are dependent upon themselves for entertainment and enjoyment. But there is always the danger that families in lonely places will neglect to provide for the needs of childhood, and that the young people will resent the neglect. The problem of keeping boys and girls on the farm is essentially a matter of providing them with suitable activities and companionships.

If Canada is to become, as she should become, the last and greatest of nations, she must begin by developing a high type of home life. There is no other way. In anxiety to get large farms and herds of cattle, we should not forget that our finest asset is children who are well informed, physically and mentally sound; right in their personal life and actuated by high social ideals.

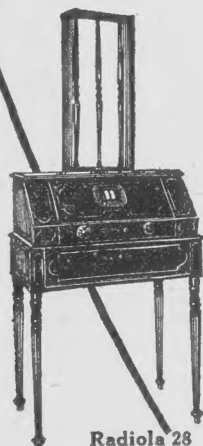
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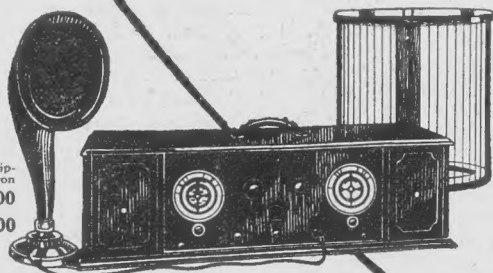
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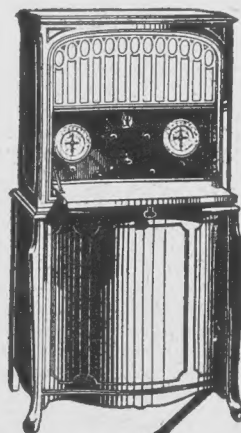
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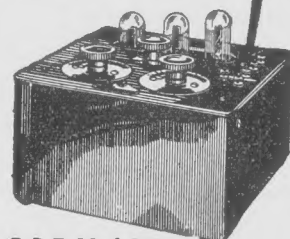
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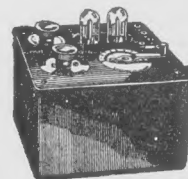
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A CANADIAN

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Miss Eccleston's Good Fortune

By Rita Weller

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

THE delicate, timid spinster in a worn, old-fashioned, brown silk suit, with its high collar and lace jabot, and turned up brown velvet hat, trimmed with faded velvet nasturtiums, slipped furtively into the exclusive Marie Louise Home for Aged Gentlewomen.

She was uneasy because she carried a large paper bundle, and she knew that the Matron would look with great displeasure upon any visitor who carried such a package. Now that she was first upon the waiting list, Miss Eccleston did not want to run any risk of being passed over. Then she felt guilty on another account. She had just come from the Bachelor Apartment where the janitor's wife gave her all the weekly mending to do for exactly one half of what she received from the various tenants for the work. Suppose someone had seen her coming out of the apartment. She became faint at the thought of being reported and refused. Of the entrance requirements three hundred dollars and a black silk dress had been very difficult to obtain; in the matter of ancestry there was no lack of very distinguished names to fill the application.

Miss Eccleston reached her friend's room without encountering the Matron. Mrs. Johnston always helped her the whole afternoon of her weekly visit. She said it was a great pleasure to be mending men's things again after years of knitting and crocheting. Privately, Mary Eccleston thought that once she were admitted she would find the work permitted in the home, fancy work for the Gentlewomen's League, much more enjoyable and more ladylike.

They would close the door and put a chair against it, and mend furiously. If anyone came they had time to hide their work before letting them in. In their lifelong friendship Elizabeth Johnston had always been the leader. In fact, Mary Eccleston considered her quite the most daring and courageous person in the world.

The completed work was always wrapped separately to be left on the way home. The afternoons together seemed so short. Their cheeks would be glowing from the excitement of their work and talk of old times. The trip out of the Home was always less formidable as Mrs. Johnston always escorted her friend, and if the Matron were in her office, they could take the side entrance.

As Miss Eccleston put on her well mended gloves they always spoke of how enjoyable it would be when they could be together. That was all; they were too ladylike and Christian to express a hope for a vacancy.

The janitress actually expressed her pleasure at the completion of a rush order and paid Miss Eccleston fifty cents extra, which she only took upon learning that there had been an extra charge made for the rush work.

It was warm and springlike and Miss Eccleston sat in the park and pictured her friend's pleasure

over the half dozen jonquils that she would buy her with the unexpected fifty cents. Should she buy them from the street vendor or at the cut-rate florist? which would be best? Then if she stayed home from church on Sunday and save the ten cents she would be able to buy seven. Seven seemed elegant and generous, not poverty-stricken like six. But would the Lord consider her extravagant and wicked? Miss Eccleston left the question for a later decision and walked back to her lodging house.

The landlady was on the lookout for her. There was a telegram in her hand, also a notice that money had been wired her. A cousin she had long since

at her as she drove the short length of Main Street. Memories of happenings she had long forgotten overwhelmed her as they passed houses she had not seen since childhood. John Eccleston's house appeared as it had in his father's time, only the wistaria seemed a little heavier. But John Eccleston IV was dead.

To tell the truth, Mary Eccleston was a trifle relieved. She had never entered a man's bed-room, knew that she would have felt awkward and also knew that, even dying, John would have surmised the fact and teased her unmercifully; and she had never understood, nor learned how to combat teasing.

Everyone deferred to her; she was his only relative. The will gave her everything. There was also a letter, which her cousin had dictated just before he died. He said he would have sent for her sooner, but knew that he had always annoyed her; he hoped that she would live for many years and enjoy herself. She

shed truly grateful tears; with the house and horses and forty-five hundred a year, she was wealthy.

Mary Eccleston thought of wiring her friend of her good fortune; then decided simply to go and tell her and the two of them would come back together. On the return trip she was too excited to sleep; she lay awake picturing their future together, their afternoon drives, pleasant changes, perhaps to New York. She would even keep John's clothes for Elizabeth to mend.

At the station, after some hesitation, Miss Eccleston finally summoned up sufficient courage to order a taxi, and thanked the door-man and the nice

young taxi-driver for their attention with a nervous profuseness that brought gentle smiles to the faces of bystanders.

Miss Eccleston drove boldly up to the front door of the Home. As she passed the office the Matron noticed her and asked her to come in.

"I suppose, Miss Eccleston," said the Matron, "you have come to arrange for your actual entrance into the Home."

"On the contrary, Miss Smithson, I have come to withdraw my application; my circumstances have recently changed. In fact, having been out of the city and having come directly from the station to the Home, I did not even know that you had a vacancy."

"Yes, five nights ago, very peacefully in her sleep dear Mrs. Johnston passed away."

Such a whitefaced, frail old lady took the sleeper that night that both the conductor and porter were concerned. When they asked if there was anything they could do for her, she said there was nothing, she was merely very tired. And she added in an undertone speaking more to herself than to them, that the trip to the cemetery had been very exhausting, and she absent-mindedly twisted the stem of a single jonquil.



"I suppose, Miss Eccleston," said the Matron, "you have come to arrange for your actual entrance into the home."

lost track of was dying, and had sent for her. She remembered that, as a boy, he had always dug the worms before he went fishing. He was evidently still as forehanded because he had provided for her travelling.

With the excitement of providing identification, getting the money and packing her bag, Miss Eccleston barely made the evening sleeper, even though she took a taxi.

Next morning John Eccleston's own carriage was waiting for her at the station. People glanced respectfully

Would You Refuse to Marry a Man Just Because He Had Never Done Anything "Big" and Was Always Laughing and Joking? Sylvia Green's Experience May Prove Illuminating to Many a Woman



THE cold season was drawing to a close, though there was still a snap in the air at the full moon, and a white mist on the river in the early morning. In the tamarisk trees the hot-weather bird had just begun his incessant call, "Who are you? Who are you?" and the whole station prepared itself for one last glorious jollification before setting down to the rigors of an Indian Summer.

It was the night of the Outcasts' dance.

The Outcasts' dance had long since become an institution. It was given yearly by the United Bachelors of Rangoon. There were only ten Outcasts left, matrimony, home-leave, and cholera having taken their little toll during the year. The remaining Outcasts spoke very scathingly of matrimony, optimistically of home-leave, but not at all of cholera. And the Outcasts' dance was always a very splendid affair—champagne flowing, and no expense spared. Just delicately intended to show, perhaps, how well we men can manage without you ladies, after all.

At the Outcasts' dance you are requested to come attired solely as Pierrot and Pierrette. In this guise for one night they meet, the great and the lowly, the Burra Sahib and his latest chokra, the General and the meanest of his subalterns; for the Outcasts have ordained that, on this night, all shall equal be.

Now, the official uniform of an Outcast is a black-satin coat, trousers, and handkerchief, and orange-silk pompons on legs and sleeves and front. So that, looking round, you can tell at once which are your hosts; thought even out of uniform it is usually quite easy to tell an Outcast. There is a certain care-free look about them, and they always speak very scathingly about matrimony.

"Poor old So-and-so," they say, "he's trapped at last."

For they take a certain pride in being Outcasts, even though it was common property that at least two of their number remained so only because their suits had been rejected. Let us take off our hats to that gallant little band of Rangoon bachelors, making the best of a

sorry business and wearing brave faces while all the world sang love-songs.

One of these was Mr. Hubert Mainwaring, whom we first see taking out his black-satin coat and trousers, and looking them over with a critical eye. He had intended getting a new lot, but now—

"With fresh pompons it will do for another year," said Mr. Mainwaring.

In nine other bungalows the nine remaining Outcasts were saying precisely the same thing. After all, why rush into a lot of unnecessary expense when one could never be quite sure—?

"Wants ironing out," said Mr. Mainwaring gloomily.

The very sight of these clothes depressed him. They reminded him so poignantly of a year ago. It had been at the last Outcasts' dance that Sylvia had turned him down.

He had been sick at heart, astonished and astounded, for he knew jolly well that Sylvia was fond of him, and he had always imagined she saw through that scintillating reputation of his for being a bit of a wag, and knew that at heart he was really a serious sort of fellow.

"Well, old dear, what about fizz and wedding-cake for you and me?" he had asked. Sylvia had laughed, as he quite intended she should, then shook her head, which was not on his programme.

"Don't be childish, Hubert."

Never had he felt less childish.

"Sylvia, I'm deadly serious."

"You aren't. You can't be. You are dying to laugh."

"I never felt less like laughing. I love you."

"Oh, Hubert, don't be silly. I couldn't marry you. You're just a sort of buffoon, darling. A very nice one, but I simply couldn't dream of trying to domesticate you. It wouldn't work. Besides, when I marry it must be some one who has done things. Some one very brave—?"

He remembered the look in her eyes as she turned to him; as though she knew that you couldn't be brave or

Outcasts

do things and still dress up as a Pierrot and play the fool. There had been no pleading with the girl. Suddenly, feeling sick, he realized that she was in earnest. Sylvia, whom he had come to look upon as his own, was nothing of the sort. There she sat, waiting for some one quite different. And this in spite of her aunt, who was determined, every one knew, to marry her off; who had certainly given Hubert every auntly encouragement.

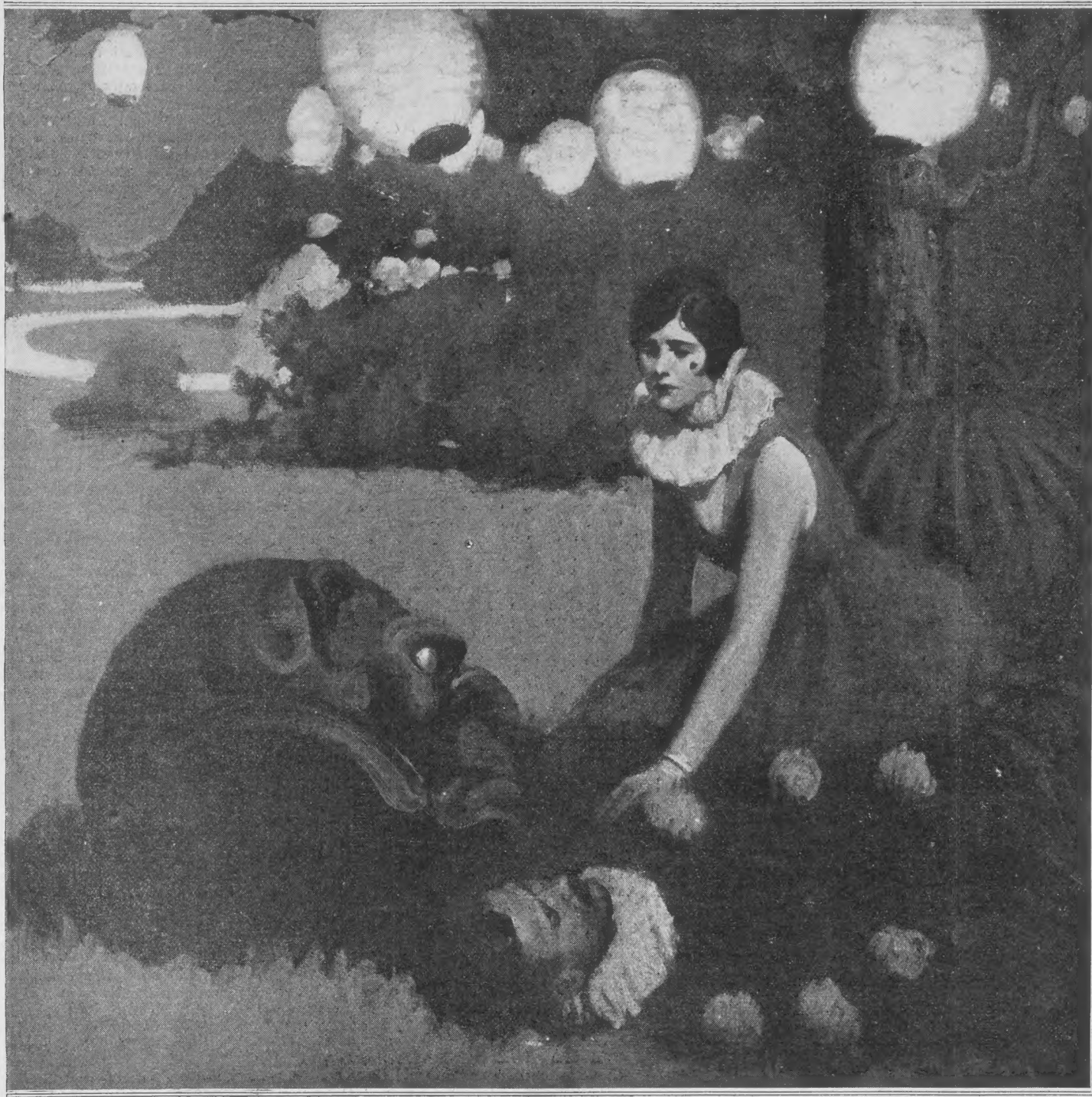
He had left her in a white heat of anger in the club garden, all illuminated with lanterns and fairy lights for the Outcasts, with the hot-weather bird calling, faint and far-off in the trees:

"Who are you? Who are you?"

"An Outcast—likely to remain so," said Mr. Mainwaring, bitterly.

It was a year ago, but as he stood there, looking at his Pierrot kit, it seemed much more. He had hardly spoken to Sylvia all that time, though he had not been able to forget her. It is difficult to forget a person you are continually running into at dances, parties, and shopping. (It is hard to forget anybody in a place where there is only one shop.) Besides, he had to listen to so much talk about her. Of So-and-so hanging around her, and What's-his-name paying her every attention. Time and again he had been sorely tempted to go to her and try his luck again, but pride intervened. The next move, if there ever was one, must come from Sylvia herself.

Now, Mr. Mainwaring, like all the best people, had left the question of his fancy dress to the very last moment, and so it was not to be wondered at that, on arriving at the one and only shop, he discovered



She pulled off the big grotesque mask, whispered 'Hubert,' and knelt there sobbing. Out of the darkness the vast face of the mask stood leering at them.

By Dorothy Black

Illustrations by J. Clinton Shepherd

orange-silk pompons were sold out. Nine other gentlemen, said the young lady behind the counter, had purchased twenty orange-silk pompons apiece only that morning.

"Leaves me up a gum-tree," mused Mr. Mainwaring and he toyed for a while with crimson ones, wondering if by any stretch of imagination they could be called orange and decided not.

Said the helpful young lady behind the counter of the store: "You could try in the big bazaar."

MR. MAINWARING viewed that project with distaste, in spite of the pretty songs he himself sometimes sang, suggesting you might purchase stars there. He knew the bazaar, and the smell thereof. He knew the sort of things that bit you there, consistently and without mercy. But there seemed nothing else for it, and he pondered upon the cruelty of the fact that if Sylvia had only agreed to marry him last year, all this trouble about the orange-silk pompons of an Outcast would have been spared him.

He drove down that congested thoroughfare of merchandise and smells that led to the big bazaar. Only a short time ago, he mused, Europeans had been warned not to go into the big bazaar. There was a nasty bubbling undercurrent of ill-feeling among a certain section. You heard jolly little about it, but there it was all the time, like the inside of Stromboli. Cooking up, and preparing for an outburst, some folk said. But others, disagreeing, said that the little undercurrent had quietly boiled itself out.

Mr. Mainwaring did not know. He was employed in a big oil firm and, like most of the men of his years, thought it rather bad form to be interested in politics.

In any case they were hopeless. He knew that, because he had heard people who did go in for them say so.

He entered the big bazaar without a qualm, bending his head to get through the door which was built for men of a different scale from that of the stalwart Englishman.

It was dark there after the pitiless sunshine of the streets, and a vista of stalls stretched before him, with natives sitting cross-legged there, calling to him:

"What you want, sah? Very nice silk, sah? Very good long-cloth, sah?" intermingled with the lament of a leper who dragged himself slowly down the space between the stalls, wailing as he went:

"O mani padme om."

The pompon-stall was a little hard to find, but Mr. Mainwaring located it at last between a stall where paper flowers of every hue flourished in lurid confusion and that of a venerable person who sold spices and sweetmeats, and various alien substances unknown to Mr. Mainwaring.

The pompon-stall was presided over by a slip of a Burmese girl with a flower tucked in her black hair. She looked, thought Mr. Mainwaring, as though some one had pulled a Burmese cracker and got her out of it instead of a whistle or a paper hat. She smiled at the big Englishman, showing a row of faultless white teeth.

Mr. Mainwaring seated himself on the edge of the stall, and tried to explain to her what he wanted, which took some time, because he did not look a bit the sort of person who would come to buy silken pompons.

At last she understood, and got down a boxful. Lovely fat, fluffy things, like young tangerine oranges, and the girl whose name literally translated meant Miss Pretty-one, counted him out twenty-four into a bag.

"That gives me two extra ones," said Mr. Mainwaring very gravely, "for my shoes. Oh, I am going to be a dog!"

Miss Pretty-one was bewildered. She could not

make out what he wanted them for and demanded the reason.

Mr. Mainwaring sighed.

"These are the marks worn as a sign by those whom nobody loves," he told her gravely. "If you see an Englishman on this night wearing these, it is a sign of failure bravely born, Miss Pretty-one."

She was sure then that he was laughing at her, after the manner of Englishmen. For was it likely nobody loved him, who had fair hair and those kind blue eyes? Miss Pretty-one thought not.

He paid her what he owed, and then, with a shy little laugh, she took the flower out of his buttonhole and stuck it in her hair, which made Hubert Mainwaring laugh. Then he left the big bazaar by a side door, and it was at the side door that he was held up for a while in a crowd that had gathered round to listen to the argument between a Chinese woman and a Bengali stall-holder about the price of blankets.

And as he stood there he heard a low laugh, and a voice saying:

"At nine-thirty, behind the pagoda, we meet."

"It is all arranged. The yearly Pugale Khana will find them in no mood to put up a resistance. It is our day."

Mr. Mainwaring looked around cautiously to try to catch a glimpse of the speaker. It was impossible to see from where those voices came. They were Bengalis, and Chinamen, and coolies, and two priests with inscrutable faces and orange robes, carrying black-lacquer bowls.

Mr. Mainwaring emerged into the sunshine, dazzled and a little bewildered. He did not altogether like what he had heard. Suppose the people who said everything had simmered out nicely were not right, after all?

He felt he ought to say something to somebody. But he was not prepared to go to the police all on his own, and he decided to consult his Burra Sahib, Mr. Mordant, on the subject.

Mr. Mordant had been in the East for so long that

all initiative had been long since baked out of him. He asked nothing of Fate now but to be allowed to go on doing as he had done yesterday until the end. Anything out of the ordinary made Mr. Mordant hot and uncomfortable.

Mr. Mordant had an iron-gray moustache, rather larger than was then worn, but having started years ago with it like that, he could not bear to change it. A very expressive moustache it was. It appeared to bristle when he was angry, and it sagged very despondently at the ends when he was depressed. You could tell how the oil-market was going by a glance at Mr. Mordant's moustache.

It was sagging when Hubert went to his room after tiffin. It was not usual for young men to desire to speak with him after tiffin in his private room, and Mr. Mordant felt hot and uncomfortable. Between you and me he had had enough of novelty that week—had Mr. Mordant. He only hoped it was nothing out of the ordinary. With these modern young men you never could be sure. They got such ideas.

He brightened when he heard what Hubert's errand was. Brightened and laughed it away.

"My dear Mainwaring, don't worry your head about that. That kind of thing goes on here, of course. Always has done, and always will. But it means nothing. Words! Hot air! And in any case it's the business of the police. Nothing to do with us, and one of the secrets of success out here is to mind your own business."

"But if anything did happen, if they made trouble on a night like this, sir, when the Outcasts' dance was in full swing, and we were all quite unprepared, it would be something to do with us. I hate the thought of fighting for my life in black satin and orange-silk pompons."

"Such a thing has never been known to happen, and I have lived out here for thirty years, Mainwaring. Long before you were born."

"But sometimes people do things they have never done before," Mr. Mainwaring demurred.

The thought made Mr. Mordant hot and uncomfortable—all the more so because he half believed it to be true.

"Good day to you, Mainwaring," he said hastily, and seized a pile of papers that stood on his right, and transferred them over to his left side, put them down there, and then picked them up again and put them in a drawer. Thus did Mr. Mordant keep up the impression that he was a busy man.

Hubert Mainwaring went back to work, which consisted that day chiefly in ringing up ladies of his acquaintance and asking them to keep dances for him. No one did much real work on the day of the Outcasts' dance. It was practically canonized.

Night came, and a big white moon sailed in the velvet sky. In the grounds of the club a myriad lights twinkled, and chairs stood about invitingly two and two, waiting for you and for me. Hubert Mainwaring went down to take a last look round before dinner.

Orange and black bunting transformed that well-known place into an unfamiliar fairy-land. Upon the walls hung big colored masks, and three or four vast papier-mache heads of Blunderbore that some one had brought from Paris stood leering at Mr. Mainwaring as he stood there, a small figure in orange and black, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Why did he not feel more festive? Mr. Mainwaring stood there, wondering uneasily why he did not. The wild joyousness that was wont to seize Mr. Mainwaring on these occasions was strangely absent. He felt weary and a little depressed.

"Getting old," said Mr. Mainwaring, "Darn it, I'm getting old."

Despondently he felt that the days in which he loved to make a noise, and throw his head about, and beat drums were probably numbered. Sylvia—yes, at the back of his mind he knew he was thinking of Sylvia. This Outcast business is all very fine while you are young, but there comes a time when a man wants more than orange-silk pompons, and to show the ladies delicately how well he can get on without them.

Outside, the streets were thronged with motor-cars full of Pierrots and Pierrettes going to various dinner-parties before the dance. You could not recognize anyone, but hailed them all with joyful shouts. For this one night the Outcasts ordained that all shall equal be.

Hubert had been bidden to Flagstaff House, and thither he repaired, to find the hall a motley of men who all looked strangers to him in their strange clothes and

handkerchiefs, but gradually one could pick out friends. There was the General himself, a little stiff and very dignified, his handkerchief slightly awry as though it rebelled against sitting upon him. The Colonel commanding the garrison out at Mingladon had let himself go in shades of purple and mauve, and looked like a man conscious of a terrible mistake but bearing it reasonably.

Hubert discovered that he was to take Sylvia in to dinner, and for one wild moment he hoped this was an omen, and that his luck was going to turn on this, the anniversary of his disaster. He could see her, through the archway that led into the drawing-room, in abbreviated blue skirts edged with silver, and a vast blue and silver ruffle.

And then, at his elbow said an emerald and white Pierrot who was ordinarily a dull young man in a bank:

"What do you think of the latest engagement?"

"Which engagement?" asked Mr. Mainwaring, conscious of that superiority which comes of knowing nothing about local gossip.

"Sylvia Green and Hilary Mordant."

"What?" gasped Hubert weakly.

"Bit odd for her, I should have thought. They say it was engineered by aunty. I should not wonder. They are going home in March, and something had to happen."

Mr. Mainwaring wiped his brow unobtrusively with a very good silk handkerchief, and went to the doorway to get a breath of air. Mr. Mordant, old enough to be her father! She had said to him a year ago that she must marry a man who had done things, but what had Mr. Mordant ever done but drink two small gins at the Pegu Club every night of his life, and amass a fortune in the interval?

The fortune—that was it! That was all women cared about. Money! They talked of bravery and doing things, but all they really meant was hard cash. Mr. Mordant! And Hubert had talked with him as man to man that very afternoon, and Mr. Mordant had never said a word. But then, of course, he wouldn't. A Burra Sahib does not discuss the condition of his heart with one of his own chokras.

He went in and gave his arm to Sylvia, and

with a little catch in his throat he saw that she had changed. She was graver and stiller. A less girlish Sylvia than the one he had known a year ago. But, of course, it would steady a girl being engaged to Mr. Mordant. And he had to congratulate her!

"So Sylvia, you have clicked at last," he said with a fine assumption of indifference. "You must accept my very best congratulations. When is the happy event to take place?"

She flushed all down her white throat, and turned and met his eyes.

"I haven't seen you for a very long time," she said. "You have neglected us lately."

An awful terror seized him that Sylvia was going to cry, and he decided she must on no account cry there. He looked around the table. At the head of it sat the General, and now from his confining handkerchief one ear had burst, as if in passionate protest against such an unconstitutional form of dress. Beside him sat a large blond woman attired as a Columbine, for which she had by nature never been intended. It was fairly obvious that they were discussing the food.

"I hear you are going home quite soon," said Mr. Mainwaring, endeavoring to turn the conversation into those harmless channels that hurt nobody.

She answered him in monosyllables. Sylvia was certainly sobered by prospective matrimony. And she did not want to talk about herself. Whenever he tried to become personal she headed him off, so that presently he felt that the Sylvia he had known once so well was lost, and he was talking to a stranger.

Her aunt buttonholed him after dinner. She was a grim lady of good family, with a strong will and an excellent figure. Attired as a Pierrette, she was, perhaps, not at her best, but you knew at once that you dealt with a personality in Sylvia's aunt, in spite of the pompons.

"An excellent match," said the aunt. "All I had hoped. It means a lot to me to know my dear niece is now comfortably settled for life. She hasn't a penny of her own, and to take her back with me in March would have been nothing short of disaster. So all works out for the best."

Mr. Mainwaring, standing upon the steps of Flagstaff House and watching the company pack

itself into motor-cars, wondered whether everything really did. If only he knew that Sylvia was happy! But there was nothing to lead him to such a supposition, and that aunt was very grim.

"Coming with us?" cried the last carload. Mr. Mainwaring shook his head. He wanted air. He decided he would walk. It was only a matter of several hundred yards to the club.

"I'll come along," he said vaguely, and watched them go. The car sped down the drive like a ship laden with a cargo of Pierrots and Pierrettes, and Mr. Mainwaring stood alone on the deserted steps of Flagstaff House, and finished his cigarette.

"I suppose I may as well go along," he said. A strange uneasiness possessed him. He was on the watch for he could not say what. He did not want to go and join that mad throng in the club. Yet, as one of the hosts, it was clear he must.

He threw away his cigarette and went slowly down the steps. As he did so, out of the black-lace shadows of the tamarisk-trees and the moon stepped a little figure with a peculiar swinging walk and a flower in her hair.

"I have found you—no?" said Miss Pretty-one, and she appeared agitated.

"Indeed you have; do we not—" murmured Mr. Mainwaring, not altogether surprised. That kind of thing had of course happened to him before.

"Me want speak you very particular," said Miss Pretty-one. "To-night all English people getting plenty trouble. I heard it spoken about. You don't go to the Gymkhana Club. You stay here, quite safe, along Miss Pretty-one."

"Trouble?" said Mr. Mainwaring, endeavoring to speak as if it didn't matter, endeavoring to be languid. "What sort of trouble?"

"This big priest who has been put in prison," said Miss Pretty-one, "to-day he came out. He getting plenty people together, and they say to-night going Gymkhana Club when everybody very funny, very jolly, very much dancing. He say big Soldier Sahib there—big Policeman Sahib, he also there—smaller masters—all there. Very good time, this priest tells."

"And he's not far wrong," murmured Mr. Mainwaring. "Let me go indoors one moment."

He rushed to the telephone. The first thing was to inform the garrison out at Mingladon, seven miles up the road. Next thing was to warn them at the club.

He rang violently, the receiver pressed to his ear. That peculiar sensation of deadness that indicates disconnection was all that answered him, and the voice of Miss Pretty-one speaking from the front steps.

"Telephone, they makee all bust long time ago."

"I'll have to go myself," said Mr. Mainwaring. "Here let me pass. And bless you, Miss Pretty-one. You are a little brick, and I won't forget you."

She stood looking at him wistfully, and he smiled and shook his head. It had happened to him before, of course, but he did not care about that sort of thing. Suddenly Miss Pretty-one put out her hand, and touched his orange-silk pompons.

"You give me one—yes?" she whispered.

He wrenched it off and gave it to her, then tore away on foot down the moonlit road, a distracted Pierrot in orange and black.

Miss Pretty-one sighed, held the orange-silk pompon to her cheek for a moment, and then tucked it into her hair.

Was it not as he had said, a sad emblem of failure? A sign that nobody loved you? With that peculiar swinging gait, she disappeared under the black-lace shadows of the moon and the tamarisk-trees.

IN the ballroom they switched the lights off and played soft wistful tunes. Pierrots and Pierrettes dancing together under the dim lights of the orange and black lanterns. Into their midst stumbled Mr. Mainwaring, decidedly out of breath.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop! There's something afoot in the town!"

Nobody listened to him. "What'll I do when you are far away and I am blue, what'll I do?" yearned the band. All around him danced Pierrots and Pierrettes, and some one said, "There's old Mainwaring, a bit jolly. All lit up like a church, what?"

Mr. Mainwaring looked round in one last despairing effort to find the General, the Colonel commanding, a policeman, or anything with authority. All he saw was Pierrots, and yet more Pierrots, for on this night the Outcasts had ordained that all men should equal be.

In despair Mr. Mainwaring mounted the platform from which the band yearned, removed the pianist from his seat with a twist of the arm, and, seizing the drumsticks, assailed the drum.

Some one called, "That's going too far—chuck him out!"

"For Heaven's sake, listen!" yelled Mr. Mainwaring, and at that the hubbub died down. He wasn't drunk—only deadly serious, and if old Mainwaring were serious, there must be a reason for it.

"There's a riot on, and they are supposed to be coming on here!" shouted Mr. Mainwaring. "I tried to telephone out to the garrison, but the wires have been cut."

Out of the silence that followed, as if in confirmation of his words, there came from a long way off a faint roar, a distant murmur of many voices, drawing nearer and nearer.

"Heavens! we're unarmed," said someone.

And the roar came nearer, and suddenly all the lights went out.

"Cut off at the main," thought Mr. Mainwaring.

Continued on page 76

Late Anemones

By
Lucretia Clarke

*I walked beside the withered garden bed,
Where leafless rose trees mocked the wintry air
Where, blank and sodden all the earth lay bare.
The lilies fair and violets had fled,
The mignonette and candytuft were dead.
But lo! in glossy leaves were shining there
Half hid, anemones beyond compare,
In shelter sweet, bright radiance to shed.
O, skies, grown gray and dark, and bitter cold.
These proofs of blossom time can still remain.
Though past and gone is Autumn's mellow gold!
Through chilling frost and drops of winter rain,
My fair rose-tinted buds can still unfold
To say that summer's bloom will come again.*

A Hundred Years of Canadian Literature

By Professor W. T. Allison
President, Canadian Authors' Association

THIS is an important year in the annals of Canadian literature, for it marks the centenary of the publication of the first book of poetry by a native-born bard. This interesting volume, "The Rising Village," was published in London in 1825, and came from the pen of a poet who had attained the ripe age of fifty-four years. His name of itself was enough to command attention—Oliver Goldsmith, grand nephew of the sweet singer of Auburn. A son of Henry Goldsmith, to whom Goldsmith dedicated "The Traveller," emigrated to America, served on the English side in the revolutionary war, and after that struggle was over settled in Annapolis, Nova Scotia. His son, Oliver Junior, was destined to produce the first Canadian poem of any magnitude, the first book of verse to be published in both Great Britain and this country. Many Canadian poets have suffered sad neglect from their fellow-countrymen in the last century, but this year as we arrive at the end of our first cycle of song, we can at least rejoice that our original, native-born child of the muse won a great reputation and was substantially rewarded by being made Commissary General of Nova Scotia.

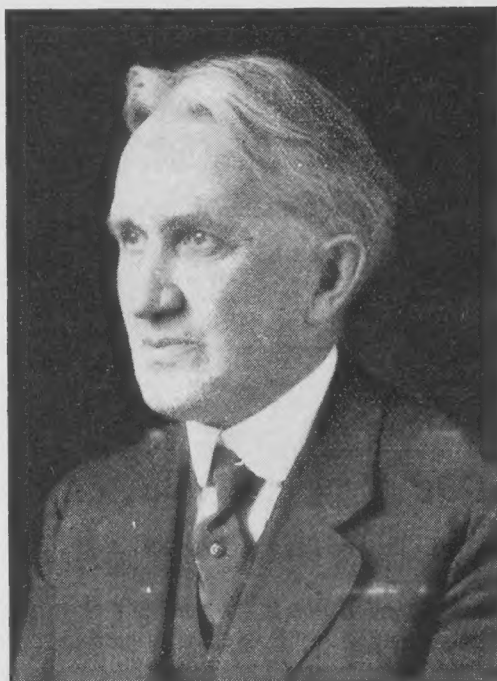
The hundredth anniversary of the publication of Goldsmith's smooth poem descriptive of pioneering life in Nova Scotia will tempt many readers of "The Western Home Monthly" to enquire what has been accomplished by our native writers during the long interval. Many Canadians are not aware that we have a literature at all. In order to remove such a misconception, as well as to stimulate the faith of lovers of our song and story, I purpose in the brief limits of this article to trace the way we have come.

The originators of creative art in this country were the Indians. They were not literary, but, like all savages, they had lively imaginations. In their speech they used poetic metaphors and their legends are prose poems. Many of these age-old fancies of the North American aborigines are to be found in Professor Cyrus Macmillan's "Canadian Wonder Tales," published five years ago.

With the French-Canadian settlers came folk-songs from the old world and, in course of time, there arose a literature of prose and verse. Garneau, Cremazie, de Gaspé, Le May, and Louis Freshette, whose work was crowned by the French Academy, are a few among many who have achieved fame as poets or prose writers in the annals of French Canada. "Chez Nous," by Judge Rivard, and "The Chopping Bee," by M. Victoria, are two recent translations of present-day works by Quebec authors.

The third period in Canadian literature belongs to the United Empire Loyalists. Some of our leading writers of today are descended from these founders of empire in the north, for instance, Roberts, Lampman and Carman. During a recent visit to Winnipeg, Bliss Carman told me that when he was a young man, taking graduate work at Harvard, he set out one day to visit Concord, once the home of his great great grandfather, a certain Daniel Bliss. Accompanied by a young lady, the young New Brunswick poet saw the house once occupied by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and other sights in the quiet old town. Then they made for the cemetery. On arriving there, they decided to rest in the cool shade of the elms. "I saw two big table tombs," said Dr. Carman, "and soon I had hitched myself up on one of them, while my companion seated herself on a tomb opposite. Then I looked at the inscription on the slab of stone. What was my surprise when I discovered that I was sitting on the tomb of my great great grandfather, the Reverend Daniel Bliss, a minister in Concord in pre-revolutionary days! I decided that it was an act of desecration to sit on Grandfather Bliss's tomb, so I got down, and proceeded to scan the inscription on the tomb opposite, where my lady companion was seated. What was my surprise to find that it was the tomb of the Reverend William Emerson, whose daughter married the son of the Reverend Daniel Bliss!" It was the children of these two worthies who were ordered by the Adamses of Boston and the anti-British insurgents to leave the country. When the war was over, they proceeded to Fredericton, New Brunswick, and two generations later their descendants were turning out some of the most tuneful Canadian verse that this country has ever heard.

Bliss of Concord, however, was only one of many hundreds of members of the best families of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York who left their comfortable homes behind them and who settled as exiles in the wilderness of Upper Canada or of the Maritime Provinces. Confiscation acts were passed by the triumphant Republicans, and the "Tories," as the loyalists were called, were obliged to sacrifice everything and begin life over again in log houses



Professor W. T. Allison

in the forest primeval. In his new and excellent "History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation," Professor Ray Baker says that of three hundred Massachusetts men singled out for banishment, sixty were graduates of Harvard and that the list reads "like the beadroll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization." Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and other noble-minded revolutionists denounced this campaign of persecution. John Jay, for example, charged his countrymen with "an unnecessary rigor and unmanly revenge without a parallel except in the annals of religious bigotry and blindness." Protests like this, however, fell on deaf ears, and by 1786 there were thirty thousand refugees in the Maritime Provinces.

Eastern Canada was thus provided with an educated class seldom found in a new country. We are told that many of the clergy had been leaders in their respective denominations; many of the barristers had been justices and chief justices in their native states. Of the five justices of the Superior Court of Massachusetts four were loyalists. James Putnam, a Harvard man, reputed to have been the ablest lawyer in America, became judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

We must not imagine that those Tory fathers of Eastern Canada who produced our first poetry and prose were optimists. They had left their own country with regret. In their letters to their friends in New England they complained of the sufferings of exile. They were dissatisfied with what Great Britain had done for them, they were desperately homesick, and they longed for the day when they would be able to leave "Nova Scarcity" and return to their own country. Jacob Bailey's "Journal" expresses the frightful depression of these loyalists. Another early Nova Scotian author, Joseph Stansbury (1740-1809), wrote one of the earliest poems in our literature. It is entitled "To Cordelia." Addressing his wife, whom he left behind in Philadelphia, he describes the sorrows of exile in these tuneful lines:

Believe me, love, this vagrant life
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends, or wife,
Or place that I can call a home,
Delights not me—another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.

In piercing, wet, and wintry skies,
Where man would seem in vain to toil,
I see where'er I turn my eyes,
Luxuriant pasture, trees, and soil.
Uncharmed I see—another way
My fondest hopes and wishes lay.

But the intellectuals who settled in Nova Scotia and laid the foundations of our literature were too dispirited to write anything of much interest. It

remained for their children to produce worthwhile literature.

The names of Howe and Haliburton, two of Canada's most distinguished sons, are indissolubly connected. Howe's father, John Howe, began life in Boston as a printer. During the days of the Revolution he moved to Halifax, taking a printing press with him, and became one of Nova Scotia's pioneer editors. Although Haliburton did not come of U.E. Loyalist stock, his grandfather was an emigrant from New York who moved north when the Acadian lands were open for settlement. "Joe" Howe and "Tom" Haliburton grew up together and were great friends. The young men in the Halifax of that day inherited literary tendencies. Howe, Haliburton and other intellectuals formed a literary club which met regularly to discuss books, men and affairs. The members took to writing weekly skits and sketches in dialect. Professor Baker tells us that Howe, who became editor of "The Nova Scotian" when he was only twenty-four years of age, wrote a series of sketches descriptive of the life of the day. In order to get local color he used to make long excursions on foot or on horseback through the various districts. In 1828 these tours resulted in his "Western Rambles," a series of essays written in an intimate, gossipy style, and filled with striking pictures and pungent observations. In them Windsor and the Cornwallis Valley of early days are described. Two years later the circle of the province was completed by his "Eastern Rambles." Howe has left a great mass of material in his "Speeches and Public Letters," a book which establishes his position as one of the fathers of Canadian prose. Perhaps he has an equal claim to remembrance, however, because of the stimulus he gave to his friend Haliburton, whose literary ability was immensely greater than his own.

Haliburton's Sam Slick series of stories had a wide circulation in England. In the criticism of that time he was constantly compared with Dickens. On this topic Professor Baker makes the following statement which is quite startling:

"The 'Slick' series and 'The Pickwick Papers' undoubtedly have much in common. Sam Slick and the Squire, Sam Weller and Pickwick are too intimately related to be the result of accident. Incident, plot, and dialect all indicate a common source. It has generally been assumed that Haliburton must have been the debtor. The assumption is unquestionably wrong. The first chapters of the 'The Clockmaker,' appearing in 'The Nova Scotian' in 1835, were immediately copied throughout the United States. The first number of 'The Pickwick Papers' was not issued until the following spring. If there is any indebtedness, it was on the part of Dickens. As a young reporter he would be familiar with the most widely copied articles of the time. It is not unlikely that he was influenced by their popularity."

Haliburton's influence on American literature was very great. His "History of Nova Scotia" supplied Longfellow with the story of Evangeline, but it was among American humorists that his power was chiefly felt. Shortly after the appearance of "Sam Slick," American newspapers everywhere were filled with Yankee yarns. Scores of imitations of Haliburton's humorous sketches appeared in the United States. It was Haliburton that inspired Artemus Ward, for the latter confessed himself his disciple and declared that the Canadian was "the father of American humor." The "Bigelow Papers," James Russell Lowell's humorous poems in Yankee dialect, owed their inception to the "Sam Slick" series. And, according to Professor Baker, Haliburton's characters, tales and jokes exercised a formative influence on Mark Twain. He points out that in the days when Twain was a pilot on the Mississippi every frontier cabin had its version of the Yankee peddler's adventures in Nova Scotia, and every shop had for sale a Sam Slick almanac with typical saws and anecdotes.

So much for the part the Nova Scotians of old time played in our literature. We must discuss next in chronological importance the work of what I might call emigré writers, those who came to Upper Canada during the first half of the nineteenth century. The most distinguished of these writers were Susannah Moodie, author of "Roughing it in the Bush," and Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, her sister. These gifted women were sisters of Agnes Strickland, the English historical writer. Their books are valuable for their interesting descriptions of life in Ontario in pioneering days.

Charles Heavyside, a Liverpool man who settled in Montreal, published in 1857 a volume of dramatic verse which won plaudits from the critics of New York and London. This Montreal cabinetmaker ranks next to Haliburton among those who gained

Continued on page 91

The Thanksgiving Supper

By Marion Wathen Fox

FAN REYNOLDS stood at the door for a good five minutes and watched them. It was at the back door of her Uncle John's house. She had not sent them word on which boat she would arrive so had to walk from the wharf that morning, a good mile away. She must have been at least a quarter of a mile from the house when she began to sniff delicious odors; spicy cake odors intermingled with a Christmassy smell that could only mean—roasting turkey. So she slipped around to the back door. Oh, what a kitchen!

The table was covered with pumpkin and apple pies. Her Aunt Kate was just in the act of counting them (though no doubt she was already as sure of their number as of the members of her own family) —“twenty-two twenty-three twenty-four,” she concluded triumphantly. “I said I would give two dozen and—there they are.”

Uncle John was standing back a little way with arms a-kimbo his face just radiating delight as he looked at that table—what man wouldn't, with whole twenty-four pies in front of him—and Aunt Kate's were no ordinary pies.

“Put up the leaf of the table, why don't you, Kate,” he chuckled.

She did.

“Bring out the doughnuts, John,” she commanded as she was doing it.

John, nothing loth, was soon bearing from the pantry a huge platter of crisp, puffy, delightfully browned doughnuts. These were placed in front of the pies.

“Now for the tarts!” announced Mrs. Fowler in a kind of see-what-I-have-in-my-Christmas-stockings tone of voice. In a moment she was back from the pantry with a big tray of flaky tarts and three tumblers of sparkling, red jelly.

“You may as well help me fill 'em, John, so long as you are standin' round—and I don't blame you for that at a time like this—a heaping teaspoon in each and kind a sittin' up like.”

“Is the Thanksgiving Supper here?” came in a young, joyful voice from the doorway.

“Good Land! If it isn't the dear child at last!” exclaimed Aunt Kate dropping her spoonful of jelly as though it had been a hot potato.

Then, for some minutes neither Mr. or Mrs. Fowler had any thought for the Thanksgiving eats. Fan was everything.

“My! my! I've forgotten the turkey!” all at once announced Aunt Kate making for the oven. “I mustn't overdo it for it's to be warmed up good at the Hall.”

Out came the spluttering turkey, emanating savory odors, and soon it was in the centre of the display on the table.

Fan was, of course, in her element and helping fill tarts before her hat was well off.

“Ain't you goin' to give any pickles, Kate?” questioned her husband.

“I suppose I could, but there's more here already than our share.”

“Share? Who's talkin' about share? If the Lord gave us just what was comin' to us we wouldn't have much, I'm thinkin'. A dish of chow won't break us wife, anyhow.”

“Let's hist the other leaf, Fan,” said Uncle John with a chuckle while his wife had gone to the cellar for the pickles.

“Didn't I see you cookin' some kind a' brown bread yesterday Kate? I don't see any on the table,” and Mr. Fowler winked at Fan.

“Well, John, you are the beatenest! I baked that for Fan here. I remembered how fond she was of it—to do us over Sunday. I suppose I could take a roll or so. I could bring it back if there was enough without it.”

“No danger of that. Just wait till the crowd from the city arrive. If you want to see a good hungry crowd get fed up, Fan, just watch city folks out at some country doin's—believe it's the only time they get a good square meal. It satisfies me about as much to see 'em eat as eatin' my own meal—and that's sayin' a good deal.”

So, on went the brown bread.

“Talk about a table groaning,” laughed Fan when she surveyed the completed display.

“Mrs. Jim Oulton will groan with envy when I unpack these, that's sure,” added Mrs. Fowler with a dash of mischief and satisfaction in her usually placid eyes. “Now then next thing is to pack them. By the time that's done we'd better get ready.”

Just then a gentle knock sounded on the front door.

“Who on earth can that be on a day like this?” demanded Mrs. Fowler hurriedly glancing at her soiled apron.

“I'll open it, Aunt,” said Fan.

She did, and in a few moments was back explaining.

“It's that woman that lives in the white house by the river across from the Smiths—oh yes, Mrs. Wright. She looks as though she'd been crying.”

Mrs. Fowler hurried into the parlor where she found the neighbor-woman still standing and looking somewhat panicky.

“Oh, Mrs. Fowler, I'm ashamed to bother you now! I know you're rushing over the supper. But I'm in awful trouble. I don't know what to do, and you're always so kind I—I—. You see I made an apple

And when she told John, he said:

“Poor creature! I suppose she'd be as proud of that bit of a pie as you are of your two dozen, wife.”—and then a strange light came into his eyes.

He looked at Kate.

Kate looked back at him. She knew they had both thought of something.

“How do you suppose she ever managed to worm that chicken out of him?” continued John. “Be a pretty skinny affair, mind you. Be something like they say of that Mrs. Wilkinson up at the Creek—everytime the minister preaches a sermon on charity she gives away one of them buffalo-tongue cactus plants that don't bloom but once in a life-time, and her with a house full of bloomin' things. Of course the Wrights are poor, but he's downright mean. I guess she's a life of it, and she's a fine woman, too—I suppose you couldn't give her one of your pies, Kate?”

“Oh—John!” and her voice had a heart-broken sound. “I—I hate to break the two dozen. I did so want to let that Mrs. Oulton see what we'd done, for she's always casting it up how much better the folk at the Creek give. And Mrs. Brown is giving two dozen and she always thinks they're the most generous family in the church. I just—just wanted to show her that—Oh, yes, I guess I'll have to give her one.”

“Good on you, Kate. It's Thanksgiving Day, you know, wife. Let's give that poor little woman in there a chance to be thankful, too.”

Then the two went over to the table. They stood and looked at the splendid array. How they hated to break into it. Mr. Fowler had all along been planning that the minister should see the whole thing when it was unpacked, and he couldn't help hoping that his neighbor, Bob Johnston, would be there then, too. But—that poor woman must be helped!

“I suppose you—you couldn't make it one of each, Kate?” he timidly suggested.

Poor Kate! She, too, had been picturing the admiring glances of the women as she spread out the splendid array on the table at the Hall. She felt at first she just couldn't give the two pies. But the thought kept coming—suppose I was Mrs. Wright! So at last she decided it, she would give the pies as a thank-offering that she was Mrs. Fowler and not Mrs. Wright.

“Well, after all,” kept on John, “this is a Thanksgiving Supper to the Lord; not the people. The money we raise is for Him—that's what 'for the Church' means. So long as we give it to Him what matter whether it goes via the Fowler line or not. Maybe, after all wife, we've been thinking too much about what the folks would say and forgetting the Lord. Come to think of it I wouldn't wonder if He's not just on this job, kind a tryin' to help us not to get too much puffed up over things.”

“Well—it's no use, John, I—can't do it.” John looked sorry. “Well, give her one.”

“No. I can't. John, it seems just as though the Lord is going to make this our real Thanksgiving offering. When I look at all these pies and doughnuts and tarts and turkey and brown-bread and pickles, and then think of Mrs. Wright having just that one slim little pie to give and that one little, skinny chicken, seems as though it were just like my life and hers. All these pies and things stand for all the blessings the Lord has given me, and poor Mrs. Wright has so little in hers. The skinny chicken and her pie seem to represent it all. So, John, I guess—I guess it's got to be—half a dozen pies and the turkey.”

“Praise the Lord, wife! Let it be the turkey, too!” answered John.

“KIND of queer Mrs. Fowler didn't make them two dozen pies she spoke of, after all! Of course she gave other stuff. But she seemed so set on givin' two dozen. Their pumpkins turned out well, too,” said Mrs. Brown in an undertone to Mrs. Oulton as the two women sliced bread in the little shed-kitchen at the end of the Hall.

Mrs. Oulton nodded her head and answered.

“I was kind of hopin' they'd give a turkey this year. But fowl's pretty high now. I expect they thought they'd best save 'em all for market. They do say as how she's kinda close. But, didn't look so much like it

Continued on page 77

Love's Thanksgiving

By H. H. Fariss

*Like an inverted bowl, November's sky
Bends o'er the earth, its fleecy clouds as gray
As wings of dove, until a bit of blue
Gleams forth in sun upon Thanksgiving Day.*

*In Autumn's breeze the purple asters nod,
Fair, fragile flowers of the waning year,
And incense of ten thousand prayers arise,
While I, alone, seem desolate and drear.*

*Yet from the gray, soft skies descends a peace
That whispers in low tones of tenderness;
“To you are given gifts beyond all gold,
The gifts of love and trust and happiness.”*

*Then what more could I ask, when Love is mine,
Love that shines down the years, steadfast and true;
And bending low, I lift my heart in thanks
For what Fate has bestowed—for I have You.*

pie to take to the supper and I had a chicken cooked to warm over, and a few minutes ago I went out to the store-room to get them and—there wasn't a crumb left. Walter, Mr. Wright's brother, was down yesterday and that Beck fellow, and I'm almost sure they ate them—would think it a great joke—they're always up to something like that. I haven't a thing in the house to take instead—I can't explain to the women—I'd be ashamed—but they'll just think I was too mean to take anything; so I suppose I'd better just stay at home. But I was bound you wouldn't think that,” and here the poor woman put up a rough, toil-worn hand and brushed away the tears.

“I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Wright. I wouldn't allow that Walter around, if he was my husband's brother. It was a mean trick. Sit down, dear and we'll try and patch up something. What did Mr. Wright say?”

“Oh, dear! I haven't told him yet. I know he'll go on awful. You see he's not like your man. I had a hard time to get him to let me give the pie and chicken. I just shamed him into the chicken—said he owed it to the Lord for savin' our Jersey cow the time it was sick, and for bringin' his brother home from the war.”

“Well, if I was you I'd just go and never say a word about not takin' anything. You can help at the Hall.”

“But you know the way some of the folk will talk. It's awful to be poor and I just can't go, that's all—but I've been lookin' forward to it so long.”

“Do you mind if I tell John? He's a great hand to plan things.”



On a day of high wind, with great canvases of white cloud sailing across the blue, the Klovacz family returned in the covered wagon which had taken them months before to the city in the south

ON a late afternoon in July, before the haying began, the cattle on the swamp land to the north came hurrying home, bawling out their warning of the approaching storm. The herd farther away sought shelter with the horses under the bluffs. Close to the earth there was a pale, unnatural glow, like the reflection from a white fire. Higher up the air was slag-grey, hanging in sultry folds. The hot voice of the grasshoppers was the only sound abroad; it cut like little scissors in the grass.

Amelia, hoeing in the garden, drew the back of her hand across her wet forehead. The grey heat was overwhelming. She looked westward to the drab bank of cloud that had been building up for ten minutes or more. Now it was a gigantic ravel of soot, widening on to the south and the north. It broke with lightning as Amelia looked at it.

Suddenly a greenish light shot up as if from below the horizon. It had the effect of hollowing out a luminous void between heaven and earth.

"Hail," said Caleb almost under his breath as he came out of the barn. He would not admit it aloud. It might pass over.

"Hail," said Amelia to herself, her hand going instinctively to her breast.

She looked around and saw Caleb approaching. He passed her without speaking, as if nothing unusual was about to happen.

Martin, who was building an extra pigpen for two new sows, threw his leg over the bar and herded all of the pigs into the shed. Then he turned the milch cows who had come home and were drinking at the trough, into the cattle yard.

Lind, who had been reading, put aside her book at the sound of thunder. It had grown suddenly dark, and then suddenly light again. She spoke to Ellen, who was baking bread in the kitchen.

"Looks like a storm, doesn't it?" She stood in the doorway and looked out. Judith was running about in the sheep pasture, getting her sheep into the pen. Pete was circling about them, helping her.

Lind thought how wildly beautiful she looked in the unnatural glamour; the able grace of her tall young body, her defiant shoulders over which her black hair now fell.

Then Lind saw Judith suddenly stop, standing erect. Caleb had come to the fence of the pasture, and was shouting to her. Jude called Pete off, and he ran at her heels back to the barn yard, leaving the sheep in the pasture. Lind saw Judith throw her arm out characteristically in argument with Caleb, then toss her head and leave him abruptly.

Wild Geese

By Martha Ostenso

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

Synopsis of Preceding Events on page 82

Judith came to the house, her eyes blazing. She hurried past Lind at the doorway without a word.

"What's the matter now?" Ellen asked, looking up from the oven before which she knelt.

"Huh! What do you ask for? You'll only say he's right, anyway. A lot you care any more than he cares, what happens to the sheep," she declared, throwing herself into a chair in the kitchen. "There's goin' to be either a cyclone or hail, or both—and he thinks that by his not letting it come, it won't come. So he leaves the lambs in the pasture. Besides being the devil himself, he's crazy."

There was a heavy rumble of thunder. Martin and Charlie came indoors, and a moment later, Amelia. The strange green light darkened to purple and grey.

A few large drops of rain struck the window. Amelia closed the kitchen door, first letting in Pete, the dog. Caleb had not come in. From the window he could be seen moving quietly about the barn yard, not even glancing at the sky.

A crash of thunder split the dome of the world. Lind covered her ears with her hands. The dog whined, and crept under the hair sofa in the sitting room. Then the wind came. It strained at the roots of the old house, rattled the window panes like cracking bones, rushed in a great tide of sound through the poplars beyond the garden. The poplars and the fir hedge would protect the garden—maybe. The sheep were in the pasture, the lambs cowering under them. The rain came in colossal gusts. Now the outer world was black, except for the crucial flare of lightning. The thunder was almost incessant, shattering. Martin lit the lantern in the kitchen, and they all sat about, waiting. Caleb did not come in.

"The hail must have gone over," said Ellen, from the window.

"And it wasn't a cyclone—I thought I made out a funnel in the clouds, but it was getting too dark to see," Jude remarked.

A deafening crash of thunder sounded as if it struck just outside the door. The house rocked.

"The barn!" Ellen cried. They all flocked terrified to the window. They could see nothing. Martin opened the door and stumbled out. In a moment he returned, drenched to the skin. "It was the pump," he said, and they all breathed once more.

"That's bad enough," said Charlie, squatting on the floor.

Amelia, in a trice had had an image of Caleb lying dead on the barn floor.

The storm kept up with pitched violence for over a half hour, and then yielded as suddenly as it had begun. The air became pellucid and cool, the low, ragged clouds hurried to the east before a wind that did not touch the earth. Pete came out from beneath the sofa.

No one had mentioned Caleb. After it was all over, he came quietly into the house.

"Well, well! Some little storm we had, eh? The hail passed right over—they're gettin' it over east," he said.

JUDITH went out immediately, a hard light in her eyes. She went to the sheep pasture, where she saw the ewes huddling, wet to the skin under their cropped wool. She picked up one of the lambs and hugged it to her. Then she glanced up and saw a man on an Indian pony riding in at the gate. She recognized the pony.

"Goat-eyes!" she exclaimed to herself.

Ellen came out of doors. When she saw the man on the horse she stopped stock still, her hands darting together before her.

He got down from the saddle, and quietly fastened the bridle to the post. Then with long, slow steps he approached Ellen, removing his wide brimmed felt hat as he did so.

"I've come back, Ellen, like I said," he told her in a low voice. "You look surprised." She had given him her hand dazedly.

"I—I wasn't sure," she murmured.

"All the folks here?"

Ellen nodded, adjusting her glasses over her nose. "Won't you come in? Where were you during the storm?"

"Where was I?" he laughed, walking beside her toward the house. "My pony and I find a place in any storm."

He told her that he had been camping out all the way from the southern lakes, and that he intended to do so for the rest of the distance to the most northern outpost on the great river.

"Will you come?" he whispered, just before she opened the door of the house.

Ellen dropped her eyes before his dark face. His eyes were peculiarly drawn back, and a yellow olive in color, like the eyes of a goat. He was Scotch, with Cree blood two generations back, and had been Caleb Gare's hired man for three years until a year ago. They went indoors and Caleb saw him.

"Well—" he declared, stepping forward to seize Malcolm's hand, "if here ain't Malcolm back again! How are ye—how are ye, boy?"

Malcolm grinned and shook hands with Amelia and Martin in turn. By his heartiness, Caleb made it appear that there was no embarrassment connected with his coming—although each member of the family privately suspected that it meant more to Ellen than she had any right to permit it to mean. Ellen stayed in the background and buttered the crusts of the biscuits she had taken from the oven, while Malcolm replied to Caleb's questions about his trip.

"We can put Malcolm up for a couple of days, eh, mother?" Caleb suggested, turning to Amelia. "Better rest before you start on the next lap."

Malcolm thanked him, but said that he had arranged at Yellow Post to do some boat building for Erik Bjarnasson, and that he would be leaving again that very evening for the west.

Malcolm went out to the barn with Martin and Caleb. Ellen began to prepare supper, while Amelia went to see whether damage had been done to her tomato vines. While Ellen was alone, in spite of herself the thing that was young in her heart cried out for recognition. She had only one little memory—before he went away Malcolm had kissed her in the half darkness when they were milking, and later had in a breath asked her to wait until his return. Then it had been all over, and she had gone about her work as if her day was not just one great loneliness. For no one must know. No one must know. The tears rose in her eyes and she brushed them hastily aside, starting as the screen door creaked.

It was only Lind, coming in quietly as she always did. She stepped up and put an arm around Ellen's waist.

"Who is that dark man with your father, Ellen?" she asked.

"Oh—just an old hired man of his," she responded. Lind noticed that she said, "his." Everything about the place was "his," even the hired man, it appeared. She wondered if he were the one Judith had spoken of. He seemed to have come out of nowhere, like the storm.

Lind looked out of the window to the west where the evening was setting in a cloudless rose. It would be beautiful down the wood road now, the trees washed and shining.

"I wish you had time to come for a little walk with me," she said to Ellen. "It's so peaceful out now after the storm."

"Have to get supper," said Ellen.

"Well, then I think I'll go alone."

When Lind had left, Ellen stepped softly to the door and glanced in the direction of the barn. On the cattle trail that led along the pasture, she saw Malcolm with Caleb, who was sweeping his arm toward the south in an inclusive gesture. Her mind tried to follow them, to learn what Malcolm was being told. There was something behind this cordiality of Caleb's. Its motive would be clear before long. It was pride of a strangely severe kind that kept Ellen from rebelling against her father. Rebellion would be the open admission of the consciousness of a wrong. Caleb was her father, and any wrong that he had committed must, necessarily, reflect upon herself. Hence she strove to vindicate in her own mind Caleb's conduct of the lives and the affairs on the farm. In her struggle to do this she was driven farther and farther within herself. The coming of Malcolm into her life again was like the scene in a mirage which she hoped with her whole heart were solid land, even while she knew it to be only a vision. It could not materialize. Nothing ever did.

She stood in the doorway, a shallow-bodied little girl with red hands and a flat chin. Her large, dilated eyes that somehow gave her an appearance of beauty, watched the two men until they turned and went south-east in the direction of the flax field. She wondered if Malcolm would not look back and see her standing there—then she remembered that she would not at that distance be able to see whether he did or not. Presently the figures of Caleb and Malcolm merged into one, and the distant pallor of the flax field swallowed them. Ellen pressed her hands to her eyes and turned from the door.

"PRETTY fine stuff, that, eh?" Caleb demanded of Malcolm, who stooped to examine the texture of the flax. "That'll mean a new house in the spring, if it keeps on the way it's goin'. Got to build, you know, Malcolm. The girls—they deserve a decent home. Ellen's gettin' old enough now to have beaux and the like, and they'll be comin' round—young fellows with farms of their own, like as not. I want to show 'em the girls come from as good stuff as they're goin' to. Have to build—have to build. The girls've got to have something good to catch something good, see? Heh, heh! No slouchin' round in mean homesteads for them—you ought to hear 'em talk. Ah—no, indeed!"

Malcolm was silent. His eyes roved admiringly over the rich flax, and around northward to the acres of luxuriant tame hay and rye grass. Caleb Gare was a prosperous man. A mean man, he knew, but his children would live after him—his children would be established in comfort for the rest of their lives on this land—and he, Malcolm, was a wanderer, hearing ever a call in the wind, a summons to far lakes and lonely forests.

They went back by way of the dried lake bottom, skirted the edge of the swamps, and crossed the hayfield that lay farthest south. Malcolm brushed his fingers through the long silky hay, breathed deep of its rich, sweet smell that rose in the air. It was good, the hay, good to lie down in under the stars. . . .

"Yes—yes, no way out of it—have to build—Ellen and Martin both want a good house to live in—save on other things, maybe."

Caleb spoke almost to himself, it seemed. But beside him, Malcolm, who was simple as a tree, and wise only as a tree is wise in directness and free living, heard every word he said.

At supper that evening Caleb confined the conversation to himself and Malcolm talked with him about the condition of the crops around Oeland and asked him what the prospects were farther south; discussed the epidemic of foot and mouth disease that had broken out among the cattle in the west, and observed that this ought to mean a rise in the price of beef; told him of his plan to raise turkey and goose next year; occupied many minutes with the details of a story of a trade in horses, in which he had got badly swindled.

"Yes—yes," Caleb chuckled. "We all get fooled sometime or other, eh, Malcolm? All get fooled sometime! Heh, heh!"

There seemed to be some special ironical significance in his laughter.

"By the way," he continued after a moment. "There's a bit of building goin' on at Yellow Post, ain't there? Talk with any of 'em down there on the way up? Somebody was askin' about you just the other day—John Tobacco's daughter, if I'm not mistaken. Fine girl, for an Indian. Been goin' to school over in the mission. Goin' to teach at Yellow Post soon's they get the school built, old John was tellin' me."

"I didn't stop but a few minutes there," said Malcolm, glancing across at Ellen. "Come right

through from Shell Lake."

"Didn't, eh? Well—you sort o' lose interest in your old friends when you've been away a while. I know how it goes—I know how it goes," Caleb mused.

Ellen kept her eyes on her plate. Her cheeks were warm. She struggled against the shame that rose in her heart toward Caleb's unfairness—tried to tell herself that it was a just advantage that he took, that Malcolm was, after all, of mixed blood and should be shown his place. That he was all she had ever known of romance did not matter.

Judith watched Caleb and her lips curled. Not for long—not for long would she stand the spectacle of his tyranny. Only until after the haying.

Amelia, in her place, sat still, unflinching. If this was to be Ellen's part of the cost, let her pay it. She was a child of Caleb Gare. Amelia had determined to isolate herself wholly from Caleb's children, so that she might not weaken in her resolve. She would be as hard with them as he had been, lest they dare break for freedom and so bring ruin on Mark Jordan. With this thought she looked at Ellen's lowered face as if she were a stranger to her.

IT happened that Skuli Erickson drove in at the Gare's just after dusk and sought conference with Caleb in regard to the new shingles for the school-house roof. Where Ellen was milking she saw him drive up, and her heart stopped for a moment. He would take Caleb's attention away from Malcolm for a while. Ellen got up and moved her stool to a cow who stood in a corner between two sheds in the milk yard, out of sight of Judith and Charlie, who were milking farther down the yard.

Presently Malcolm came, from behind the shed as he used to do, in a round about way so that the others should not see him.

"Ellen," he muttered, standing erect close beside her. "I'm not goin' to coax you away from all you've got. But if you'll come without, I want you. I'm not much, but I'll be good to you. I used to think you liked me."

Ellen glanced aside and saw his strong legs encased in their old leather leggings. She wanted suddenly to throw her arms about them, and hold on tight, tight; to cry and laugh, and look up at him and say, yes,

she would go with him. But she did none of these things. She went on milking, the white stream entering the pail with a thin, purling sound, the warm smell of the milk coming up into her face.

"I'd buy a horse for you—we'd go slow, and sleep out nights all summer under the stars, Ellen, and in my silk tent when it rains. I've got an old cabin up north—make lots of money on furs—you wouldn't be needin' for nothin'." Furtively he touched her soft brown hair, the thing he had remembered as lovely about Ellen.

The touch thrilled her unbearably. Her back



Judith's hand wept down and grasped the handle of the axe. She straightened like a flash and flung it with all her strength at Caleb's head.

straightened, her hands dropped before her. Her heart beat like a gong sounding a brief hour. Why didn't he snatch her up and carry her bodily away before she had time to make up her mind? But he wouldn't—things didn't happen that way, for her.

"I can't, Malcolm. I can't leave them," she said tonelessly.

He was silent for a while.

"Well—you don't want to go, then. No use my stayin' round. I'll be gettin' out tonight, for Bjarnassons'. When I'm through with the boat over there—I'll be thinkin' of you all the time, Ellen. After that—the trail north."

Ellen's body was a great tight knot. She could neither move nor speak, but sat staring at the still heavy udder of the cow.

"So long, then, Ellen girl, and good luck," Malcolm said, putting out his hand. She placed her own in it nervelessly, without looking up into his face. His eyes above her were dark and sad, with the despair of humility, since he thought it was because he was unworthy that she would not go with him. But she did not see his eyes.

Then he vaulted easily over the board fence of the milk yard and was gone.

Ellen sat and stared at the white udder of the cow, a rich and unfailing supply of nourishment for the human body, that would go on living in spite of pain and grief.

That evening Malcolm, the Scotch half breed, as he was incorrectly called, took leave of the Gares, thanking them for their hospitality. Ellen was present, only one of the Gares, now.

"Better get yourself a wife for that trip, Malcolm," Caleb grinned, nudging Skuli Erickson in the ribs. "The bible says it is not good for man to live alone."

On his Indian pony, Malcolm, whom Jude called "Goat-eyes," made a low, graceful sweep of his broad-brimmed hat that was full of mockery. Ellen's heart contracted, for she saw that he did not understand.

THE hay and the rye grass ripened into great wide curves under the sun. Martin overhauled the hay racks and oiled the mower. Judith prayed that it would not rain and so delay the cutting. Caleb went

about rubbing his hands together with pleasure at the beauty of his land. The days went on and Ellen wondered how long it took to build a boat.

The price of beef went up two cents, and Caleb sent Ellen and Martin to the Siding with another lot of cattle.

They left at the sound of the first bird, to escape the bare heat of the day out upon the prairie. Ellen rode until sunrise half asleep in her saddle, wishing that Judith were more trustworthy so that Caleb would occasionally send her instead. She heard Martin's voice and the snap of his long whip, and the sound of the cattle brushing one another's flanks. Catbirds and jays darted to and fro across the trail, and every feathered throat in the bush was awake and singing. But Ellen found herself in a heavy world, outside of song.

They went along the north-east shore of Bjarnasson's Lake, but from that point they could not see the farm, which was hidden by a long stand of spruce. Ellen did not glance back southward, lest Martin should see her do so. Out on the middle of the lake they could see two boats and a flat-bottom scow.

"Guess Bjarnasson's draggin' the lake again," Martin observed.

Ellen made no comment. But she thought what a restful place the lake would be. It was glassy and lay in white and blue patches in the clear light. There would be no sound under its surface, only a lullulent, gloomy peace.

They returned home in the evening, as usual, when the frogs were croaking for miles and miles in the swamps on the north. The frogs would croak at the stars, no matter who came or went.

Then, one blistering hot day, Caleb's prize sow gave birth to a litter of twelve and unaccountably died. Caleb was at Yellow Post when the tragedy occurred, and the family held its breath like one man while it waited for his return.

Caleb's face was a study when he saw the dead sow, a poor bloated thing lying in the small new pen. Martin had divided the sucklings among three other animals who had smaller litters.

Without a word Caleb went to the trough and inspected the dregs of the feed the animal had last been given. Then he felt her body over for bruises or possible kicks in the abdomen.

"Who fed her last?" he demanded of Martin.

"I did," Martin told him.

"Uh!" Caleb grunted. "Thought perhaps it was Jude."

He went off to see how the young pigs were faring, and found them busily tugging at their foster mothers. Then he returned to Martin and instructed him to dispose of the remains of the sow.

"Cart it into the pasture and bury it," he said shortly. As if Martin wasn't well aware of what was to be done.

For three days after that Caleb spoke to no one, and was addressed only when it was absolutely necessary. His replies were less than monosyllables, and then often he did not hear at all.

"Do you think you let her lie in the sun too long, Martin?" Amelia asked by way of relief.

"She wasn't in the sun all day until she came out and died," Martin said.

Amelia sighed and went about her work.

EACH evening, after milking, Ellen trimmed her flower bed, which was under the west window. By casually turning, she could see the bend in the road beyond the poplar grove and the fir hedge—the open road where a man on a horse would be outlined black

against the sunset. A rider coming from the Bjarnassons' would be seen on that road—there would be no other way that he would come. Ellen's flower bed was so carefully weeded that the blooms began to look self-conscious.

At the supper table one evening, Charlie announced the news that Ellen had been waiting to receive in one form or other. He had been at Yellow Post that day.

"Malcolm has finished the work for Bjarnasson, and is starting north tonight. He's taking the road past the swamps—up past Brunds. He'll be comin' past here. Goat-eyes'll have another look at you, Ellen," the boy grinned at her.

Caleb made no comment for some time. Then he said, "I'll be goin' up to Erickson's tonight. Have the cart ready, Charlie. Leavin' early."

"I saw some of the children over at the school today, Teacher. I think it was the Goodmans. They're like as not to break in and do some damage," Ellen said to Lind. Lind made some answer, but Ellen did not hear her. Perhaps Caleb would be gone before Malcolm came past—he would assume that his very absence was powerful enough to stay her from doing anything that he would disapprove of—that was his way of reasoning.

She helped Amelia with the dishes and then went out to the milk yard. From her stool beside the cow she watched Caleb with straining eyes, watched him potter to and fro from the house to the barn, from the barn to the granary to the tool shed, with his preoccupied, slow shuffle.

Prince was hitched to the dog cart, waiting. But Caleb did not look toward the horse. He vanished into the barn

and had not come out when the sun was a flaming globe through the poplars. Had he changed his mind, and was not going? Ellen tried to see beyond the grove to the turn in the trail,

but the poplars danced together crazily before her eyes. She bowed her head once more and pulled at the cow's teats. Then she heard, still quite far away, the sound of a horse's hoofs coming through the still evening.

At the moment Caleb came out of the barn and untied Prince, mounting the cart. Ellen hoped desperately that the rider coming from the west would rein in. Then she heard.

Caleb got down from the cart and went into the house, emerging in a few moments with his duster on his arm.

But the horse's hoofs were passing the curve now, behind the poplars. Caleb climbed onto the cart again and drove hurriedly toward the outer gate.

Ellen heard Malcolm's greeting to Caleb, but from where she sat she could not see him. She sprang up, and ran to the wooden fence of the milk yard, leaning out over it. Then she hastily glanced about to see if anyone were watching her. She could see Malcolm on his pony, sitting straight and dark, with a sifting of light falling upon his shoulders through the poplar grove. Then he was riding away, Caleb driving beside him in the cart. Skuli Erickson lived just beyond the homestead of the Brunds, on the road that Malcolm would take north.

Lind and Mark, who after supper had ridden by way of the wood road to visit Fusi Aronson, took another trail coming back, one that led eastward and met the other road on which the Brunds and the Ericksons lived. They rode slowly, for the evening was one to be enjoyed slowly. They were now on a dry ridge north of the swamps, and could look down upon the stagnant water lying in the sunset like ragged ribbons

of rose and gold. On the margin Lind saw a few delicate purple orchid flowers growing, and fern so fragile that it seemed to bend under the light.

Mark was looking westward.

"A lone horseman," he said.

Lind followed his eyes. "Oh, that's an Indian pony—I think it's the man that was at Gares for supper not long ago," she exclaimed, trying to make out the figure on the horse. "I believe Ellen was in love with him, once."

The glow from the west seemed to envelope horse and rider in a golden lustre, so that they blended into one.

NOW came ideal haying weather, dry with only a slight wind. The sky was as clear as a shell day after day. Caleb hoped that it would last only until the hay had been stacked. There were rumors of bush fires to the north as a result of drought, and Yellow Post was full of bad omens. But the Indians were always ready to prognosticate evil for the white settlers. It meant nothing. Crops in these parts grew slowly and there would be need of more rain, and more rain would come—it would have to come.

Caleb knocked on the ceiling under the loft at five o'clock of the morning that was to begin the haying. Amelia was already in the kitchen starting the fire. Her shoulders ached from the stooping that she had done the day before when she had taken a large quantity of vegetables for preserving. Her heart misgave her as she thought of Ellen, who had helped in the garden. Ellen would have to work on the rake today.

"It's not too late to get a man for the haying, Caleb," she ventured.

Caleb put on his boots, stamping heavily on the floor after drawing on each one. This was a signal for those in the loft above to hurry. After he had laced his boots he went to the sink to wash.

"You'll do well not to put high ideas into their heads," he finally replied. "Who's goin' to pay for an extra man, do y' think? Might get Mark Jordan for nothin', of course. Heh, heh! You amuse me, Amelia—you amuse me!"

Amelia fried eggs and strips of salt pork, and heated over the oatmeal that had been cooked the night before. She set the table with the red and white checked cloth, and put in precise position the cracked plates and the old forks with the bent prongs, and the half black knives. Then at each place she laid a carefully ironed, worn serviette. It was one of the little observances she had carried over from a somewhat gentler life. Caleb had always ignored the serviette beside his plate because it symbolized something in his wife's life that he had tried to obliterate—a certain fineness that was uneconomical and pretentious. Amelia had known better in the last five years than ever to ask for money for new serviettes.

The food was on the table when the children came down, Lind with them. All, except the Teacher, were heavy-eyed and scarcely conscious of one another.

"Come, come now—no time to waste. Lot of stuff down there. We work better in the morning, y'know." Caleb admonished them. He ate leisurely himself, and the others were away from the table long before he was through.

Protest meant only the expenditure of extra effort—the work would have to be done anyway. Ellen and Charlie hitched the horses to the two rakes, and Judith and Martin went ahead with the mowing machines. It was deadening work, so that after a while the spirit forgot the body behind the horses, up and down, up and down, in the bright heat that rose from the earth and fell from the bare, cloudless sky. The nostrils began to ache from the sweet, hot dusty smell of the hay. The hands grew dry and swollen from the reins, the sun lay like a hot iron on the shoulders, no matter which way one turned. But presently it was only the body that was there, enduring; the spirit seemed to have gone somewhere else, and left an absence of thought, an absence of everything except attention to the task at hand.

Judith mowed the field west of the neck of timber that had been bought of Fusi Aronson, Charlie following behind with the rake. Martin was working in the east field, the hay falling behind him in a smooth aisle. Ellen worked with difficulty because of her eyes, and frequently had to close them to ease their smarting. The hay dust hit at her lids so that they became bright red.

Lifting her eyes from the sweating flanks of the horses, Judith saw Caleb mounting the cart near the barn. He would be coming down now to see how things were going. He would call directions from the edge of the field, or he might even take the trouble to walk in and inspect the cutting, to see that an extra inch of hay did not escape with the roots. Well, it would not be long now till it was over. All the more reason to hurry the horses.

MARTIN looked back and saw that Ellen was faring none too well. It would have been cheaper in the end to have hired a man. Caleb must have had some other reason for not taking an extra help. It was his idea, apparently, to blind them all with work—an extra man would give them time for thinking, and dreaming. Dreaming of a new house and the like, perhaps. What Ellen would dream of Martin could not guess. Ellen was like a peapod that had ripened brittle, but could not burst open. Then he realized that he, too, was a closed peapod—they

were all closed peapods, not daring to open. The idea fascinated Martin. He felt as though he had just learned to think, that he had just found his mind with a unique idea in it. Then one of the horses stumbled, and in pulling at the reins Martin lost his idea. His mind closed again, except to the heat that jiggled visibly in the air, and to the heavy smell of the hay.

He glanced back at Ellen, who was piling at uneven intervals. Then he saw Caleb drive up to the fence in the opposite field, where Judith had just come into sight south of the bush. Judith stopped her horses. She was evidently listening to something Caleb was calling to her. Martin looked uneasily toward Ellen, and at the uneven piles.

Presently Caleb drove around the west field to the southern border of the one in which Martin worked. Martin was close enough to the fence to talk with him.

"Hardly a thistle in the whole thing," he told Caleb. "Got last year's heat, all right."

"H-m," Caleb muttered, striving to conceal his pleasure. "Ellen's draggin' it there, I see. Ellen!" He beckoned to her, and she got down from the seat and came toward him.

"What's the matter with you? Day dreamin', or something? Look at that stuff there—all over the place. Go over it again from the end of the strip—the stacker'll never get that stuff," he said gently, as if with extreme patience.

Ellen went back to the rake and turned the horses around. She went over the whole strip again, picking up the stream piles and measuring the distance between the new ones that she had made, trying not to feel the pain in her eyes and her back.

The sun moved toward the noon mark, and the two fields were nearly a quarter mown. Amelia waved a towel at them from the end of the garden, and Judith, who was the first to see the signal, called to Martin. The four teams were unhitched and turned in toward the road, and the first half day's work was done. Ellen, Charlie and Martin went ahead of Jude, who lingered behind looking in the direction of the Sandhills, just across the head. She knew that Sven must have seen them at work in the field, and that he would be watching for them to return home for dinner. She waited in the shadow of some willows.

Then Sven came. He stepped down into the enclosure of the willows and drew her after him.

"I've got to see you more than this," he said. "Charlie was out for the cattle last night. Why didn't you come?"

"Can't let him get suspectin' things, Sven," Judith reminded him. "No use spoilin' our chances. He'd look me up if he knew."

"Well—be there tonight, anyway. Just for a little while," Sven urged. She promised and then drew away. He stood and watched her while she strode away behind the horses. Her head was high and fine as that of a thoroughbred horse, Sven thought. She did not look back at him.

At the noon meal Judith, Martin and Charlie ate like young animals. Amelia glanced uneasily at Ellen, who scarcely touched her food.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" she asked.

"Nothing—it's a little too warm to eat much," Ellen replied.

Caleb laughed softly. "Tut—tut, Ellen. Another day or two of healthy work and you won't think of the heat. Wish I wasn't too old to pitch in and get an appetite, too. Nothin' like it—nothing like it, eh, Charlie? Charlie's gettin' to be a first-class raker, too, I see. Have to promote you to the cutter next year, eh?"

Caleb was in good spirits, loquacious, optimistic. He had met one of the Icelanders from beyond the lake, and reports from the direction were good. Then, too, he had bought from Erickson, at a ridiculous bargain, two fine young sows in place of the one that had died. So things were working out very well—very well indeed.

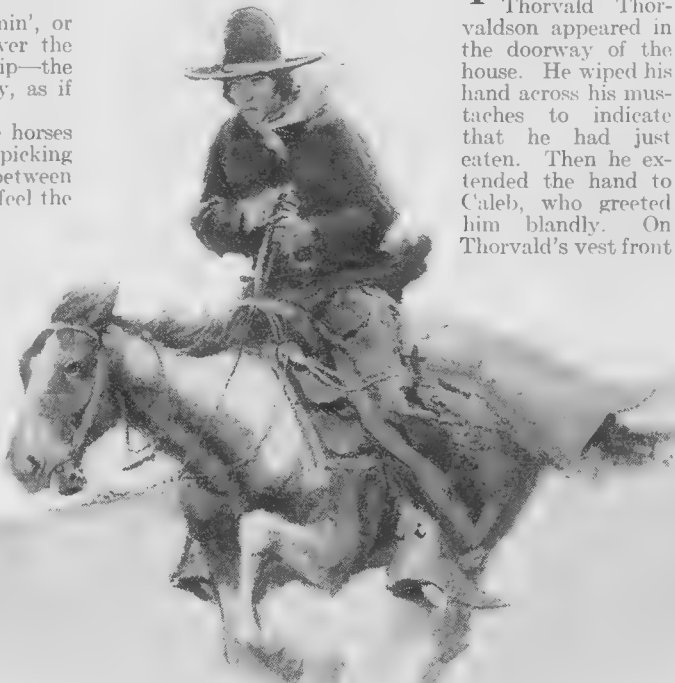
He left the table, adjuring the others to get back to the field again without delay. Then he hitched the mare to the dog cart and drove to the Bjarnassons'.

AS the little cart rattled along the dry road, Caleb let his eye embrace the holdings of Thorvaldson, lying indefinitely westward. Excellent cattle land going to waste in the hands of a lot of women—Thorvaldson himself being one of them, in Caleb's opinion. A man who could do no better than raise nine girls should not be farming. And yet Thorvaldson, somehow, was on friendly terms with the great Bjarnasson—had, it was known, received generous loans from him on occasion when things went badly with him and his ten women. There should be some way of forcing Thorvaldson to loosen his hold on at least part of that excellent land. . . .

Caleb's thoughts turned to Amelia. She had behaved well of late. Perhaps she was even beginning to realize that no good would come of it if the children rebelled—apart from the consideration of Mark Jordan.

And yet, it was well to keep her reminded of that little mistake of hers—that little mistake. Also, it might be well to pay a visit to the young man, before the return of the Klovacs. To sound him out, as it were, and to report to Amelia on his parts as a gentleman. Good idea, that. Amelia would break her heart rather than let a gentleman know the truth about himself. He might not even want to marry the Teacher if he knew that he had no name to offer her. Amelia would seize upon that little thought. Yes, it would be well, indeed, to pay a visit to Mark Jordan.

But here was the ramshackle farm of Thorvald Thorvaldson. And Thorvald's mower standing in the yard. He had not started cutting, then. Perhaps one of his daughters had a tooth ache and the hay had to wait. Although, true enough, Thorvald usually brooked no delays. He prided himself upon being a master, but he used too little foresight. He had no right to be a farmer, no right to own a fine tract of land—a tract of grazing land.



A lone horseman on an Indian pony. It's the man that was at Gares for supper not long ago.

THE surly bulk of Thorvald Thorvaldson appeared in the doorway of the house. He wiped his hand across his mustaches to indicate that he had just eaten. Then he extended the hand to Caleb, who greeted him blandly. On Thorvald's vest front

Caleb saw unmistakably a fish bone and the scale of a fish. H-mm.

Caleb stepped in front of Thorvald, and put his hand on the latch of the screen door. An uneasy flash crossed Thorvald's face.

"Come on in where I can talk to you, Thorvald," Caleb grinned at him. "I'd be waitin' here all day for you to ask me." His mood was facetious. Thorvald's face grew red, but he said nothing as Caleb opened the door.

In the kitchen the women were still eating dinner. Caleb's eye swept the table, then indifferently he passed on to the sitting room beyond, Thorvald close behind him. Neither of the men troubled to speak to the women.

Caleb had seen what he wished to see. The Thorvaldson family had fish for dinner. There was only one place where Thorvald could have got that fish—in the sacred lake of the Bjarnassons, his respected friends, to whom he was obliged for many favors in the past. And to whom, if rumor was correct, he was looking for another favor in the near future. Thorvald had no money to pay threshers, and would not be able to get his grain threshed without the help of Bjarnasson. Bjarnasson had his own threshing machine, and his own crew, and he would help a neighbor. He was a kind man, was young Erik, but a hard man when it came to a matter of honor. Fishing in his lake would not be readily forgiven, especially if the offender were a trusted and indebted friend. It would surely mean an end to favors, and loans. . . .

Thorvald sat down with a heavy sigh and Caleb took a seat near him.

"Hain't started your hayin' yet, I see?" Caleb observed casually.

"Na—ow. Too much to do 'round the ples," he grunted.

"Think you'll be threshin' on the first of September?" Thorvald looked at him heavily, his little eyes glinting uncertainly.

"Yas—sure. Got crew already."

"Yeah? Who're ye gettin'?" Thought things was kind o' tied up," Caleb said mildly.

Thorvald coughed in his throat.

"Gang from across the lake—half breeds," he said with a vague wave of his hand.

Caleb smiled. Thorvald was a poor liar, although he lied often enough to be skilful at it.

"Wish you'd let me know how to reach 'em," he said. "I can't get a machine until the end of September.

And if they come here, they'd like as not be willin' to come on over and thrash for me."

Thorvald crossed one leg over the other.

"Wa-al," he said. "That outfit have too much already."

"I'm goin' over to Bjarnasson's this afternoon. Pretty far, but I've got to see if I can hire their crew." Caleb's eyes played idly over Thorvald's face. The Icelanders' great bulk moved uneasily.

"Wa-al, I would not like you to say it to Yellow Post, but Bjarnasson will let me hire his thrasher," he said slowly.

"Hire it? He let you have it free last year, didn't he?"

Caleb was inwardly amused at Thorvald's lame efforts to dignify his position.

"And you'd tell me a story like that, Thorvald?" he laughed comfortably. "Shame on you."

"Wa-al, I vill not have it round, or everybody t'ink I can't pay him. I can pay—after harvest."

Again Caleb smiled to himself. He knew Thorvald would never pay what Bjarnasson did not expect him to.

"He's been pretty decent to you, though, h'ain't he? Let's see—how much is it you owe him now, for implements? Must be quite a little sum, with interest, Thorvald?"

Thorvald's big feet moved across each other. He did not answer. He was busy listening to the women removing the dishes from the table in the kitchen.

"Well—let's go out and look at your potatoes, Thorvald. Quite some time since I was here now, ain't it?"

Thorvald muttered a reply and the two men went out together. Thorvald saw to his relief that the table was clear and hoped that Caleb had not noticed

the fish on the table as he had come in. He became at once talkative and cheerful.

THEY went out through the sun to the potato field, that stood tall and dusty over two entire acres. This was Thorvald's chief produce for sale purposes, and the only thing that ever grew successfully on his farm. He had no instinct for raising cattle or horses, and his

grains were indifferent.

"Fine crop, that, Thorvald. Ought to bring a nice little sum," Caleb said almost in a whisper, as if he spoke to himself. "And it's work the women can do, too. With a big herd it's different. You've got to have a man. You're lucky not to have a lot of animals, Thorvald. They need lookin' after."

Thorvald stooped and picked off a bug from a potato plant.

"Nat many, you see," he said proudly, indicating the clean plants.

"Potatoes you can eat when you got nothing else," Caleb remarked. "Good investment—good investment. By the way, that reminds me—Bjarnasson's fishin' again, ain't he?"

"Uh? Na-aw, not what I know," Thorvald said hurriedly.

Caleb waited for a moment, enjoying Thorvald's discomfort.

"Well, well, didn't I see fish on your table? That couldn't have come from any other place except Bjarnasson's this side of the river, and sure you didn't go way up there to fish?"

"You see fish? Na-ow—na-ow—"

"Don't lie to me, Thorvald. You had fish for dinner and you stole it—stole it out of Bjarnasson's lake. By night, like as not. You know what Bjarnasson would do if he found out. But I'm not goin' to tell him, Thorvald. Don't think it—don't think it. I'd rather see you get your thrashin' done. Nobody knows but me, and nobody's goin' to know, but it was a mean trick, Thorvald, a mean trick."

Thorvaldson's face was livid. His large hands fumbled about in his pockets, his shoulders slumped. Caleb's left hand moved across his mustache caressingly.

"By the way, Thorvald, we talked once about that half section of yours layin' next to my land. You didn't feel like sellin' it then. And yet it's no good to you. How do you feel about it now?"

Thorvald's eyes grew sullen. Caleb Gare was getting him, then. "Na-ow! Not von acre!" he rasped.

Caleb shrugged his shoulders and turned to go. "All right, but don't blame me if Bjarnasson don't come across with the crew," he said.

Thorvaldson strode quickly into step with him as he walked toward the cart. Better than to lose Bjarnasson's support. . . .

"When you want it?" He almost snivelled.

"Oh, any time, the sooner the better for me. I'll pay you cash, Thorvald, that's the way I do business. Perhaps it'll help just now, eh?"

They arranged to meet at the store of Johanneson, who was a notary public, and close the deal on the following day.

Continued on page 81

THE skunk bear had struck the man's footprints in the snow, and after the habit of her kind, she was following them. Low, bearlike, possessed of huge forepaws which prevented her sinking in the drifts, proportioned with villainous sturdiness, the skunk bear was clearly a beast well designed to guard her own interests, but it was more her disreputable slouch and her bedraggled appearance which pronounced her what she was, a thief, a thug, of the wilderness.

The man was evidently some hours ahead, for his trail was cold, which was so much the better from the skunk bear's point of view, since it increased the likelihood of the traps he had left behind holding something edible. If so—well, all the man would find of that catch when next he came his round would be a few tattered fragments, scattered contemptuously in the undergrowth, and the tracks of the hated skunk bear.

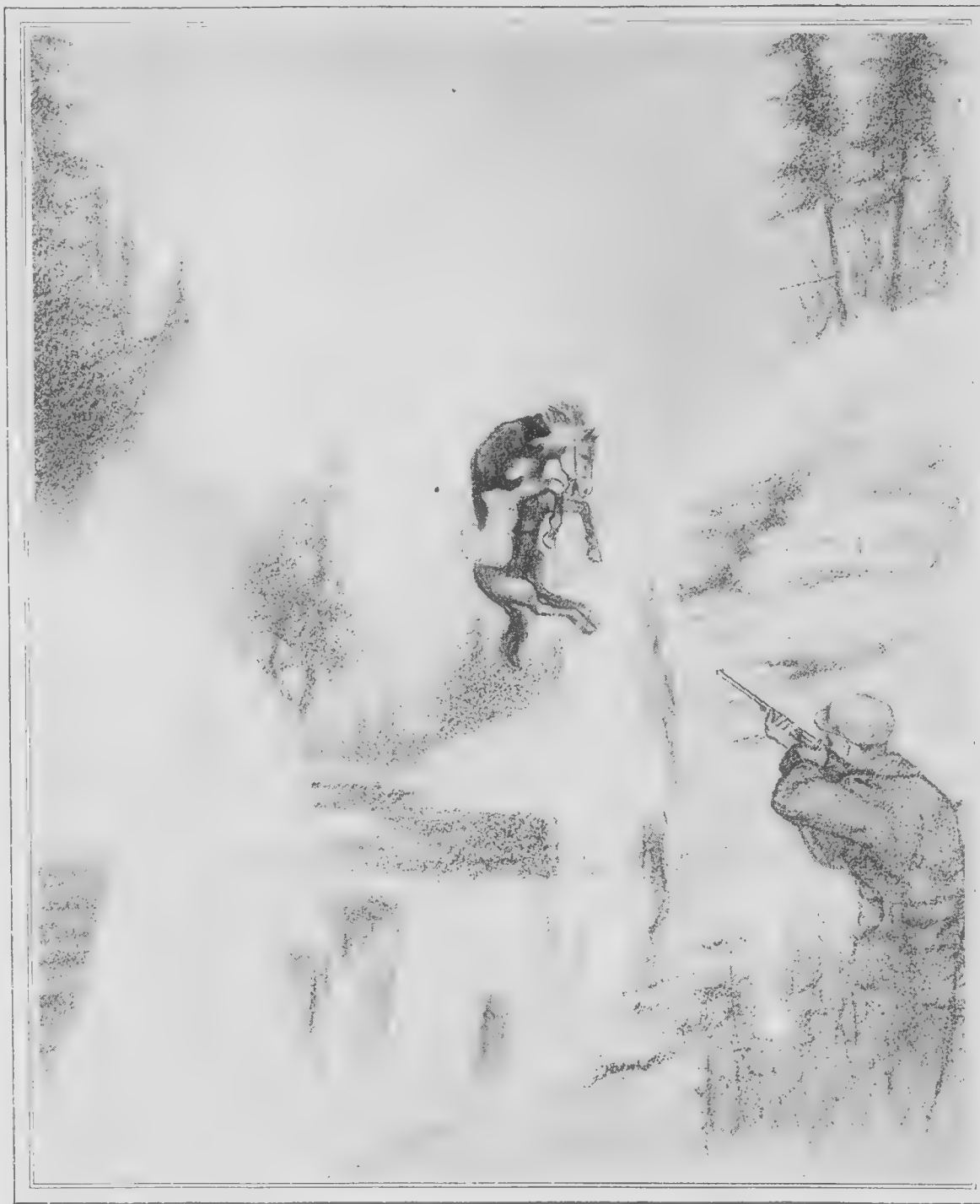
But today the luck of the skunk bear was out, for she had followed less than a mile when a hitch occurred. That hitch was a great boiling torrent, seventy yards in width, cutting the eternal forests clean in two—one of the few creeks in that land which never froze. Here the tracks of the man vanished into thin air. He might, indeed, have overstepped the edge, falling into the ice-clogged gloom of the canyon, but the keen nose of the skunk bear told her that this was not so.

It led her to the foot of a larch at the edge of the cutting, and looking up she saw two ropes, one six feet above the other, stretched tautly across the width of the canyon from this side to the other. So the man had climbed into the larch to cross by his rope bridge, and unless the skunk bear followed by the same way, she could follow no further.

The skunk bear had no idea of crossing, and indeed I doubt whether she realized that that was what the ropes were for, but she knew that they were of man, savoring of his incomprehensible cunning, and therefore she hated and at first feared them. For this beast, above all beasts, hated man, though she feared him less than most, while such men as the one she was following hated her above all other beasts. So, determined to follow to the last available inch, she climbed into the tree, and sniffed cautiously along the rope by the way the man's feet had slithered. Then, since the rope showed no resentment of her presence, she closed her vice-like jaws upon it—jaws so full of vice that the Indians of the north regard her as a creation of the devil, possessed of Satanical powers for working miracles of ill.

The rope fell with a swish, for it had accumulated, since the man's passing, clogs of frozen spray from the rapids below, and the skunk bear crouched, tense and watchful, lest some dreadful retribution should follow her boldness. Doubtless she would have mounted to the top rope, and gnawed that too, but meantime a figure glided into relief across the snow, following, as she had followed, the man's trail, and her trail was interlinked with it.

The figure, the shadow, upon the whiteness of the snow, where the shadows of the trees were already long, paused, thirty feet from the trees, and became stock still—still as the cakes of ice, as the trees, as the breathless, deadly stillness which reigned upon everything. The skunk bear lowered her head the merest fraction of a centimetre, then the shadow on



The Crossing

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustration by E. Gordon Smith

the snow turned about and departed noiselessly. Simply departed.

It was a young silver fox, carrying a coat Anse Corbit, the trapper, would have rejoiced to find in his possession, but its appearance had reminded the skunk bear that she was hungry. The fox, mind you, is a formidable beast, and not one fox hound in a hundred could have killed that fox in single combat, for he was schooled in the hard school of the north. Yet the carcass did not hesitate. She dropped to earth, and took up his trail, passing through the trees, a ghostly figure in the infinite silence of a ghost world. The sun was long since gone. The fireplay of crimson and gold and primrose had faded to deepest purple, and now the princess of the north dashed exultantly into the heavens, with a rustling of her silken robes. Lights—lights everywhere, rocketing through the tree-tops with a subdued hiss—phosphorescent lights, flitting across the snow, a great ghost world in which the skunk bear moved, a ghost but not a ghost, for she, if anything, was materialistic, where material things can have no form. Slowly she seemed to slouch along, yet her speed was a steady speed, heedless of all obstacles—now along a reclining tree, to drop from its extremity, round a thicket, through a thicket—heedless of the many trails which crossed and criss-crossed the one she was following—the trails of snowshoe rabbits, of flying squirrels, of mink and marten, once of a lynx, which uttered a furious yowl when she was past—not until!—and once of a pack of timber wolves. Even at the wolf scent she did not falter, and one hour later she flushed the fox from a thicket of juniper. He shot from the other side as she dashed in, and was off and away like

He flung up his rifle but the shot was an impossible one. Her hoofs went from under her, she fell, sliding, carrying the carcass with her.

a living streak. He turned back in a wide circle, the circle of his home range, but twenty minutes later she was at his heels again, and this time he fled with a yapp and a yarr of menace and terror. His steps were lagging—not from fatigue, but from fear. He sought the timber, leaping from log to log, from windfall to windfall; he climbed to the topmost thickets of a cedar, and stood there, thirty feet up, peering down, bright-eyed and fearful. She came—she followed. It was ever her trade to follow. He leapt for his life, landing in the snow drift, but she leapt after him, and only in the ace of time did he free himself and dart aside with a double click of pearly fangs. Again he hid, again she followed up, then, desperate at length, he headed back for the starting point, as a beaten fox so often does.

THE moon was up when Corbit, returning from the round of his traps, came at length to his rope bridge. He stared incredulously. One rope was down, though it had stood all winter, and there had been many gales. Corbit could not understand. He possessed no enemies; his range was undisputed. He had no neighbors save those he hunted for

their coats.

"A porky, I suppose," said he to himself, meaning, of course, a porcupine. "Anyway, I guess I'll leave my kit this side, and swarm across the single rope. Then I can splice up, and come back for my kit."

That, indeed, was his only course, if he were to gain his cabin tonight, and standing in the shadow of the timber edge, such sounds as he had made were deadened by the rush of the torrent. So he was about

to kick off his snowshoes when he could have sworn that the rope began to swing, as though touched by a ghostly hand. Superstitious as all trappers are, his sense of uncanny evil, by no means discouraged by the mysterious finding of the severed rope, bade him freeze in his tracks, watching with all his eyes. And overhead the aurora rustled, while the thunder and growl of the torrent filled earth and sky and air.

In that night Corbit saw a thing he would never have credited. He saw a fox come tight-rope walking along the single strand. It walked as a cat walks upon a wall top, paw after paw, steadily in line, without balancing feat or error of judgment. The rope was stiffened by the frozen spray, yet assuredly the faintest gust of wind would have sent the fox to its doom. Corbit watched it the entire length as it emerged from the shadows, and never in his life had he seen anything so wonderfully cool, so coolly measured in judgment. Forty feet; thirty, ten, and Corbit saw that if the fox dropped now it would land upon the ice of the canyon foot—saw, moreover, that it was a silver fox, and the boom was at its zenith. He reached for his rifle, and as he did so the fox stopped, seeming to "stare" at him with its big ears. For ten seconds or more they stared into each other's faces, then the fox looked back the way it had come, and for the life of him Corbit could not shoot. He judged that it had been hunted by wolves, and he would never have credited the thing he had seen had it come to him second-hand. So he hesitated, and as he hesitated the black shadow leapt, tapped the intervening length of rope with a force which sent an undulation across to the other bank, then it passed

Continued on page 89

Meet Mrs. Rafferty

By Edith G. Bayne

Illustrations by Harold Woods

ROOMERS is the plague o' me life, so they are," Mrs. Rafferty had often declared, "and it's not me would be havin' t' put up with thim at all if me late husband—rest his soul—had only lived—him bein' from a family o' fourteen and no room in the shanty where they all got in for hide nor hair o' a roomer! There's some as thinks there's money in roomers—the more fools they! And there's some tells you that roomers is good company, but all I ever found them was a liability and a noosance. If it ain't losin' the latchkeys and havin' t' be lettin' in at all hours, it's leavin' the bathroom taps drippin' or singin' before breakfast!"

Meet Mrs. Rafferty—as fine a woman as ever hung up a rooms-to-let sign. And meet Mrs. McGinnis next door—her pie-crust bends but it never breaks. Mrs. Rafferty kept roomers and Mrs. McGinnis fed them and it was truly surprising how well this unwilling partnership flourished, with each good lady "knocking" the other to prospective lodgers or boarders.

"I see that the woman next door gives meals," one of these would observe, on renting a room at Mrs. Rafferty's.

"She does," Mrs. Rafferty would admit, adding stiffly: "But I can't recommend thim."

Or of Mrs. McGinnis a casual "mealer" would ask did she know of a vacant room in the neighborhood, and Mrs. McGinnis would purse her lips and consider.

"Well, you could try next door," she would suggest, grudgingly. "If you're in anyways of a hurry it'll do till you could look around for a decent place."

The two principals in this thriving, co-operative business seldom met, but when they did Mrs. McGinnis usually took the first opportunity to remark how turrible hard t' suit some people's roomers were, the same as though they were somebody; and Mrs. Rafferty came back with sundry left-handed compliments about muddy coffee and "burnt stoo." Then there was mention of the late hours certain roomers kept and the spooning that went on on the verandah next door, whereupon Mrs. Rafferty would retaliate with the announcement that next time anny of her roomers came down with "potmaine" she knew who to send the bill to—not mentioning anny names but lookin' straight at the party. There would follow remarks about the weather and the high cost of market produce and laundry charges and the pair would part, continuing the best of enemies.

Mrs. Rafferty's rooming house offered few facilities for the growth and nurturing of romance, hardy perennial though it is conceded to be. No general apartment was provided for the roomers' use, but this on grounds purely economical, of course, for a succession of transients occupied what otherwise would have been the parlor. Sitting on the verandah or the steps after dark was discouraged, and lingering in the hallway or the vestibule absolutely verboten. Mrs. Rafferty's roomers, as a rule, knew each other only by sight and sometimes not then. This was a matter of pride to her.

"Let me even suspicion any o' that sort o' foolishness, Mrs. McGinnis," she proclaimed to her neighbor one day, "and out the parties goes—like that!" The snapping of her forefinger and thumb accompanied an emphatic nod of the head.

"Nothin' like bein' firm," agreed the other.

"There's them that puts up with it, mind ye," Mrs. Rafferty went on. "Mrs. Hodge across the way for one—her with a voice that'd clip a hedge—mebbe ye've heard her. Mrs. McGinnis—she's that soft whin it comes to ro-mance she's got two hammocks up all the time, and last month she had a weddin' from there—an' her losin' by the same token two good roomers!"

"An' serve her right," Mrs. McGinnis put in.

"There'd be little t' gain in me runnin' me house like a matrimonyal ejency an' what thanks wud I get, Mrs. McGinnis—tell me that!"

"I must be gettin' back t' me sweepin'," said the other, though making no move to go.

MRS. RAFFERTY, her head encased in an unclean towel, was belaboring with a sawed-off broom handle some rugs thrown over a line. She paused to run her forearm across her damp brow and leaned on the broom handle, panting comfortably.

"I must say, Mrs. McGinnis," she continued, "that this minit I've as decent a lot o' roomers as a body end ask for. Take that, ye divvie!" This last was addressed to a long, lean, grey cat that had just hove in sight around a corner of the ash house. The broom handle missed it by an inch, and it leaped to safety over the farther fence. "It'd do the heart o' me good t' see all thim maraudin' brutes strung up in a row!"

"Y' ought t' get a good dog, Mrs. Rafferty."

"A dog, is it! I cudn't be havin' a dog, Mrs. McGinnis, dear, when I don't allow me roomers t' keep pets!" Mrs. Rafferty was nothing if not just. "As I was sayin', I've a houseful o' the best—rint paid up prompt an' no trouble at all, barrin' an odd time Mr. Todd does be wipin' his boots with the towels, an' sure what gentleman doesn't! Thim two on the top flure were gettin' thick, there for a while, till I

changed Miss Jones t' second flure back an' put Miss McGoogle in her place—goin' on fifty if she is a day, Mrs. McGinnis. It's not but what I've had me own troubles, mind ye! There was the time the pair eloped on me an' thim owin' six weeks rint, an' there was the time I locked Miss Smithers an' the young pi-anna salesman out, an' neither o' thim havin' their latchkeys, they made t' git in the cellar windy, an' Mary Kate, me gerl, thinkin' it was burglars calls up the p'lice station an' has an officer an' three men here like billy-o. Lost that pair I did, thim goin' off in a huff, like. An' there was the time I instructed Mary Kate, me gerl, Mrs. McGinnis—her that's been with me these seven years now, and where cud ye match the record, tell me that!—I told her t' watch the hammock an' if so be annyone sat in it after ett o'clock t' sneak round the corner o' the verandah an' let it down on thim. Well, Mary Kate watched an' one night sure enough it come ett o'clock an' somebody was sittin' in the hammock! She thought it was young Mr. Whipple, the same that was soft on Miss McSquigg, an' he always sportin' a dark shirt. Mary Kate's eyes ain't the best, Mrs. McGinnis, an' I dunnow where was the ears of her that she didn't hear me—self and Father McCarthy talkin' there, me on a chair t' be sure, but the Father in the hammock. Yis, laugh, Mrs. McGinnis! 'Twas Father McCarthy she let down—the saints rist him—an' he come t' ask wud I donett a cake t' the parish sociable!"

Mrs. Rafferty administered several wholehearted whacks to the rugs and again rested from her labors.

"An' oh, the thricks they'll be up to!" she remarked. "Sorra enough bother I've had with gerrils, Mrs. McGinnis—before Mary Kate. I'd one that'd steal the horns off a cow—but roomers is away an' worse! There was that young Mr. Pepper—not a bit like his name, but the aisiest-goin' lad ye'd meet in a month o' Chusdehs. One night he startles the whole house by moanin' and groanin', as I thought, in his sleep. At lasht I cudn't stand it anny longer an' I knocks on his dure an' says I: 'Mr. Pepper! Mr. Pepper! Is it a pain in the stummick ye've got or what?' With that he calls out that he's all right but for a touch o' the toothache. 'Arrah,' says I, 'don't be sufferin' for the need o' a bag o' hot salt. 'I'm all right now,' says he. 'Let me het up the salt, do,' says I. 'No thanks,' says he. 'Very well,' says I, an' goes back t' bed. But shure it's no time at all till he starts up agin. 'Poor felly,' thinks I, 'it's his first tooth since he cut thim! He won't be fit for his worrk in the mornin'—an' by the same token neither will anny of us an' he howlin' like a banshee all night! So up I git an' fills the hot wather bottle. 'Mr. Pepper,' says I, 'open the dure.' 'What for?' says he. 'Here's the hot wather bottle,' says I. 'Throw it over the transom,' says he. 'I won't,' says I, 'there's two patches on it already.' 'I don't want the salt,' says he. 'This ain't the salt, Mr. Pepper,' says I, 'it's the hot wather bag.' 'Throw it over an' I'll ketch it,' says he, choking off another howl. I thought I heard him swear, too, but p'raps not. 'Very well,' says I, an' I hope it clouts ye on the head, y' ungrateful big lummo!' says I. 'Sure, what kind of a man do ye call yerself,' says I, 'howlin' like ye were bein' murdered an' that fer a bit o' a toothache? Take that—an' bad scram t'ye!' says I, an' I tosses the bag over an' it full o' fine, scaldin' hot wather. Well, of all the screechin' y' iver did hear, Mrs. McGinnis, fit t' turn the blood cold, and in the midst of it Mr. Pepper jerked his dure open an' out lepped a yella dog! The bottle had hit the poor baste, but he was more scart than scalded. What's that? Sure! 'Twas the stowaway dog that had been doin' all the howlin'! Oh, the thricks they'll be up to!"

Mrs. Rafferty finished the assault on the rugs and then piled them over her shoulder. Her shrewd eye never missed anything taking place at one or other of her neighbors, and presently she crossed over to the new crony and with a jerk of her thumb in the direction of Mrs. Hodge's rooming house, whispered: "Luk at it!"

Two of Mrs. Hodge's roomers, a young man and a girl, were having a playful pillow fight with the hammock cushions.

"Just how it begins," commented Mrs. McGinnis, drily, with a superior sniff.

"Ro-mance!" observed Mrs. Rafferty, also with a sniff. "Well, let them that likes it put up with it!" she added, virtuously.

A violent hiss from the interior of her kitchen announced to Mrs. McGinnis that something was boiling over on the stove, and she took a hurried departure. When she reappeared some time afterwards to throw a pan of potato skins into the garbage pail, Mrs. Rafferty was in the act of watering her peas.

"Turned out a nice evenin' after all," Mrs. McGinnis called.

"It has that," agreed Mrs. Rafferty. "Wud ye care t' take in a show?"

"I don't mind if I do."

"There's a grand show up at the Palace, but we'd best start early for its sure t' be crowded. It's that Eye-talian felly they call the screen's greatest lover."

"Is he good?" inquired Mrs. McGinnis.

"Is he! He's a bird!" Mrs. Rafferty declared. "I niver miss a play he's in. The lasht time, the crowd



"She-er- she's my wife,"
replied Mr. Sylvester.

was that thick I had t' fight me way through an' I had me shirtwaist near torn off me back, Mrs. McGinnis! A bold, big huzzy ahead o' me says: 'Wait yer turn.' 'I was here first,' says I. 'Is that so?' says she. 'Yis,' says I, an' I've paid me money as well as yerself!' 'Quit pushin', says she. An so it went on till the nine o'clock crowd went in. Pile the dishes in the sink, Mrs. McGinnis, an' we'll be off early."

MRS. RAFFERTY once had all the symptoms of a Spanish complex.

It was not that she thought to submerge her glowing Celtic personality beneath the fringed mantilla of a senorita or that she desired in the least to renounce her glorious birthright.

She merely wanted to be in style.

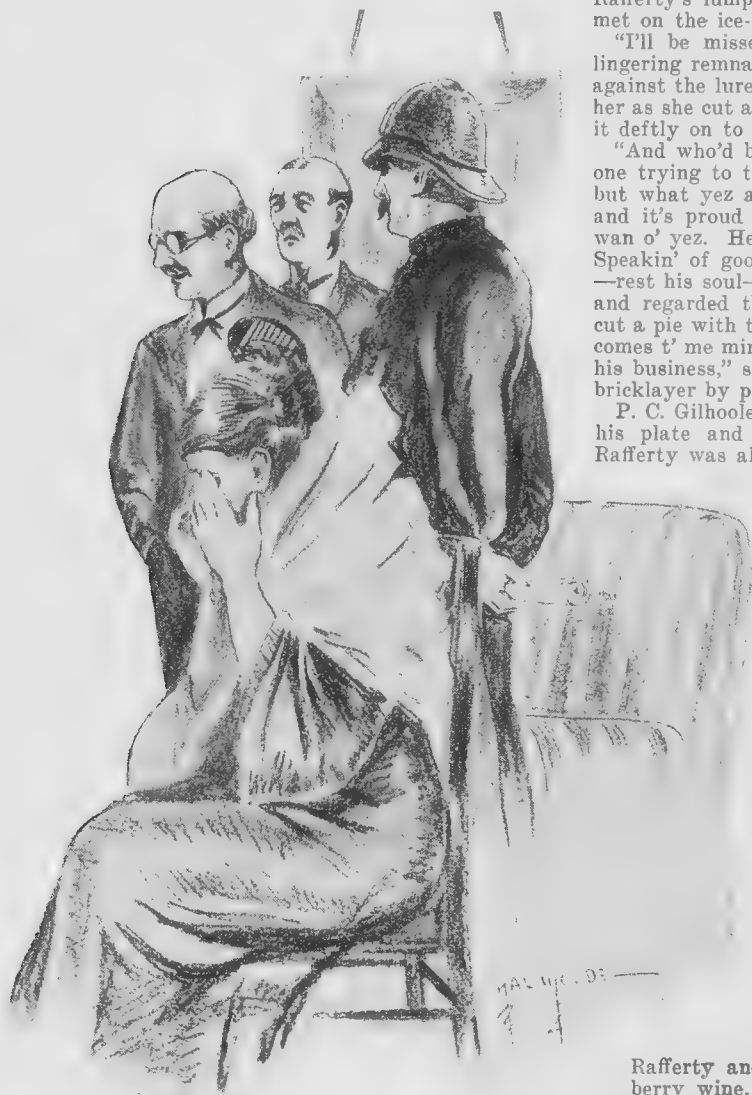
Mrs. Rafferty's unfailing natural charm is proof against the most grotesque vagaries of fashion. Her individuality is so pronounced that she can well afford to ignore all but the sternest decrees of the great goddess Vogue. When you meet and talk with her you never notice whether she is wearing crepe de bezique cut on the bias or Canton chenille with the dropped waistline.

But Mrs. Rafferty was only a woman after all and she had been seeing many Spanish movies. She became inoculated with the virus d'Espagnole, which in English means that she had taken to wondering how

she'd look with her hair slicked down at the sides, a large comb in back and pendants in her ears. The wondering crystallized into determination. So one day she emptied the contents of her deceased husband's shaving mug into her lap and counted up twenty-seven dollars and some odd cents that she'd been saving for a new parlor rug. She went downtown and charged through the swing-doors of her favorite department store and straight over to the ear-ring circle.

A pale young man was trying to wait on seventeen women. Before he had been transferred from the cold meats and cheeses he cherished the simple belief that ears were made entirely for the purpose of hearing. At the age of ten he knew ears only as something a feller hated to wash behind, but ears had never been anything in his life, otherwise. Now it was different. In a few short weeks he had developed into an ear specialist. He had outfitted hundreds of women with auricular appendages of which he had styles to fit all ears from the dainty shell variety to the cauliflower type.

He fixed Mrs. Rafferty up with a highly decorative pair of ear-rings made of purple glass in the form of a bunch of grapes. This gave her the appearance of a rakish but benevolent bacchanalian goddess. Her heart beat fast as she screwed them on before the mirror. Then she bought another pair, scarlet and amber, that looked like twin exclamation points.



Ear-rings are as irrevocable as a turned-up nose. They do something to you. The all-transforming items had done this—whatever it was—to Mrs. Rafferty. She passed on to the hair goods, where she purchased a comb half the size of a shovel.

In the millinery her volatile fancy became set on a youngish-looking, straight-brimmed hat, and the saleswoman showed her how to wear it so that one eye was completely obliterated. She next bought a shawl with a jazz motif and deep fringe.

When Mrs. Rafferty entered the store she was wearing a respectable, tight-fitting suit of the year of grace 1915, flat-heeled shoes, and a hat that was made of feather fringe and looked like an angry porcupine.

But now her whole appearance was changed. She looked trig, alert, sleek, wicked! She bore an air of studied insolence so essential to the gracious art of vamping. Not that she ever thought of vamping.

She merely wanted to be in style.

As she now looked, even so had looked Juanita Querida in her last Cuban picture. All that was needed to round out the illusion was somebody in the distance playing an air from "Carmen."

The next day Mrs. Rafferty opened the door to the new ice-man. He was a fresh ice-man. He had what is known as a "heavy line," and Mrs. Rafferty was obliged to tell him where to head in. She also added that she was a respectable Irish lady and took nothin' offa nobody. The absence of her upper plate, which

was reposing in a glass of water on the clock-shelf, may have marred her accent, for the ice-man only got fresher.

"Yah!" he said skeptically, "If you're Irish I'm a native of Zanzibar!"

Mrs. Rafferty seized the frying-pan, but dropped it as her eye fell on a pail of dirty soapuds that stood near. As the ice-man ducked and fled down the alley-way she sent a flying shower after him.

"I'll show ye who's Irish round here!" she cried.

THE next day came an emissary from the health department, followed by one from the department of housing inspection, to investigate a story of "slops thrown in the lane." The police also sent a representative with orders to lay a summons. Mrs. Rafferty received the first two callers coldly and would neither complain nor explain.

But the last visitor was a gentleman by the name of Gilhooley—P. C. Gilhooley—and when he had learned the casus belli—P. C. Gilhooley put his notebook and papers back underneath his tunic.

"There'll be nothing to report," he said, succinctly.

Mrs. Rafferty gave him a Spanish-Irish smile.

"Sure, stay a while," she urged. "The day's young. What's your hurry?"

She turned to the range and opened the oven door with one end of her blue-check apron, and a whiff of fresh gooseberry pie was wafted pleasantly to the nostrils of the constable. He sat down on Mrs. Rafferty's lumpy kitchen lounge and placed his helmet on the ice-box nearby.

"I'll be missed from my beat," he said, his last lingering remnant of a sense of duty struggling hard against the lure of her warm hospitality. He watched her as she cut a generous wedge from the pie and slid it deftly on to a rose-bordered china plate.

"And who'd be missin' you, now!" she returned as one trying to take down the pride of a child. "Not but what ye are the grand lookin' sight I'll admit, and it's proud I am to be entertainin' the likes of wan o' yez. Here's a fork, and I'll get the sugar. . . . Speakin' of good-lookin' men 'twas me late husband—rest his soul—was the handsome felly!" She sighed and regarded the pie-lifter sentimentally. "I never cut a pie with this thing," she went on, "but what he comes t' me mind. It's the spit o' the tool he used in his business," she exclaimed. "'Twas himself was a bricklayer by profession."

P. C. Gilhooley scraped the last crumb of pie from his plate and reached for his helmet. But Mrs. Rafferty was already busy with the cork of a bottle of blackberry wine and he sank back again.

"I really ought to be on my way," he murmured faintly.

"I'll give ye a handful o' cloves t' take along," said Mrs. Rafferty with a wink, "just in case. The stuff's as mild as milk, but there's them that has noses stuck out for trouble wherever ye might go, and it's as well t' be safe. While you're drinkin' I'll put a record on the victrola."

"None of this jazz stuff," P. C. Gilhooley objected, smacking his lips.

"Sure, your taste's like me own," she assured him. "I'll put on me favorite piece. It's called 'Throw Marie'."

"Sounds a little rough," was her caller's comment, "but let's have it."

"It's a grand chune altogether," Mrs. Rafferty declared, and soon he agreed with her.

P. C. Gilhooley gazed at Mrs. Rafferty and sighed. Perhaps it was the blackberry wine, or again it may have been the ear-rings.

"I pass this way quite often," he remarked casually.

"Do ye, now?" returned Mrs. Rafferty.

"I know the street well."

"Sure, it's not much of a street."

"I think it's a pretty street."

"Do ye, now?"

"I'm off, day after tomorrow."

"That's the day I make Spanish bun for tea," Mrs. Rafferty observed. "If you're passing—"

"I must be going," said P. C. Gilhooley, rising. "It might be that I'd be passing—"

"This is me new hat," said Mrs. Rafferty, as she placed the object referred to on her head—in the Spanish way. She dropped her eyes coyly. "D'ye like it?"

"It hides one of your eyes."

"Sure, that's the style!"

"It's odd I never saw you before, as many times as I've passed here," observed P. C. Gilhooley, in a puzzled tone. "Do you like the pictures?"

"Do I!"

"Let's go some night," he suggested boldly.

Mrs. Rafferty gave him another of those Spanish-Irish looks flavored with coquetry.

"Maybe you never walked out with a cop before?" he observed, as she hesitated.

"Wance," said Mrs. Rafferty, "but not for pleasure. I was bein' pinched."

BUT this is a tale of real romance and we are to learn how love came to Mrs. Rafferty and promised to release her from the keeping of roomers.

"If I'd only known," she said afterwards, "when I saw him standin' there in me doorway and lookin' so intelligent—though t' be sure the clothes of him needed brushin' bad and he'd lost two buttons—but how could I guess that here was me fate like the fortune-teller said, 'a tall, thin man will cross your path—I see him and I see money,' says she!"

It was on a golden afternoon in May that the stranger appeared. He was tall and spare and wore eye-glasses with a long black tape hanging from them. His hair was grey and his face clean-shaven. When he spoke it was in a mild, far-away half-absent tone as though his mind were on higher, more important matters than renting a room and dickering about board.

Mrs. Rafferty showed him her second-floor front and he said he thought it would do nicely.

"And now, about meals?" he suggested.

Mrs. Rafferty stood with her hands folded across her stomach and considered.

"The nearest GOOD place," she told him, "is three blocks over."

"Dear me!" he said in dismay.

"Unless," she went on, "ye've got the digestion of an ostrich. There's a party next door that gives meals—"

"Good," he remarked.

"Meals of a sort," said Mrs. Rafferty. "But sure, they'd never do for the likes o' you. I could see right away y' had a delicate constitootion," she added, flatteringly.

"I am," he admitted, "rather particular, but not an invalid exactly. All I require is breakfast, and at four-thirty, tea. The other meals I shall obtain down-town."

"I never give board," said Mrs. Rafferty. "I've got me hands full lookin' after roomers. The party next door, it's herself has the cinch—she's only got t' feed him. But I'll tell you—seein' it's you—"

And so it was arranged that she should serve two meals to the new roomer, who had paid two weeks in advance. She took a nice little tea in to him that very afternoon with a note under the bread-and-butter plate that read:

"Please put the tray out when you are threw. And oblige."

Strange and diverse are the manifestations of romance in its coming. Or, as Mrs. Rafferty has so neatly put it: "There's them that tries t' get fresh with ye—roomers has got fresh with me before this—and there's others that tells ye all about their troubles."

One evening a few weeks after Mr. Sylvester's arrival, at the conclusion of his long account of a serious operation on his foot, he patted Mrs. Rafferty's plump hand—she was tendering him the hot water bag—and he said with a long sigh:

"You're a good soul—a sympathetic soul."

"Go on!" returned Mrs. Rafferty, naively.

"I shouldn't care to be a bother to you."

"Sure, what's a bit o' bother!" she murmured.

And right then and there, as she said afterward, "something told her"; she found herself strangely attracted to him—she thought it was either his sort-of-English accent or the sad way he had of sighing. Anyway, after this she always put an extra dash of nutmeg in his egg-nogg and never said a word when he hung his wet socks on the chair-backs.

"To some," said Mrs. Rafferty, "love comes like a blast from a trumpet—that was Pat's way o' coortin'. Sure, he had me off me feet and away t' the priest and back again before I knew it! But this time love sneaked up on me unawares—like a draught on the back o' me neck."

The "roomers" continued to be a thorn in her flesh but as she became animated by the hope of an early change of name and status she grew to disregard them and their shortcomings too. In her absent-mindedness she'd sometimes leave three towels in Mr. Mole's room instead of one-and-a-half, and once a whole week passed without her remembering to shove her usual note of appeal or threat under certain doors. There was a young salesman who had a habit of early morning saxophone practice. Miss Miggs had twice given notice on his account. He woke her up and gave her a headache which continued all morning and grew worse after lunch, she maintained.

"Mister Potter," Mrs. Rafferty would plead on a scrap of linen pad-paper in her cramped hand, "please do nor play yure horn so early in the a.m. as it gives Miss Miggs nooralgia in the p.m."

And there was a girl who was given to singing grand opera at all hours.

"Miss Farrar," Mrs. Rafferty would write, "there's places and times for all things. If I have to speak again about them chunes I won't accept any more c.o.d. parcels from Beaton's for you and you can't press no more blouses in me kitchen. This here is finul."

And Miss Flipp, who roomed at the very top of the house and got so many phone calls—sometimes four and five in an evening—how often had poor Mrs. Rafferty "traipsed" up all those stairs to deliver the call—but let Mrs. Rafferty tell it:

"Telephawn, Miss Flipp!" says I, and me puffin' and pantin' with the climb, and writer's cramp in the knees. 'Who is it?' says she, as cool as y' please. 'An' how should I know?' says I. 'Is it Mr. Dough or Mr. Bore?' says she, 'because if it's Mr. Bore I ain't

Continued on page 90

Aunt Barbara Gives Advice

"AUNT BARBARA," I said, helping myself to another piece of sally lunn, "I'm going to ask you a question—something I've been thinking quite a bit about lately—and I want your frank opinion on the subject."

We were sitting in Aunt Barbara's pretty sun-porch, sipping tea from dainty Wedgwood cups—nibbling delicious sally lunn and French pastry which Annette, the little French maid, had set before us. It was a typical April day—a day of sunshine and showers. Just now the rain was coming down in torrents, turning the windows of the sun-porch into sheets of glittering diamonds. I love the rain—it holds some fascination for me—it always seems a time for confidences, too—hence, no doubt, my question.

It was just two weeks since my arrival at "Winchurst," the quaint old stone house, set in spacious grounds that, since the death of her parents, was Aunt Barbara's own. It had always been a mystery to me why she who was so beautiful, so sweet and sympathetic should live here—alone—apparently absorbed in the various kinds of Social Service work that claimed most of her time. Friends she had a-plenty—friends who loved her—worshipped her—adored her, and yet, she had never married. Funny, wasn't it? I had often ventured questions at home on the subject but was always given a more or less unsatisfactory answer. "Barbara is a fool as far as men are concerned," father would say. Just the same I know he felt a deep love for his pretty sister.

How sweet she looked today in her simple green crepe dress that seemed to bring out the auburn of her hair and the richness of her skin! One would take her for a girl in her early twenties rather than a woman in her late thirties.

"Well, what is your question, Joan," she said.

I'm such a giddy, care-free person, I suppose it struck her rather funny that I should think seriously on any one subject. Few girls do at twenty. I kicked the tile of the sun-room floor with the toe of my bronze slipper—then said:

"Oh, it's just this, Aunt Barbara. How do you think a girl should act when she is engaged—I mean towards other men?"

It seemed to me Aunt Barbara paled a bit. She looked out over the garden. Before she could answer, I continued:

"You see, it's this way. Ted and I are engaged, and he is 'way out west while I am down east here visiting you. If I had my ring every body would know I was engaged—but I haven't. Few college men can afford diamond rings unless their fathers are millionaires—or they break a bank. Of course I have Ted's fraternity pin, but scarcely anyone seems to know the significance of it. They simply wonder what 'Order' you belong to—I was asked that once. I've had a wonderful time the fortnight I have been here, and the boys have been great to me—Jack Wilson in particular. None of them have dreamed that I'm engaged—they wouldn't be so interested if they had. Not that there is any harm in what I've done, of course—why shouldn't I have a good time?—and, then, poor old Ted, he is so broad-minded and trusts me so, he wouldn't care. The only thing is that Jack asked me last night if he could take me to three different things next week. He seemed so serious and acted sort of funny, I thought. I really didn't know what to say, seeing I'm an engaged woman. He said he would phone today for his answer. That's why I have been—thinking—you see."

Aunt Barbara was still looking out over the garden, seemingly more

By
Beatrice Evelyn Barnard

Illustration by Charles Fraser

interested in the bed of crocuses, that heralded the approach of spring, than in my babble. I almost thought she wasn't listening to me. Presently she turned and faced me, drawing her chair nearer mine. I thought she looked rather sad, and her violet eyes seemed more wistful than usual.

"Joan," she said "I'm going to tell you a story."

She turned again and looked out into the garden as if it held the tale of the years. Then she began.

"SOME sixteen odd years ago, when I was just twenty, with all the hopes and dreams and ambitions that go with that age, I met Bryan Merritt. He had just graduated that spring in Science—a young man with a brilliant future, everyone said, in spite of the fact that at that time he hadn't two cents to jingle together. He was one of those clear cut boys—not good looking, but a face that seemed to have 'worth while' stamped all over it. He was so different from the bunch of callow youths that flocked around me just then, inviting me here and there and everywhere. There seemed some power about him that drew me to him in spite of his quiet way. The following spring we became engaged, in spite of the objections raised by Mother and Dad as to Bryan's pecuniary deficiencies. We were willing to wait, we said, and what if we did have to start in a small way! How

Mother tried to discourage me! 'A nice pauper's wife you'll make,' she would say. 'Imagine you—a girl who has never known anything but luxury—it's ridiculous!' But love at twenty overlooks all obstacles. Bryan and I were immovable. Well do I remember that day in June—my twenty-first birthday—the day he gave me my ring. How excited and pleased I was, even though the diamond was small. Hadn't Bryan bought it with his own hard-earned savings? Out in the garden, where the roses bloomed in profusion—this same old garden—he slipped it on my finger, and once more we plighted our troth. Just two days later, I think it was, he left for England to undertake some research work with the promise to return for me as soon as he 'made good'.

"The days that followed were extremely lonely ones, so naturally I was delighted when Madge Blair, one of my greatest friends, invited me to spend the summer with her family at the beach. I always loved the sea, and I felt that the days would pass more quickly under its magic spell.

"The first two weeks were glorious. Madge and I were inseparable, together all the time. What fun we did have! There was tennis and croquet and bathing—and long lazy hours spent on the sands. What dreams we dreamed those days—fairly dreams of the future. Madge was always a wonderful companion, full of life and 'pep' as we say, and just a great old sport. And then Billy Dalton came! From the moment of his meeting with Madge I felt it was a match—a case of love at first sight. How splendidly they looked together, Madge's fairness standing out more vividly in contrast to Billy's shock of jet black hair. Quite a sensation they caused at Bayview House. As the days flew by they became more and more to each other, were together from morning till night. Naturally I felt more or less an 'in-the-way' person these days. True, they were wonderful to me, included me in everything they did, but I knew the truth of 'two's company,' and most times I tactfully refused. The days seemed to lengthen for me—the hours became interminably long; that old feeling of loneliness that I felt on Bryan's departure for England, came back. For a while I lived on memories of the past—dreams of the future, but each day I felt a growing dissatisfaction towards life; a desire for fun and gaiety of youth.

"There were quite a number of young men at the hotel just then—nice chaps who took a passing interest in me but seemed to cool once they saw my solitaire. I began to long for companionship—someone to talk to—to enjoy life with—someone to take an interest in me. I had Bryan of course, but then a distance of over three thousand miles separated us. I wanted someone near at hand—just—to have some fun with. Madge's new-found happiness only spurred me on—it tantalized me to see her with Billy—brought back the days when Bryan and I were together, and in love. Sometimes I felt almost desperate.

"How well I remember that Friday night! They were having a garden party at Bayview House—one of the great affairs of the season, and everyone was greatly excited. Quite a number of the old crowd had left the previous day, and much interest was abroad as to the new arrivals. Madge burst into my room just as I was fastening my dress.

"My dear," she said, 'you look like a dream! If Bryan could only see you now he would fall in love with you all over again! Jade always was your colour!'

"I smiled, rather cynically, I think, and went over to the window.

The moon, a great ball of flame, was rising—rising out of the very depths of the sea—turning the sand of the beach into a stretch of glittering gold.

"What a night!"

I said, 'Oh, Madge, if Bryan were only here—it isn't fair that he should be 'way over there and—really Madge, sometimes I'm so lonely I don't know what to do!'

"Madge came over and put her arm around me, giving me a little squeeze.

"I know dear," she said, 'it is just one of those unfortunate things that apparently have to be. But cheer up—he'll be back soon and in the meantime you have his love and a golden future to look forward to. There, the

Continued on page 92



The single little diamond was holding things back, keeping them just beyond my grasp



If you could buy health for Baby

—all the money you now have—all the riches you ever dreamed of getting—would be spent freely and gladly.

Doctors say that to keep Baby in glowing health—from the tips of his pink toes to the top of his curly little head—*clean, sweet clothes are vitally important.*

Millions of mothers find that the splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha in Fels-Naptha give them just the

extra washing help needed for keeping Baby's things sweet and safely clean.

Also for doing—more easily and more quickly—the whole family wash, and the general cleaning mothers find necessary every day.

Isn't this extra help—for Baby's sake and for your own—worth the penny more a week you pay for Fels-Naptha? It's cheaper in the end, too—any way you figure it.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Situation in China

By A. W.

THE Soviets opened a training school for young Chinese and taught them the doctrines of the New Brotherhood. The result the world is beginning to feel. Recent happenings indicate what power the student body from Moscow and from other Western centres have had upon the life of the 400 or 600 millions who swarm the slopes of that great country which reaches from Thibet to the Pacific and from Siberia to Malay.

The serious time in the life of a man is when he is undergoing a great physical change—from babyhood to childhood; from childhood to youth; from youth to maturity. It is so with nations. China has now reached a crisis. She is emerging from her cocoon. She is looking toward nationalism. She is becoming aware of her soul. Shall she take as her own the ideals of civilized lands, or the ideals of the Communists? That is her problem and on the choice she makes rests her fate and no doubt the fate of the World.

Of course the opinions of the Chinese leaders are half-baked. They are for this reason advanced with all the greater assurance. The man who knows but a little is ever the most certain. One can understand then, how the comparatively few who have attended western schools, and especially those who have been under instruction at Moscow, should at this stage in development of the country, swing the whole people to their mode of thought. None the less the danger is serious. It is serious just now to British trade, and even more serious when international consequences are considered. The danger is not what has been known as "The Yellow Peril," but in the fact that the Yellow is dominated by the Red.

Probably the best summing up of the situation in China today is that of a German writer. Here are his words:

"Every propaganda overshoots its mark, and it is easy enough to show that the Young China agitators exhibit lamentable ignorance of both history and politics as well as tactlessness and rashness. They appeal to arguments that today have lost much of their pertinence. They harangue against an imminent partition of China, the annexation of Chinese territory by the Powers, and other dangers that were actual enough twenty-five years ago but no longer exist. Possibly we should make a single exception: the designs of Russian Soviet imperialism, which are the only present threat to China's integrity and independence. But the agitators never mention that particular danger.

"No other Power seriously contemplates annexing Chinese territory. Even the hare-brained members of the Black Dragon Society in Japan are not so foolish as to suppose it either practicable or desirable for their country to make conquests on Chinese soil. All nations except Russia are unanimous in desiring for China just what every Chinese patriot desires: that the country create an orderly system of government and take her place in the ranks of modern nations, so that her natural resources, her industry, and her trade may be of general service to the world. Of course, this is not a question of sentiment; it simply expresses an enlightened recognition of the truth that civilization and culture must be universal and that as long as any part of the world lacks their blessings the whole world's welfare is impaired.

"Until the recent development in Russian policy the last instance where a Great Power adopted unfair measures toward China was in 1915, when Japan presented her infamous 'Twenty-one Demands'; and Tokyo has rued this unfortunate step ever since. The pressure that the Powers brought to bear upon China to make her enter the conflict against the Central Powers was also unfair, but it was a war measure and for that reason out of the ordinary. Since then China really has no grievance against other nations. Whenever she has had a Central Government they have supported it. Whenever that Government has ceased to function, they have pursued a disinterested policy. They have even gone so far as to prohibit the shipping of arms to China. In order to avoid the reproach of favoring any particular party, their leading banks have agreed to make no loans in China except for economic development, pending the restoration of a

government whose authority is recognized by the whole country. They have granted China a moratorium for a larger part of her debts and have set aside important sums from the Boxer indemnity for cultural objects. Indeed, most of the institutions that have educated the present agitators against foreign imperialism would not exist today without these subsidies.

"Therefore the arguments of the anti-foreign agitators will not stand analysis. But that does not lessen the fact that the agitation exists and is an inevitable passing phase of China's awakening national consciousness. The movement is still sporadic and unorganized. It appeals to one argument in this place and another argument in another place. Many of the so-called reformers would indignantly deny that they are hostile on principle to foreigners. But no matter what the principal grievance in the mind of the individual reformer may be, whether it be economic, political, or sentimental, it is at the bottom associated with hatred for strangers, and the danger is very great that the present unrest may crystallize into a definite and united anti-foreign campaign. If so, how shall it be combated?

"To answer this question we must first have clearly in our minds the circle from which the agitation emanates. This consists essentially of students, who are both the agitators and the agitated. They have a certain temporary following among a half-educated stratum of more or less unrooted industrial operatives, who form a primitive and inchoate proletariat. The stratum is very thin, but it lies like oil on the surface of the great Chinese nation and insures what is happening beneath."

There are a few principles governing the situation that must be accepted. China must be encouraged to march forward. She must be guided by truth and not by passion. She cannot live in isolation and therefore she will gain nothing by shutting out the world. Religion, law, education cannot be thrust upon her. She must grow naturally. Her worst enemies are not the nations without but the unbridled forces within. The reconstruction required is not chiefly militaristic nor political nor commercial but spiritual. It takes time for thoughts and ideals and customs to change. The world

must have patience. The wrongs of centuries must be atoned by suffering, and the resentment that is now aroused is wrong only that it is in many cases being visited upon the wrong persons. In the end truth will conquer. The real disintegrating force is known. Colonel Etherton has put it in a nutshell:

"Regarding the origin of the present unrest in China and the anti-foreign attitude that has been adopted, it is quite evident that the crisis is not due to the conditions of labor in the mills and factories under foreign control, but to political intrigue and Soviet influence which have long aimed at bringing China into that world revolution so ardently desired by the Bolsheviks."

Even in the matter of education China has a good case against the foreigner. One of the highest educational authorities in the world has said this:

"Many evil effects have resulted from the maintenance of education in China by foreigners. Four outstanding ones are to be noted:

"(a) Education is the most important function of the civil administration. Foreigners have come to China and freely established schools without having them registered or examined by the Chinese authorities. This is an interference with the educational rights of a nation.

"(b) Each nation has its own policy for the education of its people. The racial characteristics and national ideas of foreigners are different from those of our country. For them to control our education causes many difficulties, and it is contrary to our own educational principles.

"(c) The educational work done by foreigners in China looks like charity, but it is really in effect a form of colonization. Students who have received education from Japanese, British, Americans, French, or Germans will learn to love those nations and so will lose the spirit of national independence. This will injure the patriotic ideals of Chinese students.

"(d) If we investigate the content of their work we will find that most foreigners who are doing educational work in China usually have as their purpose either religious propaganda or political aggression. Education is simply a supplementary matter to them. They organize the school systems and the curricula in their own way, without any attempt to come up to the standards that have been established by the nation."

A Fundamentalist's View

Br Dr. J. D. Jones in "Public Opinion"

ELOQUENCE and culture are great and precious gifts, but they are not essential to the making of a preacher. You may get strong, gripping preaching—the kind of preaching that creates new men and builds up churches—from a man who is not reckoned in popular esteem to be a great preacher.

I am quite sure that no Church can live without preaching, and that the Church that neglects it will soon find itself neglected and passed by. For men and women in these days sit lightly by their denominational affiliations; they go to worship where, as they say, they can "get good."

And "getting good" in their understanding of it means getting courage to face life's difficulties. The first thing which I want to say about preaching is this: if it is to be preaching that is really going to meet the bottom needs of men, it must be evangelical preaching.

I am quite aware that the word "evangelical" is not in particularly good repute amongst us. The first criticism is probably this, that Evangelism is synonymous with obscurantism. Now it is quite true—and to that extent it is unfortunate—that the body of Christian people commonly known as Evangelicals are generally identified with antiquated views of the Bible, an addiction to the study of obscure passages of prophecy.

I repudiate totally the suggestion that to be an Evangelical a man must be an obscurantist. I believe in the open mind. I believe in the continuous revelation of truth by the Spirit, and I believe that all truth—truth in every sphere—is of God, and is a revelation of the mind of God. I agree, too, that preaching that closes its eyes to advancing knowledge would be

in the ears of men no better than sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

But I want to know in what way the new views about the Bible, let us say, affect the preaching of the Gospel of Grace? How do they make it impossible or even difficult for us to proclaim the good news that for us men and our salvation Jesus bore our sins in His own body on the tree?

A man is not necessarily an obscurantist because he holds what some people would call the older views. He may hold to them because honestly convinced of their truth. The man who really deserves this mouth-filling name is the man who always wears blinkers, who will never read anything that challenges the traditional view, who resolutely closes his eyes to recent discovery and research.

A man may be abreast of the times and fairly well acquainted with the trend of modern scholarship, and yet he may feel that at the core of it the older view stands nearer to the facts both of history and of Christian experience. There is a superciliousness of breadth which is just as offensive as the intolerance of a narrow orthodoxy.

Not False Because Old

I refuse personally to be bludgeoned out of certain beliefs which have been ratified and confirmed by the experience of the Christian centuries in the name of an indefinable something which calls itself the modern view. A thing is not necessarily true because it is new, nor false because it is old. I have been long enough in the ministry to have seen a good many views first applauded and then discarded.

If the Evangelic conception of Christianity can only be maintained by a deliberate suppression of the truth, it had

infinitely better perish. But in what way, again, does the acceptance of evolution make Evangelical preaching impossible? Evangelicism does not in the smallest degree depend upon belief in the opening chapters of Genesis as being the literal account of actual occurrences. Those chapters have the word "poetry" written all over them, and they must be very dull and unimaginative persons who treat them as if they were mere prose. The Gospel starts from the fact of sin, and can there be any challenge of the fact?

My own view of those early chapters in Genesis is that they do set forth in poetic and parabolic form how sin enters our world. Not only how it entered in some remote past, but how it enters still. For the Fall is not a solitary experience. It is a perpetually recurring period. A "fall" has taken place in your life and mine. We have fallen from our own ideals; we have rebelled against the law of God and against our own highest impulses, and our own hearts condemn us. Science in reconstructing the history of the human race tells the story of a long ascent. We may quite frankly accept the scientific view and yet believe that in every individual life there is the story of a "fall."

Novelists are Preaching

It is this "fall" that creates the sense of sin, and that sense of sin is the most tragic fact in human life. I know that Sir Oliver Lodge has assured us that educated people are no longer worrying about their sins. If fiction may in any sense be regarded as holding up the mirror to life, I should gather that serious people are worrying about sin more than about anything else. If the pulpit has for some reason—some inexplicable reason—fallen silent about sin, the novelists are preaching both the fact of sin and its bitter consequences with unwearied insistence.

Then there are others who seek to whittle it away and to reduce it to a sort of disease, or mistake, or inherited frailty for which a man is to be pitied rather than to be blamed. But such an explanation fails to account for the sense of personal responsibility, and consequent upon that, of personal guilt that weighs upon the soul. All this minimizing of sin is an attempt to heal the hurt of the people lightly and to cry "Peace, where there is no peace."

Take the Social Gospel which is so much in vogue and so highly popular in these days of ours. That the Christian religion has something to say to our social and economic conditions, no one will dream of gainsaying; and that there is urgent need to insist upon that obedience to Jesus means the practice of the law of love in our relations with our fellows nobody will dream of denying. Consider for a moment that matter of housing, about which so much has been said and written of late. It is clearly not the will of God that thousands of our fellow-creatures should be doomed to live in such conditions that personal purity becomes impossible.

Christian people ought not to sit down and placidly fold their hands in face of an iniquity of this kind. It is our business to create a conscience on this and kindred matters, a conscience so keen that the slum and the one-room home shall become things that Society will not tolerate. But when we talk about hours and wages and decent housing conditions, are we anywhere near our distinctive message?

I know quite well that people's spiritual conditions are affected by their material circumstances. But are there not men outside the Church who can and do talk about such themes quite as effectively and often with much more knowledge and accuracy than we can? Are not these the topics of the municipal reformer and the politician? And when we occupy ourselves with them are we not neglecting the very things of which it is the Christian preacher's special duty to speak, because if he does not speak about them, they will never be spoken about at all?

I am not forgetting that there are wide social implications in Christ's Gospel of the Kingdom of God. All I am pleading for is that we should put first things first and that we should never forget that first and foremost we are heralds of the mighty Gospel of redeeming grace.

Preachers are always in danger of living in a little world of their own, and imagining as a result that what interests them must of necessity interest other people too. They are intrigued, for example, by theological problems and the literary problems connected with the structure of the Bible

Continued on Page 33



It is easy to identify "Premium"—the parchment wrapper—the distinctive label—the blue no parboiling tag—the brand on the rind are all guides to aid in the selection of these famous hams.

AFTER all there is a pleasing satisfaction in the assurance that the ham you have bought is the finest procurable. So careful is the Swift process of selection and method of cure that Swift's Premium Ham is always mild—it is cured so evenly that it has no excess salt. There is no need to parboil it—no need to lose one whit of its most enticing flavor.

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Knechtel "Quality" Furniture Adds Charm and Distinction While Providing Unusual Service

There's a "quality" pervading Knechtel Furniture as definite, yet indefinable, as "quality" in people—where generations of refinement and character have inbred distinction and sterling worth. For over 60 years Knechtel's have been building fine furniture—concentrating upon "Quality"; beautiful in design and beautiful in workmanship and fine finish. The result of this "Quality" standard is that the Knechtel Company stands to-day the largest manufacturer of furniture in Canada.

But there's more than beauty of appearance and honesty of construction in Knechtel pieces that will appeal to you—there's practical utility and unusual service. For example, note these

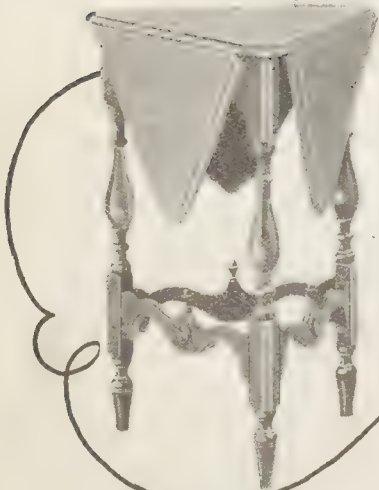
The "UNO-LIFT". This is another Knechtel device that adds to the utility of your tea wagons, card and occasional tables. The "Uno-lift" is a new lever support for single leaves. Simply raise the leaf and the "Uno-lift" locks it in position while in use. When the leaf is not required the "Uno-lift" is released and the leaf folds out of the way.

Before you buy furniture ask your Furniture Dealer to show you the new Knechtel designs in suites and separate pieces. The Knechtel trade mark shown at the head of this page is your assurance of genuine "Knechtel-Made".

Knechtel tables and tea wagons. Beautiful in design—yes! the finest woods—yes! superior craftsmanship—yes! but because of their more thoughtful structure and patented devices, you'll get more service and pleasure in using them—and more pride in possessing them.

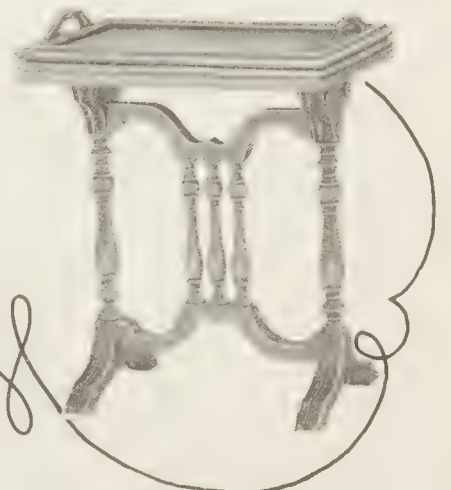
The Knechtel Tea Wagon in the illustration above is the newest Knechtel idea—having two side leaves raised by the Knechtel Duo-lift device and an end leaf raised by the Knechtel Uno-lift patent. So simple are these devices that the little girl is able easily to raise and lower the table leaves; an instance of Knechtel "thoughtful" design that makes your furniture something more than pleasing to look at.

The "DUO-LIFT". The Knechtel "Duo-lift" device supersedes the old clumsy pull-out supports for leaves of tables and tea wagons. Now one simple movement of the "Duo-lift" lever raises or lowers the side leaves providing a large and commodious surface, rigid and positively locked. Move the lever back and the leaves are automatically lowered.



Style No. 965

A charming afternoon tea table with three drop leaves that are raised and locked instantly by the Knechtel "Uno-lift" device.



Style No. 944

A very attractive and practical tea and cake tray stand in a pleasing design. Occupies little space but affords great convenience.

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 GOOD BOTH INSIDE AND OUT
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 Hanover, Ontario



Warm reds and a little blue in the rug, tapestry furniture coverings in soft rich tones, deep blue portieres that are lovely against ivory walls, the warmth of gold in picture frames, brass candle-sconces and yellow candles, a bit of gaiety in cretonne cushion covers and the bright red lacquered elbow table—this room holds a cheerful welcome at all hours of a winter day or evening, that can only be increased by the lighting of the logs on the big wrought-iron fire dogs

The Warm Welcome of the Living Room

Results From the Use of Glowing Color and Grouping for Comfort

By Katherine Caldwell

ONE gift the "modern" style of furnishing has brought us, if it were the only one—the attractive, much-used, comfortable, livable living room. It has absorbed two types of room that were common a few years ago—the parlor, sacred to the uses of company and therefore usually a cold, set, uninvited-in sort of place, and the "den," as the uncomfortably small and somewhat cluttered room that fell to family use, was often most appropriately called. Or perhaps there was not even a den—the family were wont to do their every-day living in the kitchen and dining room, with a perfectly good room, usually the best one in the house, going to waste in a state of solitary grandeur.

We entertain our friends in a manner that is, after all, much more truly hospitable and friendly now-a-days. We bring them into the family living room—the room we have taken from its state of aloof and unfriendly isolation and warmed with the interests of our everyday life and our comfort-giving furnishings. Of course, there is the one objection to this scheme that has held back an occasional person from turning the parlor into a room for the family to use every day—the reluctance to take the casual caller into the centre of the family group, when there is no other place to take him. But that may be met in two ways—perhaps if there is a small room of the den type, it could be made more formal and set apart for occasional use, and the better room, with its ampler proportions and probably its cozy fireplace, turned over to the much-more-important needs of the family. I know what a comfort it is to the mother of a growing and not-too-neat family, to feel that she has one spot in the house that is not strewn with toys or tackle or any of the hundred-and-one indications of the family's enthusiasms. But even if there is no such corner available, I still maintain that it is more important to have a cheerful, comfortable room in which the family may gather for its hours of relaxation; it adds to the feeling of well-being; it makes home a more attractive place in which to spend one's leisure time—a decided factor with the mother of 'teen-age young folk: it establishes, in a subtle way, higher standards of living. Surely these and other equally apparent advantages outweigh the worth of a neat and formal apartment in which to

receive people for whom we care so little that we do not want to welcome them into the family circle.

It is with three rooms in mind, that I have chosen the warming and inviting aspect of the living room, as a topic this month. First, there is the old living room that has done such valiant service in the past that it is looking a bit frayed and dulled, so to speak; it needs a few freshening touches to make it mean all that it might mean in the long shut-in months that are ahead. Second, there is the room that has been in gradual transition from the state of the formal, set-apart parlor, drawing room or reception room, to the more intimate living room. It may still require a bit of loosening up, as it were—the addition of a little more homely comfort, perhaps (homely in its attractive and not its unattractive sense). And third, there is that occasional reluctant room that has withstood the popular trend and clung stubbornly to its uneasy chairs, fragile bric-a-brac and general air of holding its skirts apart from the everyday activities that are, after all, life as we live it.

What might these three rooms aim at, in order that they might contribute something more in the way of comfort and joy during the coming winter?

Perhaps I have already hit the key-note when I used the words "comfort and joy." After all, what higher aim could be held before a home, before a home-maker?

HOW then, to achieve them? I would say that, speaking broadly, the comfort part of the combination would be largely a matter of heat, light, furniture; and the joy would result from the use of good color and the presence of such objects as contribute to the family pleasure—the expression of their hobbies, the books and papers they enjoy, the piano, or the radio set, the low table for games.

I have noticed that if the ideal family room is carried so far by one or two members of the household who undertakes its improvement, there will be unexpected contributions from the others which will carry the result far beyond the point of the first

modest ambition. Enthusiasm for the home is one of the most easily-kindled ardors, and it is often surprising to the mother who does what she can, for instance, and expects the result to remain there, to find that she has, in the words of her slangy son, "started something." Alice decides to make a pretty shade for the table lamp. Fred turns his carpentering skill to the making of a book shelf. And the whole family becomes a "committee on ways and means" to see what can be done about a new chesterfield or a couple more deep chairs to go with the old one. It's a delightful fever to start in the home!

The first thing to do is to find a starting place. Perhaps the best beginning will be made by taking stock of what is in the room. It would not be a bad idea to test each item by asking: "Does it contribute to either the comfort or the joy of the family?" If it does neither, then the chances are that you will do well to discard it; never mind whether it is a high, hard chair that nobody ever wants to sit in, or an ugly piece of china given by someone whose heart was better than her taste; be ruthless, even at the expense of making the room a little bare; you will be surprised at the number of ideas that will come to you and others later for the filling up of the blank spaces.

NOW, to my mind, the living room that achieves a good proportion of comfort contains some such furnishings as the following:

Enough comfortable chairs to accommodate the number of people who spend the average evening or afternoon in it; these need not all be of the big easy-chair type; sometimes there is space for only one or two such chairs; but there are any number of different styles of chairs that occupy a very modest section of floor space and yet yield a high standard of comfort—neat little upholstered chairs, soft enough and low enough to merit their inclusion, tall-backed "wing chairs," that are ideal in a drafty room or to occupy a place near a window, as the forward-turned wings on either side effectually cut off any stealthy air-current; the inviting little tub-chair; chesterfield chairs of modest proportions; and to fill in, the chairs of reed, rattan, wicker and so forth, that are usually

Continued on page 59

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Drifting

Recently Sir Geo. E. Foster addressing a Canadian Club asserted that Canada is drifting. She has no settled policy—financial or otherwise. Perhaps he is right. The very same fear has been expressed by the Saturday Review in speaking of conditions in the Motherland. We commend to our readers the ideas in this editorial and particularly the truth set forth in the last two sentences.

TO what is the nation moving? It is no exaggeration to say that the question, which a few years before the war would have been merely a silly season diversion, and which during and immediately after the war would have evoked none but confident answers, is now being asked on all sides with something like despair. It is not merely that the minds of many are depressed by the facts of our economic situation, by the ferocity of taxation, the vastness of national expenditure, the loss of export markets, the frequency and bitterness of labor troubles, the apathy or cynicism of thousands who seem to rely habitually on the dole. It is not only that many are dejected by the slowness with which the general settlement of European questions arising out of the war proceeds, and by British entanglements in the East. What, we believe, accounts for the profoundest pessimism is the feeling that the nation is losing the will to live its old life, or, indeed, any life worthy of a great and united people. It is not so much the magnitude of the obstacles before us as a nation, but the apparent decline in energy to overcome them that fills so many of us with gloom. Is that decline real? How far does it extend? Is it only temporary?

We may ask, but it is difficult to find a plain answer. Far too many of us have reasons for giving answers that are not quite straightforward. The Labor agitator is anxious to depict in the very darkest colors what he calls the collapse of capitalism. He will ignore whatever omens of possible revival there may be in order to assert that the old order is bankrupt of ideas and of vigor, and must therefore at once be swept away in favor of socialism. The champions of capitalism vie with him in gloominess, only putting the murkiest colors on that part of the picture which represents the anarchical movements in Labor. Various types of moralists are engaged in explaining that socially we are hastening to an unprecedented degradation, because only by persuading us of that can they hope to check some petty evil about which they are specially exercised.

The answers we get, in short, are very highly colored by the desire to secure the adoption of some pet reform, pending which, we are told, the nation can but go from bad to worse. At the moment, at least as regards the Conservatives, there is a strong tendency to suggest that the very first, if not also the last, thing needed to restore health and energy to the nation is drastic action against the Reds. Well, the Reds are a curse to part of the nation, and in the measure that they get hold of the machinery of trade unionism they will aggravate the confusion and distress from which our industries are suffering. But the Reds could achieve little if they had not something to work upon. Unfortunately, they have a good deal. They have not only the facts of the economic situation, and misrepresentations of those facts rendered easy by the gross ignorance of our masses in regard to the elements of economics; they have also the prevailing pessimism. They may, if they choose, quote from the defenders of the old order of society very many criticisms implying that the nation is done, the resources of parliamentary statesmanship exhausted. They can cite authorities on the other side to suggesting that almost anything would be better than the condition into which after nearly seven years of peace the nation has drifted. Let us not be too ready to supply them, unintentionally, with ammunition of this kind. On the other hand, let us refrain from endeavors

to cheer the people by coloring answers to the questions that press upon us.

Mr. Baldwin very justly remarked not long ago that if the nation cannot save itself no government can save it. That is perfectly true, and the reminder was necessary in an age in which far too much dependence on government aid is evident on all sides. But, specific measures apart, there is something the government can do. It can give the nation a policy comprehensive enough, simple enough, stirring enough, to elicit hearty response from at least a very considerable part of the people. Has it done so? With a lively sense of the benefits the country has had from the present government, we are bound to say it has not. The imaginations and emotions of the people in the street and in the fields have not been quickened by the government. They have not been made sensible of a great, simple policy running through the acts of the government. On the contrary, they have rather come to feel that this country is being governed with a view to meeting sudden difficulties by improvisation, not always of the most heroic kind. The default is no doubt largely with circumstances, not with ministers, but we cannot help feeling that more might have been done to give

the nation an inspiring lead. It is not too late now. A bold and simple policy, obviously directed towards securing national revival, would still meet with hearty response. A great plain scheme for getting more people out of this country to the Dominions, and more people away from the doors at which doles are dispensed on to the fields of our countryside, would rouse the nation. But we acknowledge readily the limits within which the government can help the nation to win back faith in itself. The main part of the work must be done, now as always, by the nation, by the individuals composing it. But the very beginning of that work is definition of the purpose for which the nation exists. Have we an Imperial mission? The most of us are becoming sceptical about it or tired of it. Are we in some special sense the guardians of civilization, or at any rate of a particular and peculiarly valuable kind of civilization? Fewer and fewer of us seem concerned to preserve the true British tradition and those ways of life which expressed our national character. More materialistically, are we destined to remain the great manufacturing and exporting nation that we were, or have world conditions and our own so altered as to give us a new destiny, and if they have, what must we do to meet the novel conditions? Not many are seriously concerned to answer. Willingness to drift, with more or less of indifference to the direction: that is our greatest danger. Yet we have but to decide, each for himself, the purpose for which the nation exists, and to be resolute in furthering it, for a national revival to follow. The new nation, if in some sort we are to be a new nation, can only issue from clear-eyed and vigorous and painful effort. The progress of science has mitigated the pangs of individual birth, but it has not yet provided for a new nation to be born in twilight sleep.

Interest

From "Youth's Companion"

FROM the earliest times there have been objections to taking interest on money that was lent. In recent times those objections have had little weight with moralists and none at all with economists or statesmen. The reasons for the change of opinion are not difficult to understand. In the first place, there seems to be no great moral or economic difference between lending a horse, a farm or any other kind of property and lending the money with which to buy it. If it is proper to receive payment for the use of a piece of property, it is hard to see why it is improper to receive something for the use of the money that would buy that piece of property. The question, then, becomes, is it proper to receive payment for anything that is lent or rented.

Of course, it would have to be admitted that there should be some allowance for the deterioration or wearing out of the thing that is lent. That does not have to be allowed for in lending money. The question then becomes, should the owner receive from the borrower anything more than enough to pay for the partial or complete wearing out of the thing that he lends? If the borrower paid as much as that and no more, and if he kept the object until it was completely worn out, he would have all the use of it and would pay the owner only the original price. At the end of the period the owner would have what he paid for the thing, but would not have had any use of it.

Clearly, under those conditions it would be better to borrow than to own. To own a thing free of debt you must either make it yourself or pay the full price before you begin to get the use of it. If you borrow it, you get the use of it before you pay the price. It is not likely that anyone would want to own anything if he could borrow it on those terms. We should all want to be borrowers, but the trouble would be that there would be no owners from whom we could borrow. In order to balance things and to make as many people willing to own and lend as there are

people willing to borrow, the lender must derive some advantage to pay him for giving up the use of his property. That something is interest, rent or hire—call it what you please. Therefore, we must conclude that, if the owner of a piece of property may justly derive advantage from the use of it, he may also justly charge something for that use when he lets someone else have it.

The question, then, becomes, is it proper for anyone to derive advantage from owning anything? If not, why should a man ever make anything or buy anything from the one who did make it? The only way to get things made under such a system would be for some benevolent despot, or some government that saw the necessity of having things made, to take the initiative and either order men to work or hire them with money from the public treasury.

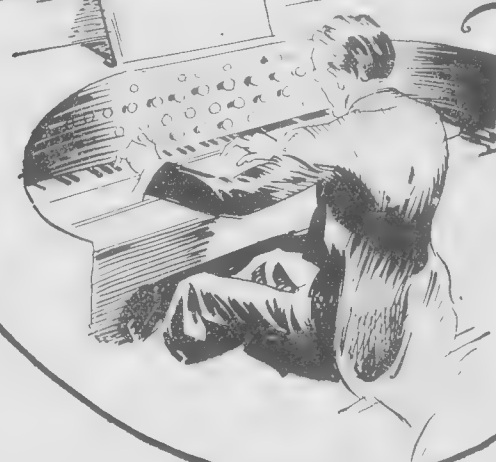
The question with which we started leads directly to the very foundation of our civilization. If governments allow men to make things for themselves, they can hardly refuse to let them exchange one thing for another. If they permit that, they thereby lay the foundation of the whole present economic system. Everything follows logically from it. You may own whatever you make and get whatever advantage you can from the use of it. You may sell it or lend it on such terms as you please. If you wish to keep it yourself, you are no more likely to lend it for nothing than you are to sell it for nothing, and there is no more reason why you should. If the owner cares anything for the use of the article, he has no better reason for lending it for nothing than he has for selling it for nothing.

The only logical method of doing away with interest is to go back to the source and forbid any man to make anything for himself or to derive any advantage from anything that he does make; in short, to let the government own everything and forbid anyone to make anything for himself, buy anything from anyone who has made it, or hire anyone else to make anything for him.

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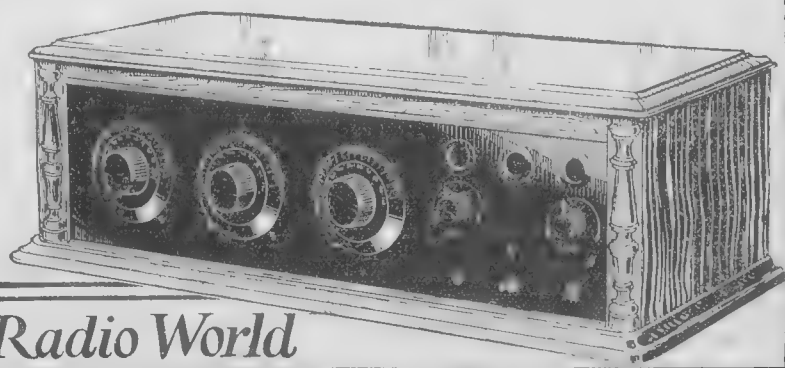
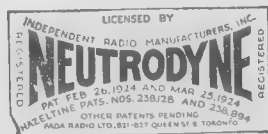
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The Grand Piano of the Radio World

The Haunting Cry of the Wild Geese

ON this page of the October number of The Western Home Monthly last year The Philosopher tried to give expression to his thoughts about the flight of the wild geese, whose wide V-shaped flocks present so fine and unforgettable a sight on high, as they travel on their long journeys, northward in the spring and southward in the fall—flights that have been made every year since long before the earliest of human records. We Canadians have reason to be proud that these powerful and superb fliers, creatures of extraordinary intelligence, are known to the world by the name of Canada geese. The Canada goose deserves a place by the side of the beaver as a national emblem. It is a fine thing that the wild geese are now in another way identified with the northern regions of Western Canada by the title of Martha Ostenso's novel, which The Western Home Monthly subscribers are now reading as a serial—one of the strongest pieces of really creative literature thus far produced in Canada. The Philosopher has been looking up with more absorbed interest than ever at the wild geese flying south this fall. Again this fall he has had the good fortune, as he had last fall, to see a flock flying so low that their glossy black necks and their broad white throat bands were plainly to be seen. Swiftly they swept on, the leader in his place at the foremost point of their V-shaped formation; sounds of encouragement were sounded frequently, and answered, and near the leader the steady flapping was varied by occasional changes of position. On they swept, a swift aerial caravan, their haunting calls coming back fainter and fainter, until the flock became a dark, wavy line against the thin clouds above the horizon; and the gazer, watching them disappear, could not help following them in thought. . . . And after they had vanished from sight, he stood musing, lost in recollections of how when he was a boy the cry of the wild geese used to stir him with a thrill he can never forget, especially when he heard them at night, calling unseen from on high, as they sped on, travelling across the wide and starry sky—

Blithe spirits of the upper sky,
Swift travelling in your lofty flight,
Piercing the windy night,
What was it in your haunting cry
Of hope, and fear, and a wild joy?
Ah, vanished dreamings of a boy!
That called my thoughts with you to range
The chartless currents of the air,
Far over lands remote and strange
Of wonder—dream—I knew not what—
Onward and onward, resting not.
Swiftly, too, have sped the years.
Again your voices come to me,
The same—the same unchangingly—
But it is not the boy who hears
Your haunting call tonight.

Strange Tales of the Prairies

THERE has been some discussion in the newspapers over the question whether anybody in Great Britain who might have come and settled in Western Canada has been deterred from coming by statements which he has seen in print in Great Britain about the climate and the conditions of life in this country. A specific accusation has been made against a book, which, it is admitted even by those who find fault with it, gives proof unquestionably and convincingly of the good will and earnestness of its author. It is true that harm can be done by people with the best of intentions. But the truth about Western Canada as the land of opportunity for industrious, intelligent and thrifty settlers is well known and cannot be obscured. Myths and fairy tales about Western Canada have no longer a chance to be taken seriously anywhere. There was a time when it was quite the usual thing to joke about travelers who came to the West expecting to get a shot at a buffalo from the platform of a railway car. But that time is past and gone. Which reminds The Philosopher that a friend of his used to tell stories of an imaginary traveler who, accompanied by his secretary, a young man who figured in the stories under the name of Charles, visited this country in order to gather material for a book. When the train which was bringing him to the West stopped at a division point to change engines, he heard a man on the platform say to a man in overalls who was pushing a truck of ice, "Hello, Colonel!" At which the traveler exclaimed, "My word! Make a note of that, Charles!" And then he expressed surprise to a fellow-passenger about the amount of ice that was used in Canada. "Oh, yes," the fellow-passenger said, "One very ingenious way we have in Canada of using ice is for keeping our houses cool in hot weather. Each householder arranges with an ice company to deposit a large block of ice early every morning on the sidewalk in front of his house. Then, the front windows being left open purposely, the breeze blowing over the ice as it melts gradually carries the coolness from it through the windows, and thus we have our houses kept at a delightful temperature." "Oh, I say!" exclaimed the traveler. "What a ripping idea! Rather! And by Jove, now that I remember it, I saw several of those cubes of ice on the sidewalk in Montreal. Charles, make a note of that!" But that traveler existed only in the imagination of The Philosopher's humorous friend.

The Philosopher

Historic Sites and Things

THE work that is being done in various parts of the country in marking hitherto unmarked sites where historic buildings stood or where memorable deeds were done which will live in Canadian history is arousing general interest. This is as it should be. Every Canadian should know his country's history. That knowledge is the basis of true Canadianism. Everything that promotes that knowledge strengthens the Canadian spirit. It is a pity that more has not been done in marking historic sites and also in collecting and preserving things which would tell generations of Canadians yet to come the manner of life of past generations of Canadians, makers of Canada, who have long been at rest in their graves. Surely the teaching of Canadian history in such a way as to make it live again and be a living part of the Canadian consciousness should be a fundamental thing in the schooling of all Canadian children. Our country has a history which is full of stirring events and is rich in color and in interest. For example, in no other land under the sun was there ever a community comparable with the pioneer settlement known as Red River, which when what is now Western Canada was added to the Dominion in 1870, had a history that was already of considerable length and was certainly unique. It was the only settlement between the Great Lakes and the Pacific, and had characteristics that were peculiar to itself. Every Canadian community should treasure the relics of its past. In older lands the treasuring of things of historic interest and value is not neglected. Sometimes, indeed, credulity in regard to such things is carried to extreme lengths; and there are cases of actual deception. At Elsinore, in Denmark, there is a controversy now over the ancient castle of Kronborg, to which for many years visitors from many lands have been going, to have pointed out to them Hamlet's grave, Ophelia's well and the battlements on which the ghost of Hamlet's father walked. The truth of the matter is that the castle was completed in 1585, several centuries later than the date assigned to Hamlet in the most ancient chronicle in which the legend of that melancholy Prince of Denmark—Shakespeare's Hamlet—is recorded. There are people in Denmark who are demanding that there be an end of such fraud and deception of visitors. But the tourists who visit "Hamlet's castle" in such great numbers spend a good deal of money in Elsinore and elsewhere in Denmark. A professor of history in a Danish university is reported to have suggested sarcastically that there be exhibited in the castle at Elsinore two skulls, one "of Hamlet when he was a man," the other "of Hamlet when he was a boy," and to have added that "tourists will believe anything they are told." There is no deception of tourists in Canada, nor is there any reason why anybody should attempt such deception.

As to Eloquence and Public Opinion

A GOOD many times during the past month or two it has been said by a good many old timers that there are no such giants in Canadian public life as there were two score years ago, and that no such eloquence is heard now as used to make the walls of the Dominion Parliament and of the Provincial Legislatures resound. Those were the days, say the old timers, when immense public meetings used to assemble frequently to hear speeches by the leading men in public life, and the speeches that were made were eloquent speeches. There was keen public interest in public affairs then. Why, ask the old timers, is there such a lack nowadays of keen interest in public affairs on the part of the general public? Not only is this question asked by old timers, but is frequently propounded in newspaper editorials setting forth the need of well informed and keenly alert public opinion. Why, ask these editorials, does the general public no longer manifest that vigilant attention in watching the public business? In considering these questions, The Philosopher is inclined to think that maybe the praises of those good old times are deceiving themselves a little in thinking that there was really more interest taken in public affairs by the general public two score years ago than there is now, and that it was a better informed and more keenly vigilant interest. On the other hand, there are many things now to occupy people's attention and take it away from politics. Political meetings were one of the chief public amusements in "the good old times." There are more things now to make life interesting than there were then. And as for eloquence, it is out of fashion. The plain, businesslike speaker who talks to an audience conversationally is the effective speaker nowadays. Somehow or other it seems to have come to pass that the power of eloquence to shape opinion, sway emotion and direct thought is not what it used to be. There is, in fact, a disposition to regard eloquence as something to be distrustful of, for fear that it may be the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of insincerity and deception. We are living in an age that has many doubts and suspicions. It was different, apparently, in "the good old times."

A Quern from the Old Red River Time

WHEAT is flour, flour is bread, and bread is the daily food which man has been taught to pray for. Our cultivated wheat is descended from wild ancestors in South Europe and Asia. (Barley was grown extensively in ancient Egypt, where it was used in brewing beer, known in the language of the people of ancient Egypt as "booza," which word is said to have been brought to England by gypsies in Shakespeare's time, and to have come down to our time as "booze"). The first miller was the first prehistoric man, who, being hungry, plucked a primeval wheat berry from its stalk, and using his teeth as millstones, ground grist for a customer that would not be denied—his stomach. Wheat bread came with the beginning of civilization. The little patches of primitive wheat had grown slowly to be larger fields cultivated with clumsy tools. In time came larger crops, following more intelligent cultivation. For thousands of years methods of grinding the wheat were used; in time came creaking windmills and mills operated by waterwheels. The progress of milling went on to the present era of great flour mills, with ranks upon ranks of steel rollers. The first step forward from the method of putting the wheat into a hollow stone and pounding it into meal with a stone crusher was the introduction of the quern, which consisted of two stones, the upper one revolving upon the lower, which was fixed. This was the mill in use in many lands at the dawn of the Christian era. The familiar quotation: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left" stood thus in Wycliffe's Bible, early in the fourteenth century: "Tweine wymmen schulen ben gryndyng in o querne, oon schal be taken and the tother lefte." The Philosopher had the pleasure recently of seeing and handling at the residence of Mr. John McAllister, at St. Andrew's of the Red, a quern in perfect preservation, which was used for many years before the first windmill was erected in this country. Mrs. McAllister, who is the daughter of Hon. John Norquay, Premier of Manitoba from 1878 until 1887 (of all the Premiers of the Prairie Provinces he was the only one born in Western Canada), in showing the quern, said: "The bolting was done with a sieve of brass wire, hung from a beam. A white cloth was spread under it on a table, and then by pouring the ground but unbolted grist and shaking the sieve, the flour was obtained." That old quern is still used for grinding chicken feed.

Progress

IN considering human progress, we must never forget that true human progress can be measured only in human values. Progress is real. To doubt it is to deny the eternal verities. Progress is the advance slowly made against hindrances and obstacles by accumulated human effort, successful here, baffled there, sometimes misdirected and driven astray, at times turned back, but always persisting and, on the whole and in the main, getting forward. Progress means advancement towards the betterment of human life. It cannot be measured truly by material things, important as material things are to true progress. Since the beginning of the great epoch of scientific discovery and invention in the last century, our world has been transformed by the triumphs of human control over natural forces. Railways, steamships, ocean cables, land telegraphs, telephones, automobiles, the wonders of wireless transmission, aviation and a thousand and one other marvels which would have been incredible only a few generations ago have greatly altered the conditions of human life and work. Yet we know that under and behind all these changes the main web of human life is permanent. The joy of an Egyptian child of the time of King Tutankhamen in a clay doll was every bit as keen as the joy of a child of today in a number of incomparably better dolls. Her grief was as great when it was taken from her. All the joys and griefs and other emotions that make up the stuff of which daily life consists, all the experiences that we human pilgrims between life and death go through—hunger and thirst and love and grief and the facing of death—are the same today as they were thousands of years ago. The real human values are based on these things which all we human beings share.

About Habits

A THING which it is well to think of as the years carry us on is the great importance of the habits we form—or, to speak more accurately, the habits which we allow to grow upon us until it may be said more and more truly that they form us. The older we get, the fewer people there are to tell us that this or that habit is one which we should really try to break. Therefore we should accustom ourselves to keeping a watch on our habits, and we should learn to tell ourselves that this or that habit should not be allowed to increase its hold upon us. As we grow older, we gradually allow ourselves to become set in our ways and to feel that things about us should be "just so," because we have become accustomed to having them "just so." When we begin to feel like that, we should pull ourselves up. Let us acquire the habit of realizing that our individual habits should not be allowed to become rigidly fixed, like a sort of shell in which we live. This it is to be young in spirit. But to feel that every little thing which has become habitual with us matters tremendously—this is to grow old. As we advance in life, we should grow beyond insisting on little things that do not really matter.

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Every Month I Pay Out Thousands of Dollars to Men and Women all over the Dominion. No Matter where you live—You Can Work for Me

Is It Money You Want?

DO you want to earn extra money without leaving your home—without neglecting your other duties? Not by selling or canvassing, but in a pleasant, private way—right at home!

Even though you have no actual need to earn money, wouldn't it be very pleasant to sit down this afternoon or this evening, and in an easy, restful way, turn your spare time into dollars? Wouldn't it add to your happiness to know that with your own hands, you could have pay-cheques coming every week?

Here Is What You Do

WITH a simple, speedy hand knitting machine you knit wool socks.

When four or five dozen pairs are knit—less if you wish—they are mailed to me. By return mail you receive a Money-Order paying you for the knitting, also a new lot of yarn. This new yarn costs you nothing. I replace it each time so that you can go right on knitting more socks. And in order that your pay cheque will be clear profit, I pay the postal or express charges on all of the work you send to me. There is no limit to the number of socks you may send in, because I have immediate sale for every pair that I can possibly get.

A Personal Invitation

IF you live in or near Toronto I would like you to come and see me—see for yourself the thousands of pairs of socks that are continuously coming in—see over one thousand letters from delighted workers—see the wonderful machine and marvel at the speed with which a pair of socks can be knit. I offer you a cordial invitation to visit at any time. If however, this cannot be done, I would like to send you full particulars by mail.

HERE'S THE PROOF

Pay-Cheques Promptly



I make two pairs of socks an hour and the Company take all I can knit. I always receive my pay cheque and new yarn promptly. During January and February I made \$150.00.
M. Hollinsworth, Sask.

Four Years With Me



I have worked for the Auto-Knitter Company for over four years and I must say that they have used me right. My wage cheque and new yarn is always promptly sent.
Mrs. K. Corbet, Ont.

\$325.00 in 8 Months



By following the simple instructions I soon had socks coming through one after another. I have had my machine eight months and so far I have earned over \$325.00.
Mrs. H. Stevens, Que.

Keeps His Family



I have not kept any record of what we made but this I know—the Auto-Knitter has kept me and my family all this winter. My wife and I can earn \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day.
F. Harris, N.S.

NOTE:—One thing which appeals very strongly to those who take up Auto Knitting is the privacy of the work. For this reason I do not publish workers' addresses.

My Workers Are Happy With Their Earnings

THE letters in the panel tell far better than any words of mine what Auto Knitting means to men and women who are ambitious to make money. You cannot doubt the sincerity of these letters—They ring true—They are true—And what has been done can be done. Good times or bad times makes no difference to my workers because, no matter what happens, their pay cheques will always come

Let Me Send You Full Information

YOU understand of course that I cannot give you all the details here, and no matter what Auto-Knitting is doing for others, it cannot do one thing for you until you know more about it. I would like to send you full particulars. I would like you to know how you, too, can make money right at home.

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Please send me particulars about making money in spare time at home. I understand that this does not obligate me in the slightest way.

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Address.....

Publication Western Home Monthly, Nov. 1, 1925

Knit Your Spare-Time Hours Into Golden Dollars

The Horned Grebes in Saskatchewan

By H. H. Pittman

ON the southern part of the Canadian prairie where rivers and streams are infrequent, much of the bird life necessarily visits the sloughs, but unless the season is unusually wet or the snow fall has been very heavy, all except the deepest depressions become dry by the end of summer. Those that retain water are always interesting, for they attract both residents and migrants until locked up by the winter frosts. These placid little sheets of water with their great patches of bulrushes, to me always suggest those queer elves of still waters so aptly named "water-witches," the dainty horned grebes.

These handsome little birds abound on the prairie and every slough likely to keep water while the birds are nesting and rearing their young is sure to be occupied by at least one pair. They are not unfriendly but are, perhaps, a little wary or aloof, so that it is only when they are looking after their eggs that they may be studied at close quarters. Among themselves they are not unsociable but they do not congregate in flocks, at least not in this part of the country.

The horned grebes are small, measuring only fourteen inches from beak-tip to tail and their conspicuous head-dress during the breeding seasons distinguishes them from all water fowl of similar size. The elongated head feathers always remind me of the feathered darts of our childhood and the combination of yellow, black and chestnut is striking and pleasing. The rich chestnut of the cheeks, neck and upper breast is of a particularly lovely shade, so that altogether the male in spring and early summer before his plumage shows signs of wear, is a beautiful bird. The brilliant eyes, a feature common to so many diving birds, are interesting and suggest the possibility of brightly colored irides increasing the powers of sight under water.

The nests of these grebes vary, but are always made of wet vegetation and placed in the water. Slough grass is generally used, but in places where settler's stock has destroyed this, slough-moss and weeds take its place. I have found nests out in open water, among the water-plants and on the edges of prairie sloughs, and as the foundations rest upon the bottom, the size of the nest and the quantity of material used depends upon the depth of the water. Often, indeed usually, they are concealed, but sometimes they are not only exposed, but even conspicuous.

In 1924 the horned grebes had eggs by the middle of June in southern Saskatchewan, but shortly after, heavy rains followed by high winds destroyed many, and I found scattered eggs everywhere. One pair with a nest beside an old cedar post in a bare slough rebuilt upon the old foundation, but the second clutch only consisted of three eggs and both parents showed great anxiety about it. The first time I approached the male bird was beside it and he stayed until I was quite close, calling gently and plaintively in a way that I can only describe as "mewing." On other occasions as I sat and watched from the bank, one or both birds would quietly drift up, studying me but making a pretence of feeding or washing—interested, but apparently not very much alarmed by my presence within twenty-five yards, yet ready to dive at a sudden movement. I have seen

a sitting female dive straight from the nest.

The male takes great interest in the nest and even when too nervous to go on he will swim up to it again and again and peer in. He sits readily and is reluctant to leave although he does not always cover the eggs when leaving, as his mate generally does. They vary considerably about covering the eggs, some doing so carefully with a few rapid movements of their bills, while others

believing this negative would complete my set, left the grebes in peace.

I had carefully timed the intervals between movements of a sitting bird (for a wild bird on its nest does not keep absolutely still unless dozing, but is constantly moving its head to listen or look at something) and decided that one thirty-fifth of a second would easily avoid movement and at the same time give a fully exposed negative with the lense stopped down a little. I found on development that the bird had kept still for about one-third of the exposure, after which her movements were too rapid to be recorded. Some slight sound on my part had disturbed her, so I have an excellent picture of a nest with a ghost of a bird sitting on it. I was sorry because the position was one that I had been trying to catch with my camera all the season.

Five eggs seem to constitute an average clutch, but I have heard of as many as eight being found. White when first laid, they quickly become stained by the decaying material of the nest. Before they have been in the nest too long it is sometimes possible to tell the order in which they were laid by their color.

The last laid, of course, being the cleanest. The eggs measure about 1.70 by 1.15 inches but, seem subject to some variation, chiefly of width, according to my observations.

The horned grebe, the handsomest of all our grebes, is widely distributed and has been found, I believe, in almost every province. I have personally seen it in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but nowhere so abundantly as among the little ponds and sloughs of southern Saskatchewan. It is essentially a prairie bird, its place being taken by other species such as the pied-bill, in wooded districts. The general rule seems to be one pair of birds to a pond, but I have found nests within twenty yards of one another, although the bird does not nest in colonies like the eared grebe does.

This species is one of the few that appears to be increasing and while I am not aware that it has any economic value, it is at least harmless in the districts in which I have met with it, and it lends a distinct charm to our prairie ponds and I think the wish of everyone acquainted with it is that it may increase and multiply.

Prairie Winds

Wind. Wind.
In from the West,
Breathing of meadow sweet,
Low, low,
Dragging your plumes,
Fainting here at my feet:
(Child of the wild,
'Speak ere you go,
Tell me if roses blow
By the prairie trail
Where fleet wings sail
Scattering the petals so?

Moan, moan
By the narrow jail,
Wreathing your silver hands,
Lone, lone
On the stony rail,
Trailing your misty hair
Through the iron bars
Where wild eyes fare
To the top of a sunlit hill.

I. M. C. Thompson.



The nests of the grebes are always made of wet vegetation and placed in the water

are careless, only half covering them or omitting to completely.

I have watched both males and females climb on to their nests, which they do with a little jump. They stand for a moment on the edge and then carefully pick up the covering weeds and place them on the border and round the eggs. After this the female often re-arranges the eggs, although the male generally accepts them as he finds them. Standing right on the nest they fluff out their feathers and then back up so that the eggs are pushed up into the warm body-down. I noticed that the females always took longer to adjust things to their liking than their mates.

When the eggs are nearly ready to hatch the males become bolder and seem almost willing to fight intruders. Once, as I stood at one side of a bulky nest in a solitary clump of grass in an otherwise bare pond, a male bird swam up on the other, coming within seven feet of me. Unless I offered to touch him he refused to leave and kept agitatedly peering in, murmuring all the time, generally with open beak. When too badly alarmed he literally ran away, pattering over the surface of the water with a lot of splashing, but quickly returned.

To watch a grebe up-end itself on the water and patter around on the surface is a rather remarkable sight, but grebes at any time, unless swimming and diving, look strange. On land they seem almost helpless, and in the air, they stretch out so much they suggest flying projectiles. They always seem unwilling to take wing and when disturbed prefer to depend upon their skill in the water to avoid trouble.

Their movements at times are unbelievably rapid, and I have known them dive at the flash of a gun and completely escape the hail of shot, just as loons will. I had further proof when photographing them of the quickness of their actions. Hiding near a nest one sunny afternoon I took a series of pictures of both birds sitting until I ran out of plates. Later on, after re-adjusting the camera, I tried again. Shortly after everything was well hidden the female returned and sat. Having already focussed I released the shutter, and

W

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

R

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

I

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

G

Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.

L

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

Y

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits,

'S

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

R 36

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



Public Disposal Sale

Winter Army Caps



As Illustrated
Olive-drab wool heavy
winter caps as used
by the Army Trans-
port Corps. Made
to fold down helmet
style, covering the
back of head, neck,
ears and chin.
Folded up, they are
worn the same as
an ordinary cap.

Made of all-wool, lined with
strong drill. Sizes for men and
boys 6 1/2 to 7 1/2. AS 100
Value. Sale Price.....

69c

RECLAIMED CAPS

Now 39c

Entire million-dollar stock of the British Army Stores
thrown under the hammer of low prices. A gigantic
awe-inspiring merchandising campaign that will
shatter all records for cheap selling. A never-to-be-
forgotten bargain event that will dumbfound all
competition. A colossal sale of dependable fall and
winter merchandise direct to the public at less than
actual cost of production.

**READ, REALIZE AND BENEFIT.
ORDER AT ONCE---TODAY---NOW!**



Army Wool Toques

Guaranteed pure wool,
fits over head, neck and
face, with opening for
eyes and nose. It will
pay you to buy this line
now for winter wear.
Easily worth \$1.00. We
have a few thousand to
clear at the ridicu-
lous price of, each. 19c

MEN'S FUR CAPS

5,000 high grade men's fur caps, made of
selected dark muskrat, Hudson seal and other
high-grade furs. All caps in this lot retail from
\$5.00 to \$10.00. All sizes. Our price, each.....

\$2.49

MEN'S SWEATERS

AT UNBELIEVABLE PRICES

LOOK! Special Lot of 8000 Sweater Coats and Pullovers

Sweaters representing the maximum in value. These high
grade sweaters are knitted from a selected quality all-wool
yarn in the popular medium weight Jumbo-Knit style. Have
big double shawl collars, double-knit cuffs, two knit-in pockets
and are finely finished throughout. Colors: navy, brown,
narrow and grey. Sizes 34 to 44.
Worth to \$8.50. Our Sale Price.....

\$3.95

ALL-WOOL PULLOVERS

These smart-looking all-wool
pullover sweaters are knitted
from the finest quality select-
ed yarn in snappy color
combinations. Three distinct
styles are included at this
price. High-roll collar, V-
neck or shawl collar. The
extraordinary value will be
immediately apparent as the
regular price was originally
\$6.00. Sizes 34 to 44.
Our Sale Price.....

\$2.95

STYLISH PULLOVER FOR SPORT WEAR

Just the kind of garment men
need for outdoor and sport
wear. These finely-finished
Jumbo-knit, heavyweight, all
wool sweaters have the new-
est shawl collars, which may
be worn open or buttoned
high. Also the high-roll neck
style. All sizes. Original
price, \$7.00. Special
Sale Price.....

\$3.95

REAL SWEATER COAT BARGAIN

Sweater coat, made of heavy-
weight, all-wool heather yarn.
Has three-piece shawl collar
and two large pockets.
Thoroughly well made and
finely finished throughout.
Sizes 34 to 46 chest meas-
ure. Special
Sale Price.....

\$1.98

HIGH GRADE ALL-WOOL ROPE-STITCHED SWEATER COATS

Knitted in a large rope-stitched body of heavy pure wool yarn.
Two large pockets, neat-fitting cuffs and shawl collar. As fine
a sweater coat as money can buy, regardless of price. Sizes 36
to 44. All popular colors. Regular \$12.50 value.
Our Sale Price.....

\$5.95

MISCELLANEOUS BARGAINS

Army Hold-All Kits

Made of heavy
khaki cloth, with
pockets, etc. suit-
able for tool kits,
mechanics, camp-
ers, etc. Worth
75c. Sale
Price.....

15c

MEN'S DRESS SUSPENDERS

Silk-finished
elastic. Regular
\$1.00. Harvest
sale
price.....

47c

SCOUT POCKET KNIFE

This knife has
large solid steel
blades, leather
punch, screw
driver, bottle
opener and can
opener. Nickel sil-
ver bolsters.
strongly rivetted
and brass lined.
Key Ring Regu-
lar value \$2.50.
Our Sale
Price.....

93c

ARMY KIT BAGS

Unexcelled bar-
gain at our
Sale
Price.....

49c

Army Wool Socks

Heavyweight all-
wool army socks.
Will stand very
hard usage. Ex-
traordinary qual-
ity. Worth \$1.00.
Reduced
to.....

43c

Army Wool Socks

Medium weight.
Worth 50c.
Sale Price.....

23c

Officers' Khaki Flannel Shirts

Made of an all
wool khaki flannel.
Two pleated
and flap pockets.
Double reinforced
elbows, with epau-
let or shoulder
straps. A very
large, roomy
shirt. Will out-
wear three ordi-
nary flannel shirts.
The extremely
low price barely
covers cost of ma-
terial. Sizes 11
to 18 1/2. Very
Special Bargain
Price.....

\$1.98

Men's Flannel Shirts

1,000 dozen, all-
wool flannel shirts
in khaki and other
popular colors.
This shirt is
strongly made of
all-wool flannel.
Body is large and
roomy. Finished
with double sewn
seams through-
out. All sizes
Worth \$3.50. An
unexcelled bar-
gain at our
Sale
Price.....

\$1.49

Men's Arctics

5,000 pairs genuine
Government buck-
le overshoes. Rub-
ber bottom. Cash-
mere top. Slightly
used, but in perfect
condition. Sizes 6
to 11. Sale Price,
per pair.....

\$1.19

Special Sale All Wool Underwear

ALL-WOOL SHIRTS AND DRAWERS

Elastic-knit pure wool underwear from
soft cream-colored yarns. The shirt is
made double-breasted for added protec-
tion. Elastic-ribbed cuffs, ankle-length
drawers, with satene waistband and
strong suspender loops. These gar-
ments are shaped to fit com-
fortably and are nicely finished.
Sizes 32 to 44. Worth \$2.00
each. Our Sale Price.....

\$1.39

EXTRA HEAVY RIBBED COMBINATIONS

These all-wool union suits are
the product of Canada's best-
known manufacturers, includ-
ing Stanfield's and other promi-
nent Canadian mills. The yarns
are a good weight for winter
wear, being extra heavy and
every thread is pure wool.
Sizes 34 to 46. Our price
defies all competition. Sale
Price, per
suit.....

\$2.95

HEAVY ALL-WOOL TWO-PIECE UNDERWEAR

Very heavy all-wool yarns are used in
the manufacture of this excellent
quality underwear. The shirt is double-
breasted. The garments are trimmed
with best quality materials. These
goods are made by a manufacturer who
enjoys the highest reputation for mak-
ing first-quality merchandise. Our
price only represents about one-half the
regular retail value. Sizes 32 to 44.
Sale Price,
per garment.....

\$1.55

ALL-WOOL WINTER WEIGHT COMBINATIONS

An elastic-knit ribbed all-wool Union
Suit that is finished with a neat-fitting
collarlette. Seams are felled with flat
lock stitch, both inside and out. A
garment worth \$5.50 or \$6.00. Sizes
34 to 44. Our Sale Price,
per suit.....

\$2.49

WIDE WEB GARTERS

Men's fancy-pattern wide web pure
silk elastic garters. Sold everywhere
throughout Canada for 75c.
Sale price.....

23c



Genuine Canadian
Officers' Army Boots
All leather. Genuine
Goodyear Welt. Strong
Heavy enough for hard
use but neat and dressy
for everyday appear-
ance. Made rich Ma-
hogany-color calfskin.
Takes fine polish. Two
full sole first quality
leather. Rubber heels.
Sizes 5 to 11. Wide
widths only. State size
Worth \$8.50.
Sale Price.....

\$4.95

GLOVES AND MITTS



FINE SUEDE GLOVES

This soft, even suede
makes an exceptionally
smart and dressy glove.
Fleece lining. Worth
\$2.00. Our sale price,
per
pair.....

\$1.65

ARMY WORK GLOVES

Genuine Government
issue full horsehide
gloves, made in thumb
and one finger style,
large cuff and adjust-
able wrist strap. Easily
worth \$1.50.
.....

58c

LINED HORSEHIDE MITTS

A warm, serviceable MITT. Made of
selected horsehide. Double cuff.
Worth \$2.00. Sale Price, per pair.....

95c

ARMY WOOL GLOVES

Heavy weight pure wool army glove.
New stock. Sale price,
per pair.....

39c

UNLINED GAUNTLETS AND GLOVES

Superior quality all horsehide work
gloves. Either gauntlet or short-wrist
style. Exceptional durability assures
long service. Regular price \$1.75.
Sale Price, per pair.....

98c

MIGHTY OVERCOAT OFFER

1,000 High Grade Overcoats. Made of imported all-wool dark brown
overcoating. Plaid pattern inside. Fine quality material, rich appear-
ance. Heavy enough to provide great comfort in coldest weather.
Finely tailored. All-wool polo cloth lining throughout. Double-
breasted. Deep inside pockets with flaps and tabs on sleeves. All-
round two button belt. Large convertible collar. Sizes
34 to 44. Regular price \$32.50. Sale Price.....

\$15.85

ARMY OVERALL SMOCKS

5,000 Brand New extra heavy weight. Army Denim
Jumpers made in shirt style and can also be used as
work shirts. One of the outstanding values offered in
this Sale. Sizes 36 to 50 chest. Worth \$3.00. Better
buy a year's supply at this ridiculous
Special Price.....

98c

BERNARD Double Grey Blankets. 100%
Pure Wool Weight from 6 to 7 lbs.
Worth \$8.50. Our Price per pair.....

\$4.95

MEN'S PURE SILK SOCKS—Worth \$1.00.
Wonderful Value at per pair.....

29c

WHIPCORD BREECHES

Extra fine quality heavy
corded wear-proof mat-
erial. Double reinforced
knee. Finely tailored.
Finished with 5 pockets,
belt loops and lace but-
tons. Sizes 31 to 42.
Worth \$5.00.
Sale Price.....

\$2.95

PURE WOOL AUTO ROBES

Made in beautiful con-
trasting colors of Blue,
Green, Red and White
plaid patterns. Largest
size obtainable. Immense
Saving
at.....

\$3.45

STRAIGHT RAZORS

Finely made full Hollow
Ground Razor. Best Shef-
field Steel, I.X.L. and
other well-known makes.
Worth \$3.00.
Knockout Value.....

39c

ARMY WOOL COATS



Men's Tunics

As Illustrated
15,000 All-Wool Khaki Army Tunics as
illustrated. These genuine government uni-
form coats are made from the highest quality
pure wool serge, with four outside pockets and
one inside pocket. Finest quality serge lining.
These Army Tunics are without a doubt the
most suitable garment ever offered in Canada
as a work coat. The all-wool cloth and close-
fitting collar, ensure extra warmth and comfort.
Our complete assortment of sizes ranging from 37 to 44, now
enables us to fill all orders. Original government cost of
production, \$15.00 each. All sizes
Our Sale Price.....

\$2.95

MACKINAW COATS

Men's double-breasted heavyweight Mackinaw Coats, large
shawl collar, full Norfolk back and front, two large pockets
with flaps. Worth \$15.00. Sizes 34 to 46.
Sale Price.....

\$6.95

22,000 ARMY LEATHER JERKINS

We purchased and own the entire British Government surplus
of brand new leather Jerkins. The world's greatest value for
men requiring leather coats without sleeves. This genuine
British Government Leather Jerkin is made of top-grade
calf-skin—lined throughout with heavy pure wool mackinaw
cloth, and is wind-proof. It will be a wonderful protection for
outdoor men in cold or stormy weather; for farmers, railroad
men, mechanics, trappers and sportsmen. Sizes 38
to 50. Our Special Sale Price.....

\$2.89

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British Army Stores
2008 ELEVENTH AVENUE

REGINA

SASK.

WOOL SCARFS

Men's fine full
length all-wool
scarves. All
colors. Worth
\$2.00. Sale Price.....

79c

WHEN ORDERING BY MAIL

State size required. Also give your
height and approximate weight when
ordering. Give name of railway and
state whether there is an express agent
located there. Be sure to sign your full
name and address. Write plainly.

SEND EXPRESS OR POSTAL CHARGES

These sensational low prices do
not permit us to prepay delivery
charges. Include enough money
to cover postage, otherwise goods
will be sent express collect.

GARTERS

Men's fine silk
elastic web gar-
ters. Worth 50c.
Sale
Price.....

15c

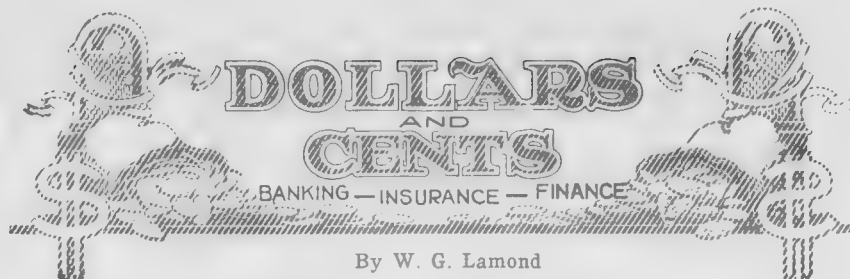
Victory Bond Interest

When your interest coupons become due, or when you receive cheques for interest on registered bonds, deposit them in a Savings Account in the Bank of Montreal.

The money you receive on your investment in bonds will then earn interest for you.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817



By W. G. Lamond

Life Insurance Salesmanship is Difficult Art

OF all classes of salesmen, perhaps there is none that has greater difficulties and none with greater opportunities than the life insurance man, says the Monetary Times. Like the doctor, he is at every man's service at every hour; like the teacher, his work is always educative and always beneficial; like the lawyer, he very often has knotty problems to solve; and like the business man, the more he does the more he sees to do.

He is obliged to first of all uncover the buyer, educate him to the advantages of a contract apparently presenting no immediate gain, and persuade him of the necessity of entering into that contract at once. In other words, his appeal must be to the intellect, to the emotions and to the will, in short, to the whole man.

The fact of the illusive character of the proposition affords scope for salesmanship of a high order, and then the problem becomes quite simple, for nothing more stable, more safely guarded and wisely administered exists in modern economic life than life insurance. Its logical truth is based on sound experience and pure mathematics.

Secondly, it is bound to mature, for what more certain than time and death. Endowment policies are based on the first; life policies on the second. In spite of that fact, men are prone to buy a luxury and let a necessity wait; men will buy an auto on credit and fail to provide a winter's supply of coal.

From this very weakness of human nature springs the need of the greatest quality in a life insurance salesman, namely persuasiveness. There is little difficulty in convincing the average man of his personal need of insurance, but to persuade him to act now is the problem, and to do it carefully, artfully, and at the same time forcefully, will tax the best efforts of the best salesman.

Few people buy insurance without being canvassed; hence the salesman of life insurance is not only doing philanthropic work, but is likely doing some work that would remain undone if he failed to do it.

In selling some lines of goods it might appear at times that the salesman of the firm he represents would realize most by disposing of the goods. Styles in wearing apparel, and even in breakfast foods, change quickly, and the failure to sell old goods results in a loss, but in selling life insurance the interest of the company, of the salesman and of the buyer are identical. The sale benefits all alike, according as it is wisely made. So the insurance salesman has all the monetary advantages offered to the business man, which are seldom offered to the professional man, while he possesses in his work on the other hand the philanthropic character of the professional man seldom offered to the business man. This is what raises the work of life insurance salesmanship into the ranks of a profession.

Canada's Foreign Trade

THE foreign trade of Canada has shown a strong upward trend during the past summer. This is true not only of our commerce with the world at large, but with our chief customers—the United Kingdom and the United States—as well. This fact is thrown into relief by an examination of the trade returns with these countries which are now available for the month of August. The figures issued by the bureau of statistics give three sets of comparisons in handy form and all three sets are encouraging. There are comparisons available on the month of August itself, on the five months of the fiscal year to that date, and on the trade of twelve months ending with August. Taking both exports and imports into consideration there is only one instance in all the collations in which there is a decrease. That reduction is in the imports from the United States for the twelve months ending with August; while those imports show an

increase for both the month itself and for the five months then ending.

Further analysis shows the situation in a clearer light. Taking our trade with the world into our survey, it appears that there have been only two months in which exports have not been greater than in the corresponding month of last year; while in the case of imports this has been true of the last four months only. In our trade with the republic to the south there have been only three months in the last twelve in which there was not an increase in exports; while our imports have shown increases only in the last four months. In our dealings with the Mother Country there have been again only three months in which exports did not show a rise; while in imports an increase has been shown—unlike general trade and unlike trade with the United States—in eight out of the twelve months. In all cases the increases have been more common in recent months.

Manitoba's Taxes

MANITOBA leads the other western provinces in the matter of higher taxes, according to the Citizens' Research Institute of Canada, which points out that municipal and provincial taxation is a considerably heavier charge on the annual value of production than in any of the other provinces. The conclusions are based on 1923 figures, and show a total of \$21,476,571 of local taxation, against production of different kinds amounting to \$124,228,542. The taxation was 17.2 per cent. of the value of production. The percentage in British Columbia was 8.8; in Ontario, 8.7. Manitoba officials complain that this percentage was unusually high in 1923 because of a drop of almost \$34,000,000 in the value of production. There was also an increase of about \$500,000 in provincial taxation, but there was about the same increase in the four western provinces. In municipal taxation in 1923 compared with 1922, Saskatchewan shows a reduction of over \$1,000,000, but the three other western provinces remained about the same figure as the preceding year.

Manitoba Telephones

Another record was established by the Manitoba telephone system during August, when the balance of net earnings amounted to \$16,390, or \$634 greater than July.

Increased Buying Power

It is estimated by the statistical department of The Financial Post that the buying power of the prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, from the 1925 crop and from other sources of wealth will be greater than a billion dollars and will show an increase over 1924 of about \$150,000,000.

Milling

Purchase of the Dominion Flour Mills Limited, by Lake of the Woods Milling Company, Limited, has been completed and the plant will be taken over immediately. The Dominion Flour Mills plant at Montreal has a capacity of 6,000 barrels per day which may be increased to 8,000 should business require it. There is also a smaller plant at Brantford, Ont., with a capacity of 800 barrels per day.

Mining

Since the resumption of work in the mines of the British Empire Steel Corporation, operations have been speeded up and maximum production of coal is being maintained. This is indicated by the report for the month of September, which shows a total output of 447,111 tons, as compared with 385,061 tons in the corresponding month last year.

Employment Situation Improved

A continued improvement in the Canadian employment situation is manifest. The returns from 5,923 firms making reports to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics were increased by 13,315 persons, or a total of 809,072, the largest increase recorded for October for any year since 1920.

Eight Hundred Branches in Canada

IN view of the good crop which has been harvested in the Canadian

West, it is of importance to manufacturers, wholesalers and all other business interests to know that we provide banking service at 380 points in Western Canada.

With the largest number of branches in the Dominion and over 100 abroad, this Bank offers unequalled facilities for handling collection business.

The Royal Bank of Canada

G531

Resources exceed 700 Million Dollars

Low Mortality.

The Great-West Life selects its risks with extreme care.

Its low mortality contributes to the liberal profits enjoyed by participating policyholders, THUS REDUCING THE ACTUAL COST OF PROTECTION.

THE Great-West Life COMPANY
ASSURANCE
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

It is
Maximum
Benefit at
Minimum
Cost.

30

LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

THE recent question dealing with the rights of a married woman to obtain a judicial separation from her husband on the grounds that he had failed to supply her with money and to transfer a quarter section which he had promised to give her has prompted us to write briefly on some outstanding marital questions. In divorce matters the "double standard" which requires the woman to prove not only misconduct on the part of her husband but also desertion of two years or more or cruelty has been repealed and now it is sufficient to prove misconduct alone, provided the wife has not condoned the offence. If misconduct has not been committed, but if there has been either desertion or cruelty, the wife may obtain a judicial separation on application to the appropriate court, or she may enter into a separation agreement with her husband. Such agreements have for a long time been recognized as good and valid and one which the courts will enforce, the consideration being usually the agreement to live apart. The agreement sometimes contains a clause by which the father gives control and custody of the children to the mother, but unless there is a statute expressly permitting this, such a clause is illegal, and the father can always claim the children. Much discussion has centred around the definition of cruelty. Cruelty must be of such a nature as to cause danger to life, limb or health, or a reasonable apprehension thereof. It is not necessary to wait until actual physical injury ensues, if there is a reasonable fear of the same taking place. In a recent case the conduct of a husband in procuring without justification a warrant for the commitment of his wife, and in having her committed at the hands of the police, to a hospital ward set apart for those mentally deranged, and acts by which he caused the removal of their only child so that his wife could not see the child and was kept in ignorance as to the child's whereabouts, were held, in the wife's suit for judicial separation, to constitute legal cruelty.

In all of the Western Provinces there are statutes usually known as the Wives' Protection Acts, whereby full protection and a ready relief is given to the wife and usually power is given to the magistrate to order that the wife is no longer bound to cohabit with her husband. Applications under this act are usually heard before a magistrate or a county court judge. The speedy manner in which relief is granted and the extensive powers given to the presiding judge afford a very valuable protection to the wronged party.

Questions

Q.—If I make my will and sign it with my usual signature but do not have that signature witnessed, is that will as legal and binding as one that is witnessed? Why are witnesses called for?—Old Subscriber.

A.—A will which is drawn and signed by the testator without witnesses is not legal and binding in Saskatchewan. Such a will is recognized there if made by a soldier or sailor when on active service. In all other cases the will must be witnessed by two persons both present at the same time, and must also be signed by the testator or by some person by his direction and in his presence. If any witness is a beneficiary or the wife or husband of a beneficiary under the will that witness is disqualified from taking any advantage from the testator's estate. Long experience of difficulties in satisfying heirs as to the authenticity of a will without sufficient witnesses has led to this requirement

being enacted by the legislatures. Moreover every testator must be twenty-one years of age.

Transcona, Man.

Q.—I let my taxes get behind and the town sold my house for taxes. Does that mean that they can put me out of my house? I can't pay all they say I owe just now, so what should I do?—Mechanic.

A.—Although the town has sold your home because you have not paid taxes the tax purchaser has no right to possession of your house until he has foreclosed your title. Under the laws of Manitoba, he must wait one year after tax sale before he can commence his proceedings. He must then serve you with a notice of his application for title under the tax sale. This notice will give you an additional three months in which to redeem. You will thus have at least 15 months from date of tax sale in which to arrange for payment of the taxes before you will really lose the house.

Melville, Sask.

Q.—I lent a man \$470.00 and he gave me his title to his house to keep. He never paid me anything when he said he would and now I wonder whether I trusted him too much. I don't think he would give me a mortgage as he says I have the title. Is the title good security because I don't want to lose that money?—M.T.S.

A.—The duplicate certificate of title is good security for a loan but it is not the best. A mortgage is much more satisfactory in every way. If you cannot obtain a mortgage you may obtain somewhat similar protection by filing a caveat against the title. Then your debtor could not dispose of or deal with the house without other persons knowing of your loan. You should file a caveat or otherwise a purchaser of the property might intervene and obtain a prior claim against the land.

Winkler, Manitoba.

Q.—My neighbor lets his pigs run loose and they come around and bother us and root around the yard and stacks. What can I do to make them keep their pigs away?—A.B.

A.—Some municipalities have by-laws to stop such a nuisance. See your clerk and if there is such a by-law you should be able to put the pigs in pound. If there is no such by-law you might suggest to the solicitor of the municipality to pass one.

Calgary, Alta.

Q.—I gave a man a note a long time ago and now he wants me to pay it. Is the note outlawed in six years from the date when the note was drawn or is it six years from the time the note becomes due?—Brownie.

A.—The time within which a note becomes outlawed starts to run from the date of maturity and not from the date of the making of the note.

A Lawyer in Church

A young criminal lawyer was always full of quips.

A few years ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those "high financiers" whose low methods he loved to turn the light on.

I arrived at the funeral a little late and took a seat beside him, and whispered: "How far has the service gone?"

He nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back tersely: "Just opened for the defense."—Everybody's Magazine.

Women

Many women have lost heavily when investing funds bequeathed to them, by taking the advice of unprincipled speculators. The best protection a woman can secure is to place her estate under the management of a strong trust company such as this Corporation.

Let our financial resources and financial experience protect your inheritance. We would welcome an interview with you.

The TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

W. G. WATSON, General Manager. H. M. FORBES, Ass't. General Manager.

HEAD OFFICE: BAY & MELINDA STREETS, TORONTO

Branches:—Ottawa, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Vancouver.

Now he can afford a Car

"Cameron," said a prominent financier to one of his staff, "We are glad to give you this promotion. The good judgment you have shown in handling your own finances satisfies us that you are ready to assume greater responsibility for this firm."

"Your endowment policies, for example, indicate not only your desire to save but also keen discrimination in choosing the best possible medium."

Cameron is but one of many young men who have won favor in the eyes of their employers by proving their ability to invest money wisely. And he is not the first man who has climbed to success by reason of the self-confidence that comes from having a substantial reserve fund ready for emergencies.

A North American Life Endowment Policy can be one of the stepping stones to success for you too.

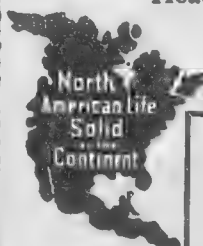
Our representative will be glad to help you solve your financial problems. Write for our booklet "Twenty Years Ahead."

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

Head Office - Toronto, Canada

Agents in every important centre in Canada



Send me your Booklet—
"Twenty Years Ahead."

Name

Address

Occupation Age

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Civil Engineering

A British Columbia correspondent writes: "I am a young man, nineteen years old, have matriculated from high school, worked for two years helping at various trades, but mostly carpentry, at which I am fairly efficient, and which I like best of all the building trades."

"However, I don't want a trade, and for the past year I have taken up a course in civil engineering. I believe I will like this profession in preference to all others, but am still in doubt as to whether I am good enough for it. I am excellent in mathematics. I am of rugged build and am very fond of the out-of-doors. I take an interest in constructive work although I am not able to visualize things as well as I would like. I would like to specialize in hydraulic electrical if I could."

"I am in doubt as to the future of the various engineering professions and if you would kindly give me a little information on the subject, giving me an insight into conditions in general, I would be very much obliged to you."

"Looking back, it seems to me that I've been drifting despite the fact that I have worked and studied hard. I've tried a little of everything and am not getting anywhere."

This correspondent has been written to as follows: "Your letter indicates that you have been spending your spare time to good advantage, and although you think you are drifting, you are not very old yet and perhaps the work you have done will all prove valuable in helping you to find the kind of occupation you want."

"You seem to have many of the qualifications desirable in civil engineering but you should understand that the course you have taken will not of itself qualify you as a civil engineer. This standing can be secured only by one who has completed a university course in the subject. You should, however, be able to qualify as an assistant in engineering and I suggest that you call upon some of the managers of the large construction and engineering firms in your city and find out what they think of your qualifications and what the openings are."

"There should also be some private and government engineers in your city. Try to get an interview with a fully qualified civil engineer and ask him for his frank advice. You might also address a letter to the Director of Technical Education, Department of Labor, Ottawa, outlining your qualifications and ambitions and asking him for suggestions."

Making a Choice

A Saskatchewan correspondent has sent in the following inquiry:

"I am very pleased to be able to write to The Western Home Monthly, and feel it every young man's duty to support this column, which is for our own personal interest."

"I wish to make an inquiry, which is—

"Do you deem it advisable for young men who are teachers to take up courses in physical training? I myself am a teacher of good health and have had a good deal to do with athletics and sports."

"I also have a mind to take out a thousand dollar life insurance policy next month, but cannot afford both propositions. What would you do in this case, and why?"

The following answer has been forwarded to this correspondent:

"You say in your letter of the 8th that you cannot afford at this time to pay for a physical training course and also for a life insurance policy. I advise, therefore, that you take out the life insurance policy for the reason that it is wise to get a policy while one is in good health and also because the earlier a policy is taken out, the less it costs."

"Unless you intend to specialize in physical training I do not think it is necessary for you to go to the expense of taking a course in the art. You could buy one or two textbooks on the subject and by studying them carefully and practising the exercises outlined, no doubt could get good results."

Opportunities in Radio

A Manitoba reader is kind enough to write as follows:

"I am taking advantage of your kind invitation to young men to write to you of their problems. I am very interested in your page, The Young Man and His Problem. I congratulate you on your discussions, vital to every young man who wishes to make himself a good citizen of his country."

"I wish to enter the field of Radio. I have been studying the principles of radio for some time. I desire your advice as to which branch of radio I should start in. That of the radio operator appeals to me but I would like to know if there is any opportunity for advancement into higher positions from that branch."

This subject is discussed briefly in a book entitled "Choosing Your Life Work," which was reviewed in

these columns a few months ago. In it, the author, William Rosengarten, says:

"Wireless telegraphy may be studied at school, at home or in apprenticeship. Students may become apprenticed to licensed operators, and may learn wireless telegraphy by actual operation of the apparatus under the supervision of an experienced man. Many professional wireless operators first became interested in the wireless telegraphs as a pastime, and perfected themselves in its operation, alone, or with the help of friends or 'wireless clubs.' The amateur radio operator has a good chance of ascertaining whether or not he will make an efficient professional operator, and of testing his love for the work."

"Radio operators on ships are paid from \$100 to \$125 a month, and receive the accommodation and maintenance paid to a ship's officer. The life is quite a pleasant one—they visit foreign lands, travel in comfort, and are under really serious strain only in times of danger to the ship. Then they are called upon to display their resourcefulness, loyalty, courage, and their devotion to duty."

Wireless operators are employed in various other positions. There are the lonely telegraphers who man the isolated northern shore stations with which liners in mid-ocean can communicate. These men must be as alert, accurate, courageous and as devoted to duty as are their fellows aboard a ship. Often they are obliged to live alone for many months, and practically their only recreation at such times is gossiping by wireless with friendly operators far away."

"As the use of the radio phone increases, there will be a larger field for skilled men to install radio apparatus. For such men, mechanical ability, a practical knowledge of the principles of electricity, and the ability to do a workmanlike and thorough job, are essential requisites. The work is well paid and may lead to the larger field of telegraph engineering, which opens to the man of ability."

Our correspondent has been furnished with the names and addresses of firms and individuals likely to furnish him with useful information.

System Bible Study Article II.

IN article No. 1, mention was made of the desirability of securing a Bible containing clear type and helps to study, and the suggestion was made that what is known as the Authorized Version of the Bible should be selected.

According to Macaulay, the Authorized Version appeared in English at a time when the language was at the height of its purity—when most of the words were Anglo-Saxon in origin. Many new versions of the Bible are now appearing, but some critics contend that these are not versions but perversions. It is reported that the New Testament Department of the University of Chicago has been engaged in translating the New Testament into modern English and that other scholars have made a new translation of the Hebrew of the Old Testament. As a result of these efforts, the majestic words of the Twenty-third Psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," have been rendered "Even though I walk in the darkest ravine."

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says that "if the version of the Twenty-third Psalm which has been made public is an example of the work, most people will continue to read the familiar version."

The Oxford University Press 35, West Thirty-second Street, New York, publish a small handbook, "The Bible Reader's Companion," which contains many useful hints on Bible study, and some suggestions concerning various editions of the Bible. The publishers will send a copy of their Bible catalogue on application. The first Oxford Bible was printed in A.D. 1675.

A Message from a Merchant

"PAY goodly heed," says J. Wesley Dickson, "to these fine lines from the late Marshall Field:

The Value of Time.
The Success of Perseverance.
The Dignity of Simplicity.
The Pleasure of Working.
The Worth of Character.
The Influence of Example.
The Obligation of Duty.
The Power of Kindness.
The Wisdom of Economy.
The Improvement of Talent.
The Joy of Originating.
The Virtue of Patience.

The Master

THE greatest hero is the man who is master of himself. The greatest battle is the battle which is fought within, fought to victory. The greatest character is the character which is built on will power. The highest form of education is an educated will, a will to be right, to do right. Test yourself at the point where you have the least suspicion of weakness. Be master of yourself.—Dr. J. L. Gordon.

Choosing Your Life Work Article No. II.

BUSINESS Occupations. "The work of distributing the products and manufactures of a country is undertaken by its business men, who buy these products from their producers and sell them to the consumers. All the operations connected with the transfer of goods," says William Rosengarten, "from their source to the ultimate consumer, come under the heading of commerce."

Among the occupations created by the work of commerce, may be mentioned those of Merchandising Manager, Buyer, Sales Manager, Salesmen, Credit Men, Department Managers, Traffic Men, Clerks, Correspondents, Stenographers, Typists, Bookkeepers, Accountants, Office Managers, Insurance Men, Statisticians, Advertising Men, and Secretaries.

For the young men preparing to enter business life, Mr. Rosengarten considers that high school education is essential if he is planning to reach the higher positions. The most thorough courses in business practice are to be found in the business schools of the large universities.

"Education will be a great help to the boy who enters the business world, but initiative is even more important. Without this, he will probably be lost in the swirl of competition for advancement. Initiative, training, ability and hard work will, however, open wide the doors to success. And the man in a business position, who serves well in it, may feel that he is doing an important public service because of the close inter-relation of business with our daily life."

University Lessons at Home

FOR many years, scientific men have been carrying on their experiments and investigations in universities throughout the world. In earlier times, the results of their work were a long time in reaching the general public, but in these days of rapid printing and circulation of books, a scientific work produced by a university professor very soon secures circulation among those who may be interested. In a sense, it is thus possible for a young man to read in his home the books and lessons that are being studied by students at the universities.

One of the latest university publications is entitled "Psychology in Advertising," by Albert T. Poffenberger Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology in the University of Columbia. This book of six hundred and thirty-two pages, is published by the A. W. Shaw Company, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago, and is clearly printed on fine paper, bound in flexible covers. It is freely illustrated with specimens of advertising and with instructive charts.

Young men and country merchants who are interested in the scientific possibilities of advertising, will find some very valuable information in this work. It tells, for instance, what language is best understood by various types of people, what colors are most effective for illustrations and type, the influence of various ages on buying, how desires are aroused by advertising copy, when illustrations should be used, the proper position of advertisements upon the page, the proper type to use, and what are the most outstanding human desires.

A very complete index makes it easy for the reader to turn to any topic in which he may be specially interested. Thus, under the general heading "Color," in advertising, there are thirty-eight sub-headings which deal with the same subject in various aspects. The publishers will be glad to mail a descriptive circular about this work upon application.

Thoughts on Duty

DUTY is the demand of the hour.—Goethe.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.—George Eliot.

God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.—Ruskin.

England expects every man to do his duty.—Horatio Nelson.

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb; duty is the path that all may tread.—Lewis Morris.

Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it, and it smiles upon you.—Elizabeth, Queen of Rumania.

As birds are made to fly and rivers to run, so the soul to follow duty.—Ramayana.

You will always find those who think they know your duty better than you know it.—Emerson.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Thomas Carlyle.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

Two November Poems

Expressing Different Moods of the Season

They Call

Ere noon is high by yet an hour
When chimes ring forth a muffled peal
We see a cross and scarlet flower;
And listen to the voices steal
From Flanders plains — we hear them call.

This is the day! This is the hour!
When they, whose voices float to us,
Ventured their all: and now a flower
And cross of grey stand sentinel
On Flanders plains from whence they call.

Their all they gave; and so must we
A moment of this hour give
To them—in answer to their plea,
For they have gone that we might live,
And so—from Flanders plains they call.
—Harold F. Cruickshank.

Clear Lake on Thanksgiving Day

Gray trees against a sky of painted blue,
No clouds to dim, and sunshine clear and bright,
Grasses that crumple into tan and brown
Willows, a dart of crimson-yellow light.

Snow Buntings like gray butterflies
Rise from the low grown bushes by the road;
A flash of blue, past words so beautiful,
A Blue Jay disappears into the wood.

A whirl, a rush, a heavy body rising,
A Partridge beats his little kettle drum;
A Rabbit with his coat too white for hiding,
Takes cover, wishing that the snow would come.

Two Whiskey Jacks, with saucy eyes
a-twinkle,
Fly through the door, and look the cottage round,
Hold it but cheap, when all outdoors is calling,
And find a welcome dinner on the ground.

Deep green of evergreens reflected in the water
Of that Clear Lake, not yet with Winter dimmed;
Velvety moss in every tree-filled hollow;
The whole November world with sunshine brimmed.

A parting day before the winter covers
The earth with white, and dims with clouds the sun.
A lingering beauty, making Autumn lovely
A day to treasure in the memory, now it's gone.

—Hilda Hesson.

A Fundamentalist's View

Continued from page 20

and sometimes they wrestle with these things in their pulpit utterances. It is necessary, on occasion, to enlighten the minds of our people, whether they like it or not. But the great majority of the people who listen to us are not worried by intellectual problems, and are not much interested in them.

Vanity Fair

What they come to church to seek is help to face this chequered life of ours. They want to hear of the Cross where the burden shall be loosed from their back; they want strength to breast Hill Difficult and courage to pass unafraid through the Valley of Humiliation; they want such a vision of things eternal as will save them from selling their souls in Vanity Fair.

Every time we stand up to preach there are in the pews before us men and women stricken by sorrow and plagued by sin; men and women oppressed with a sense of failure; men and women who have been beaten in the fight against the world, the flesh and the devil, who are well-nigh in despair, and we preach to their needs when we preach the great Gospel of the redeeming, comforting, strengthening and keeping Grace of God.

CHRYSLER FOUR

Performance and Beauty That Appeal to Those Who Know

The Dominion-wide popularity of this new quality Four is due to the enthusiasm of men and women who say they have never seen its equal for comfort, beauty, ease of handling and performance.

Women who like fine things are captivated by the Chrysler Four beauty of line and coloring, by its restful riding and handling—the result of Chrysler-designed spring suspension and pivotal steering, together with balloon tires.

These characteristics, so uniquely Chrysler, are the result of the application, for the first time, of the proved scientific engineering of its famous companion car, the Chrysler Six, to four-cylinder practice. Linked to this is a degree of manufacturing skill and accuracy found only in Chrysler products.

They appreciate in particular the greater safety of Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, furnished on this new Four at slight extra cost for the first time on any car of like price.

Test these distinctive Chrysler Four advantages yourself. Your nearest dealer will welcome the opportunity of a demonstration.

CHRYSLER FOUR—Touring Car, \$1240; Club Coupe, \$1385; Coach, \$1460; Sedan, \$1535. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.

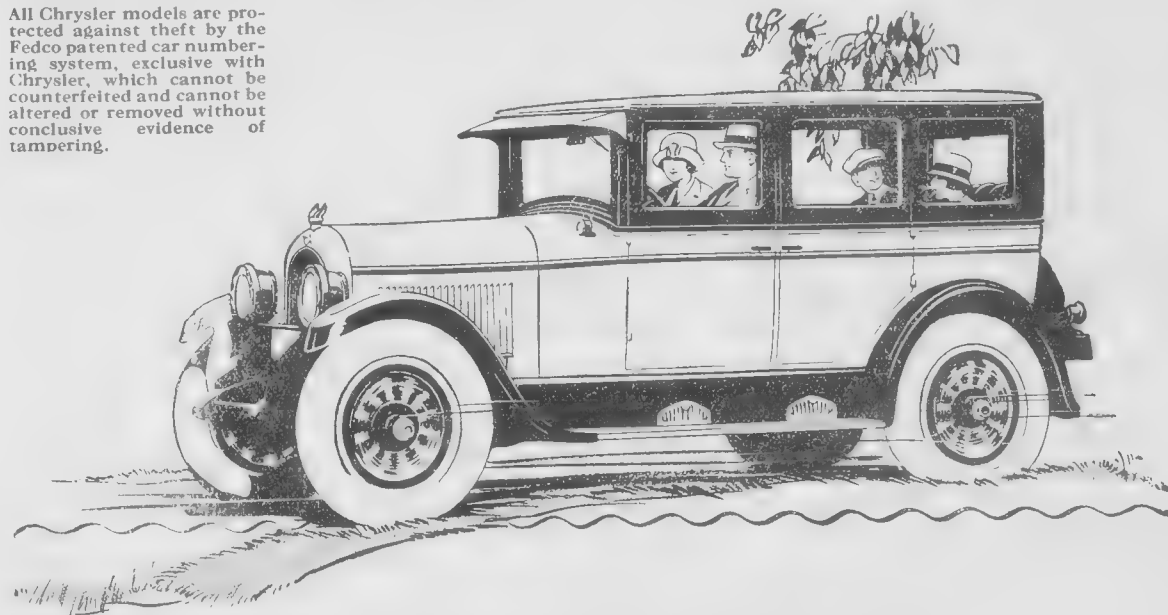
CHRYSLER SIX—Phaeton, \$1860; Coach, \$1945; Roadster, \$2270; Sedan, \$2275; Royal Coupe, \$2410; Brougham, \$2505; Imperial, \$2690; Crown-Imperial, \$2825.

All prices f.o.b. Windsor, taxes extra.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

We are pleased to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about the Chrysler's attractive plan. Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board

Back at the
Old Home

Joy untold
awaits your
letter

BARBER-ELLIS
FRENCH ORGANDIE
Writing Paper

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

Home
for
Christmas

on a
Canadian Pacific
Ship

FROM

Quebec	Nov. 11, S.S. Empress of France	to Cherbourg, Southampton
Montreal	Nov. 13, S.S. Montcalm	to Liverpool
"	Nov. 18, S.S. Minnedosa	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
"	Nov. 19, S.S. Marburn	to Belfast, Glasgow
"	Nov. 20, S.S. Montclair	to Liverpool
Quebec	Nov. 25, S.S. Montclair	to Liverpool
St. John	Dec. 5, S.S. Montrose	to Liverpool
"	Dec. 10, S.S. Melita	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
"	Dec. 11, S.S. Metagama	to Glasgow, Liverpool
"	Dec. 16, S.S. Montclair	to Liverpool

LARGEST AND FASTEST SHIPS TO AND FROM CANADA

**SPECIAL TRAINS AND THROUGH CARS from WESTERN CANADA
DIRECT TO SHIP'S SIDE**

Apply Local Agents or W. C. CASEY, 364 Main Street, Winnipeg



EXCURSION ROUND TRIP FARES FOR YOUR TRIP THIS WINTER

Eastern Canada

Tickets On Sale Daily From
December 1st, 1925 to January 5th, 1926.
From all stations in Manitoba (Winnipeg and West)
Saskatchewan and Alberta
RETURN LIMIT THREE MONTHS

Pacific Coast

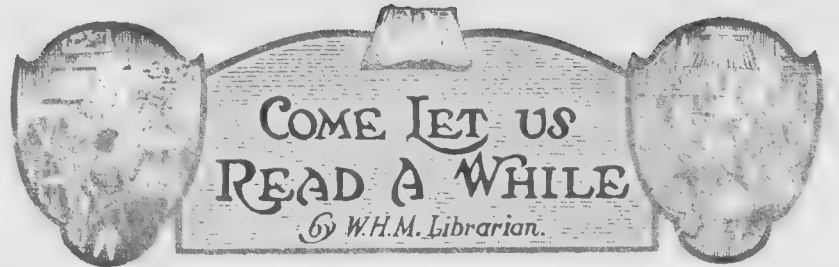
Tickets On Sale From All Stations
Ontario (Port Arthur and West) Manitoba
Saskatchewan and Alberta
to Vancouver - Victoria - New Westminster
December 1, 3, 8, 10, 15, 17, 22, 29, 31, 1925
January 5, 7, 12, 14, 19, 21, 26, 1926
February 4 and 9, 1926
RETURN LIMIT, APRIL 15, 1926.

Central United States

Tickets On Sale Daily From
December 1st, 1925 to January 5th, 1926.
From all stations in
Saskatchewan and Alberta
To certain points in the Central States
RETURN LIMIT THREE MONTHS

Full particulars and every detail arranged on application
to the Ticket Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC



WHAT is Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's purpose in writing as he does? In writing "so as to produce" (if I may quote from the Diary of a Friend reading now as I write), "so as to produce," says this diary "the effect of travelling over a newly-made railway track before it has been ballasted properly." If I may quote from this same diary in which the writer likens the effect of Mr. Hutchinson's style to the irritating noise of a large chain drawn over a shelf edge, "Cerebral irritation," says this diary later on.

Now if you, oh readers of the Western Home Monthly, think that I am writing very queerly, quite unlike myself, please excuse me and blame A. S. M. Hutchinson, whose latest novel, "One Increasing Purpose," I have just been reading (Hodder & Stoughton).

Surely there must be something wrong, something profoundly wrong, with an author, radically wrong with an author's art if the plot, the entire story be obliterated by the style in which it is written. Returning again to the Diary of Friend one finds this comment, this stirring comment: "A woman can hide her cleverness by wearing such bizarre clothes, that only her clothes are seen. In the same way, the style of 'One Increasing Purpose' so engrosses one's attention, so irritates, so absorbs that the story is entirely lost sight of. O pitiable plight!"

That's the trouble. Mr. Hutchinson's piled-up sentences, repetitions, stilted phrases, complicated paragraphs, exclamations, and side tracks in brackets, are the disturbing garments that block our view of the plot. Oh stirring story! Oh idealistic Sim and Sim's idealism! Oh Linda and Linda's vanities! Oh Andrew and Andrew's weariness; weary of the chase after Linda, lovely Linda, whose radiance is dimmed. Oh Elizabeth and Elizabeth's debt of twenty thousand pounds! Oh Alice and Alice's seducer! Oh Charles, oh-to-be-pitied Charles; much wronged Charles; much misunderstood Charles; Charles shot by his own hand!

A thousand apologies, dear readers. I simply cannot help myself. The style of this novel has eaten into my flesh, invaded my blood stream and thoroughly disturbed my equanimity. For I would give a very great deal to know what purpose this brilliant, sensitive, idealistic man has in thus torturing us. No exaggeration, it was torture to read "One Increasing Purpose." I could not put it aside, because the magic of the man who wrote "If Winter Comes," and "This Freedom" was upon me. But every once in a while I was lost in a maze of sentence that robbed me of my breath. Or I was irritated to the point of screaming each time Sim said: "Oh Linda, oh lovely Linda." And Linda said: "Oh Sim, kind little Sim boy. Oh Sim!" My soul cried through the space which exists not for Conan Doyle's friendly little ectoplasms. Cried through the space and said: "Oh Hutchinson, kind little A.S.M., do tell me why, I want to know why, you make such fearful grimaces, so twist your body like a contortionist, when you wish to say the simplest thing on earth?" To assert that he can't help it, is to me ridiculous. It is so obvious that the little tricks of style that were forgiven in "If Winter Comes" because of the gripping quality of the story, have been used and used again by Mr. Hutchinson, later in "This Freedom" and now in "One Increasing Purpose." That is his deplorable weakness, that all his characters are Hutchinson and all the characters of each book have the same tricks. We willingly concede to Mark Sabre a most delightful habit of nick-naming people and saying funny little things that "stick."

In "This Freedom" the chief male character (I forget his name) said "Mumps and Mice" very often and we didn't mind. But why should Sim and Linda, Charles and Alice, Andrew and Elizabeth, all use the same form of speech? Why should they all continually breathe out "Ohs,"

and pile up sentences, and use the nominative of address over and over again, just because Mr. Hutchinson himself does?

Listen to Elizabeth "Simming" for all she is worth! "And so, Sim, what I said just now, what I began by saying—I am not to be loved. Sim, I have a duty, a bond, a trust, a sacred vow to my poor father.... So I am working Sim, hard, hard.... So, Sim, not to be loved."

And now listen to Sim and Linda who have just met after a long absence:

"She saw Sim. 'Oh, Sim!' She came to him very impulsively and impulsively gave him her hand. 'Sim, you are staying the night?'"

And a few minutes later:

"'Linda,' he cried, 'Linda!'"

"She said, 'Not frightened of him, Sim. Sim, frightened of losing him.'"

Could any sentence be more uneuphonic? It sounds like one of those Peter Piper picked a pepper corn phrases that elocution teachers employ.

And then one follows Sim to brother Charles' house, and one is be-Aliced and be-Simmed again.

Listen to the bluff, sailor-like doctor talking to Alice, another man's wife who is in his arms:

"I have seen my lovely darling, seen my darling dear and I have known that nothing in me is sacred and that nothing in all the world is sacred but only she, but only you beloved."

Now surely this is too silly of A. S. M. Hutchinson, to permit widely differentiating characters such as Sim, the hero, and Dr. Byrne, not much more than a sinister shadow, to speak in exactly the same exaggerated style. For this is obviously Sim speaking, and what we will accept from Sim we utterly detest in another. And so it is throughout this stirring, highly emotional story. So possessed is Hutchinson by the spirit that moves within him, that all his characters are possessed by it too, until one hears one voice and one only, proclaiming:

"A piteous thing to hear! Said as she said it, her voice dim; said by such as she, ever so radiant, now with the hand that squeezed her handkerchief touched to her eyes, touchingly piteous, and he was touched. Even if but imagination, piteous."

Note the piling up of the sentences. That is Hutchinson himself commenting. But had Alice been speaking, she would have used the same phraseology.

But please do read "One Increasing Purpose." It is such a complete antidote to the poisonous overdose of sex novels we have been having lately. It is a spiritual outpouring.

The Heart of Things

I AM sure that fellow book-reviewers will agree with me that it is joy past description to receive for review a book about which one can be unreservedly enthusiastic. There is only one joy to rival it—the buying of such a book. I mean this. Where books are concerned, there is a peculiar pleasure in purchase. What is mere barter where money and a pound of beefsteak are concerned, becomes a romantic adventure ending in an act of high dignity.

Ask me what the book under my arm cost me, and I reply that I can not compute the value of this most glorious adventure, arranged by beneficent Fate and culminating in the purchase!

That is what I would say if you questioned me about "The Heart of London," by H. V. Morton. I am glad I did not receive it for review. I feel reflected glory from the fact that my money purchased it. Should the English publishers, Methuen and Co., be moved to send me a review copy, I shall not rejoice in it, as I do in the one now on my desk. Nevertheless they might send me a copy to pass on to a friend.

How all the Londoners now resident in Canada will enjoy this book! How all Canadians who have visited London will

delight in re-visiting "The Heart of London" with H. V. Morton for guide. Moreover they may discover more than they ever saw before H. V. Morton has eyes that penetrate the secret places of the heart and an imagination that enables him to see the hidden beauties of things. His gift of language is such that smiles and tears play havoc with the reader's equanimity.

A collection of short essays — this might describe the type of book "The Heart of London" is, were it not utterly inadequate. These are not essays but pen-point etchings, colored miniatures, yes and poetry and music too, all interpreting "The Heart of London." The Strand is a different place after you have read Mr. Morton's essay. Read his Kensington Gardens and never again will you walk there without looking for a fat round fairy in salmon-pink who once touched Mr. Morton's coat and then laughed and ran unsteadily away over the path under the bare trees. "Flirt!" comments our author and later—

"I left Wonderland and caught an omnibus to Piccadilly in a remarkably good temper."

Ever been to the Caledonian market? Well, go. And when you've returned turn to page 20 of "The Heart of London" and read what H. V. Morton has to say about this "Treasure Trove," and marvel how it was that you saw not the pathos and the humor except through his eyes.

As I have never met Mr. Morton, do not even know what he looks like, I can say unblushingly that I am in love with him. Or should I say (for the sake of my modesty!) that I am in love with the artist that inhabits Mr. Morton, and enables him to understand the joys, the griefs, the temptations, the weaknesses and the nobility of those who dwell in old London Town. Which means, of course, that Mr. Morton has that very rare gift of understanding the heart of humanity—and the still rarer gift of being able to write tenderly, lovingly, sympathetically in this age when the Freudian Cynic inspires most of our fiction and drama.

Life on the Ocean Waves

I HAVE just received from Cassell and Co., Ltd., "Cadet to Commodore" by Albert B. Armitage. Captain Armitage has gone the whole gamut of sea experience beginning as cadet on the "Worcester" and ending as commodore of the P. and O. Line. The steady climb up the ladder of fame was interrupted for some years by his going as navigation officer to the polar expedition with F. G. Jackson as leader and again later with the Antarctic expedition under Captain Scott.

Captain Armitage's book may be divided into three parts—his experiences in sailing ships, his expeditions to the poles and later his reminiscences of life as a commander, embracing the period of the war.

By far the most interesting in the first part, boyish and breezy. The polar period might have been more entrancing had it not been occupied by so much that was personal—for the general reader is not particularly interested in what went on behind the scenes in London: what matters is the expedition itself. The third part gives many glimpses of interesting personalities with whom the writer, in his capacity of commander of first class vessels, came in contact.

Captain Armitage is undoubtedly himself a strong personality who has played many parts, and as a record of a sea life full of incident and interest, this book can be heartily recommended. Its Canadian publishers are McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

And More Sea

ANOTHER interesting volume from Cassell's (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart) is entitled "Great Security" by Bartimeus. Eight stories and a sketch all dealing with the doings, sayings, reflections and adventures of the men who man our battleships.

There is nothing about a ship Bartimeus doesn't know. The vividness with which he inspires technical terms makes them understandable even to land lubbers such as I.

All the stories except one which I did not care for, are simple and arresting from start to finish. The simplicity is artistic and not juvenile.

The first and longest, and the one which gives its title to the book, is a fine

description of the sea and the psychology of the "sailorman"—and its simplicity is a relief from the complexity of the modern-day novels.

A breezy book in more ways than one, and well worth reading.

A Cup of Disappointment

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S new novel "The Crystal Cup" was a great disappointment to me. If I hadn't paid for the loan of it from a circulating library I doubt whether I would have whipped my mind, as I did, into submission to read it.

These are not pleasant Americans to whom we are introduced. Gertrude Atherton goes to some trouble to make it clear to us that we are meeting Americans in the very best "society." It is as well that we are forewarned. We would never have guessed this as most of the characters speak unintelligibly.

It is the record of an utterly unselfish, egocentric, subnormal woman, Gita Carteret. This unlovable and uninteresting "heroine" is as sexless as an amoeba but requires a husband for a "proper" background. She secures one, her superior in every way, makes his life miserable, and then shoots him. As he most disobligingly recovers, she decides to divorce him. On this note, the novel ends.

Sun by the Mile

CANADIANS will be interested in R. Scotland Liddell's "Fifty Thousand Miles of Sun" (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart). The experiences of an observant traveller who, on a round-the-world tour, touched only on Empire soil. Most interestingly written. Passing from west to east, he touches lightly upon the questions of the hour in the Dominion and the colonies. For instance, in Canada he discusses prohibition and the farming problems.

The author has decidedly a gift for describing scenery in a graphic, vivid, simple style. Among the countries he visited are: Canada, New Zealand, Australia, India and Ceylon and Uganda. It errs perhaps on the side of sketchiness, but it is nevertheless pleasant reading and obviously what the writer intended it to be. There are many photographic illustrations that add to the attractiveness of this well printed volume.

The foregoing is the opinion of my Canadian-born, fifteen-year-old son who read this book from cover to cover. So, will the author forgive any inaccuracies?

Where There's Smoke

IF you have a taste for the macabre, the bizarre, the gruesome—then do read "The Smoking Leg." John Metcalfe is the author of this creepy collection of short stories, and Jarrolds of London are the publishers. I am not going to be a spoil sport by giving the plots away. "The Smoking Leg," the first story, would make a "movie" that would give everyone a nightmare. "The Picnic" appealed to me most because, although unpleasant in its subject matter, it is artistic and strikes home. One feels the truth is rooted in the situations portrayed. Many a marriage is the fault of a picnic.

When the Clock Struck

A LITTLE while ago, I told you of an absorbing story, "The Day of Reckoning," by E. Almaz Stout. This well known authoress has a great reputation as a serial writer. It is strange not to come across one of her serials in the most popular of the English weekly or daily papers, for she often has three running at the same time. One of them, "When the Clock Struck Eight," has proved so popular that Messrs. John Long Limited have just published it in novel form.

As Miss Stout herself said to me the other day in that dashing way of hers that gains so many devoted friends:

"Please don't think of it as anything but a serial. It was a good serial, but I do not call it a great novel."

I wish more writers could be so wise in self-criticism. The Stroke of Eight is not a great novel. It is an absorbing story for the hour before bedtime, possessing, as it does, all the interest of a full-blooded detective story plus the romantic interest of a real love tale. The mystery hinges upon who killed Winston Grant. Suspicion falls upon a brilliant young author to save whom Pauline puts herself into a compromising position so that he may prove an alibi. Of course it all ends happily, as well-mannered serials must.

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Dazzling White Teeth

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Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—the firmness of your gums—will amaze you.

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Harsh, gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

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A few day's use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

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The Infectious Hospitals at Winnipeg

THESE hospitals were among the first of their kind to be approved by the American College of Surgeons in their scheme of standardization; this desirable position among hospitals being attained in the short space of ten years.

It was in 1912 that the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada, opened the fine red brick building containing one hundred beds for the treatment of tuberculosis, as an ever-living memorial to King Edward. There was at that time a wooden structure of thirty beds in the same grounds which was used for scarlet fever. In 1914 the King George Hospital was built with two hundred beds, bringing the total capacity up to three hundred and thirty beds. Every kind of infectious disease, including Spanish influenza, is accepted for treatment. Dr. Alexander, the medical superintendent from the hospital's inception, is justly proud of the fact, that though in the King George building, the eight floors are each devoted to different diseases, such a thing as "cross-infection" is practically unknown. He

contact previous to admission. In a ward of three beds there are three complete sets of everything needed, including 3 overalls for the nurse, one of which she keeps for attendance on each patient, carefully washing her hands (there is a wash-bowl with hot and cold running water—turned on by foot pressure—in every ward), before going from one to another.

There are operating rooms, and a sterilizing and dressings room, each having the very latest equipment. Intubation is performed wherever possible instead of tracheotomy, and has been very successful. Tonsillotomy and mastoid operations are also regularly performed. In the single-bed diphtheria wards there is an arrangement whereby steam can be ejected into the room at any time by merely pulling a lever, and this method of relieving laryngeal tension has proved more satisfactory than the steam tent. Detachable lights, which can be removed from their sockets high up on the walls, and secured to others near the floor, settles the question of dim lighting, during the night. More good points are the



preaches the doctrine of what he terms an "aseptic conscience," to the nursing staff, and maintains that once the habit of absolute cleanliness is formed, together with the technical knowledge of germ-carrying and its prevention, there is no danger of cross-infection, even though, as is the custom in these hospitals, the nursing staff mix at meal-times, and during recreation hours.

There are no untrained probationers accepted, pupil nurses being obtained from the general hospitals in Winnipeg and the province, with which this hospital is affiliated. Before pupils are accepted, they must have completed at least half of their period of training, which must have included either maternity or theatre work.

An eight-hour day is arranged for every nurse, out of which time classes and lectures are taken. On Sunday four hours' duty only is expected. Night duty is from midnight until 8 a.m.

The King Edward Hospital has everything to make life less burdensome for the consumptive patients therein, amongst others, a radio equipment and many sets of head-phones. Part of their regular treatment consists of a "sun-bake." They go on a flat roof, and there strip except for a hat and loin-cloth, starting in the "baking" with ten minutes, increase it to four hours daily, alternately presenting the chest and back to the sun's rays. In this country of brilliant sunshine this treatment has proved very beneficial. The Quartz Lamp is also used, and Pneumo-Thorax is becoming a routine measure in cases not progressing with ordinary treatment. There is a daily outdoor clinic in this department, and here many cases have been discovered in the early stages, and the patient's condition much improved by prompt attention.

The King George Hospital is built in triangular form in such a manner that it seems to have sunshine all day on all sides. The wards contain 3 and 6 beds, never more, while there are a number of single-bed wards used for doubtful cases or those requiring special nursing. All patients are isolated for three weeks, as it has been found that an outbreak of one disease amongst patients suffering from another can usually be traced to

marble window ledges and metal window frames, these being both aseptic and safe in case of fire.

The Nurses Home was opened in 1920, and is one of the most comfortably equipped that it has been the writer's privilege to see. One steps from the imposing entrance into a spacious hall, furnished with three huge chesterfields, handsome rugs, plants in plenty, and a private telephone booth. An electric elevator, worked by the passenger, saves the tired nurse walking upstairs after a busy day. From here, through wide French doors, we enter a fine reception room, stretching the full width of the building. Near each end, however, there are folding doors which make it possible to divide it into three parts, and the nurses are allowed in turn to bespeak either of these smaller end rooms so made, to give private parties, etc., in, if they so desire. Leading off there are kitchenettes where they may prepare light refreshments.

There is a single bedroom for every nurse, and each room has a wide door opening onto a sleeping balcony, and each bed is on runners, making it a simple matter to run it through the door to the balcony if desired. There is sleeping-porch accommodation for every nurse by this method. A rest-room with kitchenette, where a light meal may be made at any time, is a great convenience.

In the basement there is a gymnasium, which is also used in the winter time for moccasin dances, and for refreshments after snow-shoe tramps, as after these delightful sports one is scarcely in trim for the beautiful rooms upstairs, owing to the melting snow on one's garments.

The maids are well cared for too, having a comfortable, daintily furnished sitting room, and a dance room with kitchenette attached, where they may also entertain their friends.

Comparisons are odious, but one cannot help one's thoughts travelling back to the old-time "Fever house," shunned by all but those whose work compelled them to be there, with nothing in the way of comfort or recreation provided, when one looks upon this handsome pile of buildings, and sees the thought for the comfort and happiness that has been lavished on the patients and those who cater to their needs.

Rustlers of the Kootenai Range

By W. McD. Tait

THE Folkins came from the East in the early days when cattle barons first began to use the prairies of Western Canada as ranging grounds. Their bunch was small at the beginning, but good winters, plenty of water, and rich prairie grass prevented any depletion in the breeding stock, and in a few years the herd covered all the range between the Rocky Mountains and the Indian Reserve.

There were no fences in those days, and wild steers fed up to the door-yards in Fort Macleod.

It was springtime, and the IV outfit, as the Folkins ranch came to be called, was making a careful count of its stock. Collie and Hez, sons of Jim Folkins, were particularly interested in their yearlings. The boys had been given cows when they were babies, and had brands registered in their own names. When they grew big enough to look after their increase they selected a little run at the forks of two rivers near the home ranch, cut out their cattle at the fall round-up, and herded them in their own little stamping ground.

The boys knew to a steer how many they had, but for some reason or other they had not been counting them lately. So when the general count was made they found themselves short six head. There was little chance of their straying out of the range that grazed their father's stock, but they were nowhere to be found. Many theories as to their disappearance were discussed and dismissed as impossible.

Finally Jim Folkins let out one day that rustlers were at work in some of the big bunches, and that more dressed beef was being shipped from the Fort than the buying of certain ranchers and butchers would warrant.

The fall before, after the final count, there had been ninety-eight calves in one of the bunches of the IV outfit out of a possible one hundred and ten.

Folkins felt that he was paying for his boldness in openly accusing the Brown brothers during the round-up of the last season. A secret count of Brown's herd revealed the fact that the increase for two seasons far exceeded even a fair expectation.

Of course, as every rustler must have reasoned, depredations of wolves and coyotes would account for the loss of calves, and any excess might be explained by bills of sale. At any rate, absolute proof must be forthcoming before a suspected thief could be brought to justice.

The summary dealing of many years before, when snap judgment carried many a cow and horse thief to his desserts, no longer prevailed.

A conference of the big cattle owners in the foothill country revealed the fact that several herds had been cut into, and they were as certain as Folkins that the Brown boys were the rustlers. But, like Folkins, they realized that to save themselves from serious embarrassment they must, in some manner, get absolute proof that old Bennie and his boys were the thieves.

A plan that had been forming in Jim Folkins' mind for some time took shape, and he determined on his own account to ferret out the guilty parties.

He suspected that a considerable part of the dressed meat shipped up the Pass by Brown Bros. from their butcher shop in Macleod had been stolen; but, of course, to prove it was practically impossible. Nevertheless he felt that a careful watch at the station might, if systematic, develop facts that would ultimately lead to good clues.

Accordingly he took Collie and Hez into his confidence and fully explained his plan. The boys were to keep watch alternately at the railway station at Macleod, and secretly to ascertain the amount, probable age, and destination of the beef shipped by Brown Bros.

This was comparatively easy, for the

only two trains that stopped for express in the Crow's Nest Pass towns crossed at the Fort; and so one trip a day for the boys covered both trains. Someone had to call for mail, and it was no hardship for the Folkins' boys to carry out this part of their father's plan.

It was thought that a month's quiet observation would show the usual method of rustlers.

Folkins had revealed his plan to two neighboring stockmen, both of whom were certain that the Browns had preyed upon their herds. They were to learn through their range riders the source and amount of the daily supply of beef, and to discover, if possible, the rapidity with which the Brown's fat steers disappeared. They had little assurance of the success of the plan, but felt it would be the only logical way to proceed on.

It was soon discovered that the only persons shipping dressed beef out of Macleod were the Brown Bros. Collie and Hez, alternately, made the long ride to the depot, and rode casually past at a distance just as the trains were pulling in. One glance at the trucks loaded for shipment sufficed to compute the number of quarters; from the position of the trucks on the platform it was a simple matter to determine the amount going each way.

It was found that three times a week, regularly, an average of four beeves at a shipment went westward to the Pass. Once a week as many went to the towns on the prairie east of the Fort. It was learned also that the meat invariably reached the depot after dark, and was immediately loaded on the trucks.

The boys reported their findings daily to Jim Folkins, who, with the information gained from other men in his confidence, soon reached the conclusion that much more beef was being shipped out than Brown Bros. Market killed at their slaughter-house.

It was certain, therefore, that the excess came from their ranch in the foothills, and it was known that it could not be their own beef.

Usually the Folkins boys rode past the depot without dismounting. One morning, though, Collie expected his father in on the east-bound express, and took this as an excuse to tie his pony to the fence and saunter up on the platform.

On the platform he noticed the usual truckload of meat at the west end, and so walked idly toward it. There were three full beeves quartered. Collie looked at them for a moment, then leaned against the truck to await the arrival of the train. Presently the west-bound, with the right of way, rumbled in on the main tracks. After the agent had run the truck up to the car, Jack Brown, old Bennie's eldest son, slouched out to the platform and was helping to load. Just as the last quarter but one was tumbled through the door, Collie was amazed to see a brand showing faintly on the yellow meat. The letters BR, the Brown's brand, were legible, standing out in purplish-red outlines, similar to an old scar.

The full meaning of the discovery flashed into Collie's mind at once. Involuntarily he leaped toward the truck and peered intently at the remaining quarter.

Jack Brown saw Collie's sudden interest.

"What's the matter, kid?" he demanded roughly. "Anything wrong with that meat? Say, what're you hanging around here for anyway?"

"Waiting for my dad. He's coming in on the east-bound," replied Collie, vexed that he had not been more careful.

"He is, eh? Well, what's wrong with that beef?" Jack Brown demanded a second time.

"Nothing wrong!" replied Collie carelessly; "just thought I saw an old wire cut."

Continued on page 70



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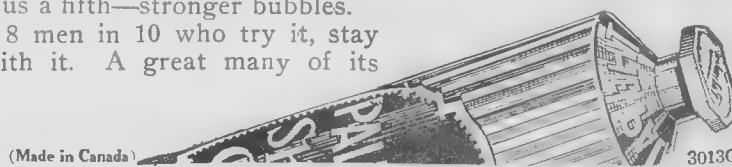
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A COWTOWN past was colliding with a western city present as the big parade of Stampede Week moved through the streets of Glenartney. Over a modern asphalt boulevard pasted crowds unwound a bright thread of the pageantry of the Old West, covered wagons, pioneers, cowboys, herds of cattle and Indians, bright with the ochre warpaint that streaked their bronze skins or resplendent in beads and buckskin. Glenartney was filled with a righteous and civic determination that the rest of Canada—and the world for that matter—should hear tell of the Stampede, and this was the splurge of the next to last day of the week's celebration. What time was left for the spreading of fame abroad must be used to the utmost, and Glenartney was going to it with the persevering spirit of her founders who had planted her here on the plains in the hard old days and made her stick.

"Ghost of the past, conjured up into the dull, civilized present," Curtis Betters, a newspaperman from the East wrote down in his notebook, along with other copious entries beneath the head, "The Vanishing West." That was to be the title of the series of articles he was preparing for his paper. Everything was developing to suit and the compiler smiled contentedly as every newspaperman knows, no story is as good as one which turns out as the editor expected, and this editor was out to bury the wild and woolly for good and all. The editor had never been out West, but he was tired of hearing about it. So he had sent Betters to finish it up and clear the columns of the paper to provide more space for crime stories. It was a sort of a grudge story.

But the orderly progress of the parade was disturbed by a swirl of sudden action. The reporter looked up to see a lariat settling about the neck of an Indian chief. The grinning cowboy who had thrown it, did not jerk it tight, but sat his horse guffawing with his comrades. What had occurred, however, was enough to offend seriously the dignity of the Indian. Flinging off the loop, he wheeled his pony and galloped straight for the cowboy.

But the watchful manager of the Stampede rode in between them and apparently his earnest words smoothed matters over. The parade went on. Behind the newspaperman, someone was muttering that Jim Tucker was a damn young fool and Old Chief Twelve Toes wouldn't forget that roping. But the reporter paid little attention and noted down the incident as another point for "The Vanishing West."

He had begun on a second notebook and was finding data to hand in the big lobby of the Hotel Albert Edward that evening. All the color of the West passed in review before him but he regarded it cynically. Cowboys, cowgirls and citizenry garbed in violently colored shirts and bandanas streamed passed. Numerous two-gallon hats bobbed on the tide of the thronged lobby. High heeled boots tapped an endless tattoo on the floors.

Two of the judges of the Stampede competition, gray-haired stockmen, recognized Betters and strolled up.

"How you like it, partner?" asked one. "A great show," the journalist answered, grinning.

"A little more than a show," the second judge remarked quietly. "Trouble's liable to bust out between the—"

"—Tween the Bar-Nones and the I.O.U. outfits," finished the first judge, using the nicknames the rival ranchers had given each other. "Rough stuff don't go hereabouts any more, but the two outfits are out for blood in the round-up competitions. Tomorrow's the last day and decides."

"There's bad blood between 'em. There was that ruckus last year when the I.O.U.'s claimed the Bar-Nones done siced homesteaders on to land they were fixing to lease. And the Bar-Nones are suspicious about some strayed cattle. Yep, bad blood. And they both want the prestige that goes with winning the Stampede, partner."

The newspaperman smiled politely, if incredulously; then turned to watch the file of Indians entering the lobby. They were headed by a chief, a stately figure

The Grudge

By Fairfax Downey

in eagle-feathered headdress and beautifully beaded buckskin. The tumult increased as the newcomers were greeted with war whoops.

"Old Chief Twelve Toes," identified a nearby business man. "And he and his bucks looking kind of mean. Wonder if he could be scouting for Jim Tucker of the I.O.U. outfit. It was Jim roped the chief in the parade this morning. Hurt the old boy's dignity but they smoothed it over, I thought. No, that's not Jim."

The newspaperman had indicated a busy, bright-eyed young fellow, a broad-brimmed Stetson on the back of his head.

"That's the Bar-None round-up boss, Scott McKane," the business man explained. "The girl with him is an Easterner—a real little lady too, and you ought to give her a good write-up. Either Jim or Scotty is going to get her. They got her cut out of a big, society herd, all the dudes standing by and bawling mournful. Fay Stearns—that's her name—ain't got nothing high-toned about her."

Her easy goodfellowship with the cowboys seemed to bear that out. Without the aid of raving beauty but only the irresistible smile on her freckled face and her vivacity, the girl's features seemed



both memorable and distinctive. But the reporter's attention together with that of the rest of the lobby was again drawn to the Indians. In spite of their habitual stolidity, it was plain they were there for a purpose. Part of the publicity of the Stampede, thought the newspaperman.

The noisy lobby of the Hotel Albert Edward was treated to a strange and sudden hush. Jim Tucker, loud and swaggering, and some of his outfit had emerged from the dining room. Hard looking customers all. Chief Twelve Toes and his bucks slid silently across the floor and confronted the I.O.U. men. The chief began to talk rapidly, while the two groups confronted each other. Some such scene may have taken place on that very spot when Glenartney was only a fort and trading post. But this was no historical tableau.

"I am a chief," the Indian was proclaiming. "I not as other men—"

"You're right on that, chief," mocked Tucker. "You got a couple extra toes, I hear. Old Chief Twelve Toes. But what's that going to get you?"

The chief was going through the motions of removing a lariat from his neck. His voice rose. He and his tribesmen crouched, right hands beneath buckskin shirts. Tucker and his men reached for their hips.

Then the lights winked out. In the blackness tumult roared in the lobby. There were shouts and screams and a frantic scurrying. Then above it all rose an authoritative voice.

"Lights!"

The chandeliers flashed on again. Be-

tween the groups of Indians and cowboys stood two members of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police. The fascinated gaze of hundreds hung on their red tunics and the vivid yellow stripes along their breeches. "Clear out!" they ordered.

One of them pushed the I.O.U. men back into the dining room. The other pointed to the door and strode toward the Indians, who sheepishly backed away. He herded them out before him.

"Good old Mounties!" gasped the Chamber of Commerce man who had taken refuge with the reporter on top of the cashier's cage. "Always on hand when you need 'em."

"Civilization steps in," the newspaperman muttered, but his pulses pounded in spite of his cynicism. He dragged out his notebook.

"In the days of the Old West," he wrote, "the forces of the law didn't always get there in time. They do nowadays. The Wild and Woolly West of yore is as extinct as the dodo."

"SHOW you the town tonight," offered a member of the Glenartney Chamber of Commerce, poking his head in through the door of the newspaperman's hotel room. Last night of Stampede Week. Boys may paint the place red, y' know."

"About as red as Greenwich Village is Bohemian," thought Betters, but he reached for his hat. It was a chance for "copy" along the line he wanted.

The celebration of the evening was found to have begun in earnest. Outside in the street cowboys were riding on the hoods of bucking automobiles. Citizens dashed through the streets on hobby horses. A tourist who had incautiously appeared in evening clothes was being hailed on all sides as "The sun-of-a-gun with a Hereford front."

"The punchers of the I.O.U. and the Bar-None ranches ain't none too friendly," his escort told Betters, as they strolled through the streets. "It's between 'em who wins the Stampede tomorrow. Good bit of heavy betting going on. Want to place any?"

"No thanks," laughed Betters.

"My money's on the Bar Nones," declared the C. of C. man. "Kind of ornery bunch the I.O.U.'s got. All the time pulling stuff, like the trouble young Tucker made with the Indians. Come on in."

The two went through swinging doors and mingled with the crowd jamming Glenartney's largest saloon. Shortly Betters' attention was called to a group at the end of the long bar.

"All I.O.U. men," he was told, "except the guy in the middle, Red Cummings, star broncho buster of the Bar Nones. You can figure out for yourself what's up."

It was not hard to see that it was a case of more than fraternizing. The I.O.U. boys were doing their best, which was very good indeed, to show a time to Red, a sure point winner in the Stampede of tomorrow. And Red was appreciatively drinking himself into the semblance of a boiled owl.

There was a commotion at the door and Scott McKane of the Bar None pushed forward toward the group at the end of the bar.

"What goes on here," he demanded. "Red, you lay off that stuff. You've had a plenty. You won't be able to sit a fence tomorrow. You—"

Cummings was drunkenly flinging his arms around his boss, who started to drag him away. But Jim Tucker pushed up through the ringing crowd.

"Smatter, McKane?" queried Tucker. "Fraud to let your boys have a good time? What are you, wet nurse?" With that he began playfully jerking Cummings away from McKane.

The newspaperman heard the smart smack of a hard fist against solid flesh. Cummings had reeled away and the bosses of the two rival outfits were face to face, Tucker with a hand to a red blotch on his cheek.

The two sturdy young fellows pitched in. Tucker, recovering from his surprise, had jabbed right and left, when McKane's bull-like rush catapulted him backward on to the bar. Glasses crashed as he clutched an edge and vaulted back on his feet. They closed

Continued on page 68

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Now Is Radio Housecleaning Time

By S. W. Goulden

IF you are an average radio "fan," your receiving set has gone through some 600 hours of service since last it received any real attention. Since you over-hauled the set last fall, the vacuum tubes have been burning over 600 hours. The batteries, especially the "B" batteries, have probably been delivering current over a long period. The antenna wire and its joints have been subjected to the wear and tear of the elements, as well as the corrosive effects of coal smoke. The soldered connections and binding post screws of the receiving set have had plenty of jars and rattles to shake them loose. The condenser plates and other parts have been accumulating dust and dirt and moisture, tending to introduce leakage paths and noises. The rheostat and switch members have become loosened. And so it goes.

Fault finding in radio should begin at home. When the receiving set fails to function in accordance with fond expectations or past experience, it must not be assumed that all broadcasting stations have suddenly cut their power in half or that Dame Nature has conspired to ruin our radio entertainment. There are four primary causes of poor reception—tubes that have been abused either electrically or mechanically, batteries, faulty condition of set, and weather conditions. As often as not the falling off in the strength of signals and the increasing parasitic noises which do so much to mar the programs, are due to conditions within the long used set itself. Of course, there is such a thing as static; true, weather conditions have much to do with the radio transparency of space, so to speak; granted, some days are better than others for radio reception; but weather conditions are not always to blame for poor reception.

Radio house-cleaning starts with the wave-intercepting system, which is usually in the form of an antenna and a ground connection. The superheterodyne and other types of receivers using a loop antenna are practically free from trouble in this direction, unless it be a loose connection, which is readily detected. But with the conventional antenna, conditions are apt to introduce new factors which must be met. Thus the antenna that has been giving excellent service all winter may require certain alterations.

The antenna masts may be bent over as the result of long exposure, and the antenna supporting ropes may be stretched, so that the antenna wires have a pronounced sag that lowers the height of the antenna. Lead-in wires, heretofore free and clear of trees and shrubs and walls, may now be touching objects which provide a direct path to the ground for the elusive radio currents. All these things should be watched for in going over the antenna.

Then there is the question of wear and tear. The antenna wire, exposed to the elements and the corrosive action of the sulphur fumes of coal smoke, becomes a poorer conductor as time goes on. Indeed, the high-resistance coating, which forms on antenna wires where there has been much corrosion is apt to reduce the efficiency to some extent. Fastidious radio "fans" change their antenna wire at least once a year, although this is not essential to good results.

The main features are the joints, which, if they have not been soldered, are bound to become corroded in time and form high-resistance links in the wave-intercepting circuit, greatly reducing the efficiency of the set. The joints of the antenna, from the antenna wire to the lead-in and right down to the antenna binding post on the receiver, should be carefully examined. It may be best, even if there are no visible signs of corrosion, to undo each unsoldered joint,

scrape the wires clean with emery cloth or sand paper, and make new connections. Of course, soldered joints are best; but if the unsoldered joints are tightly made and then wrapped with electrician's friction tape, they will remain satisfactory for a long while.

While going over the antenna system, the insulators should be examined since these are apt to accumulate a coating of dirt or soot with the result that a conducting path is formed for the leakage of the high-frequency radio currents. The insulators should be cleaned. If unglazed insulators have been in use, they should be replaced with the glazed kind.

The ground connection should next be examined. Often, due to the dissimilarity of the metals of the water pipe and the ground clamp or wire wrapped around the pipe, electrolytic action has set in, with the result that the metals in contact are quite corroded, forming a high-resistance ground connection. Rather than overlook a serious handicap in this direction, it may be best to remove the ground clamp or wire, clean it with sandpaper or emery cloth, clean the water pipe thoroughly, and make a new ground connection with clean, bright surfaces. If another type of ground connection is used, it should be examined and good connections ensured by soldering the wire to the ground clamp.

While the average radio receiving set is more or less fool-proof, constant use must necessarily bring about certain changes. First of all, there is the matter of dust and dirt—apparently insignificant, but really a factor that counts in achieving topnotch efficiency. Dust and dirt are apt to accumulate moisture, in which event serious leakage is introduced in the radio set, with an accompaniment of troublesome noises. Especially is this true in the case of dust and dirt accumulating between the plates of the variable condensers. For dusting the radio receiver, a soft brush, preferably camel's hair, should be used, of such size as to permit of getting into the tight places and corners. A pipe cleaner will do very nicely for cleaning in between the variable condenser plates.

Then there is the matter of contacts and joints. If the variable condensers are not provided with flexible "pig-tails" or coiled spring connections, and if noise is noticed as they are turned, it is well to take them apart and clean the points of contact with fine emery cloth. If flexible connections are used, these should be examined to make sure they are unbroken.

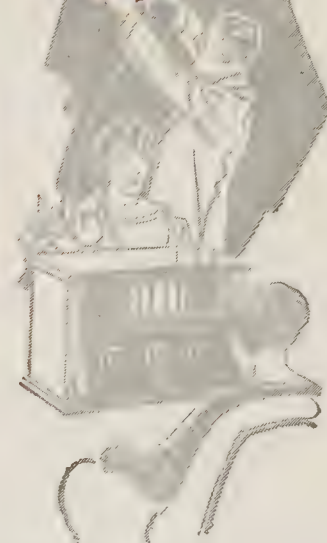
Binding posts should be examined. Screws and nuts should be turned up tight, to make good connections with the wiring. Jacks should be gone over for loose connections. Switch members should be inspected to make certain that good contacts are made and that the various parts are properly tightened. Rheostat arms should be examined to ensure proper contact between the movable arm and the resistance wire winding. In fact, the radio receiver should be overhauled as much for mechanical details as for electrical.

Joints, soldered and otherwise, are a prolific source of trouble, especially in the home-made variety of receiver. In the case of soldered joints, unless the work has been done with rosin-core solder or has been carefully wiped after soldering, they may become corroded. Again, flux which has not been wiped off after the soldering job tends to spread to the panel and out to adjoining parts, forming high-resistance leaks which become more evident with the advent of warm and damp weather. All traces of flux should be removed by cleaning the soldered parts with gasoline or alcohol.

Continued on page 42

NOW — A Perfected Radio Set that operates from your Electric Light socket!

—without "A" Batteries
—without "B" Batteries
—without Aerial



"just plug in —
then tune in
— that's all"

ROGERS BATTERYLESS A/C RADIO RECEIVING SETS

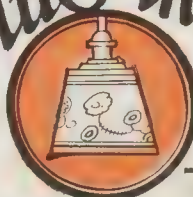
THE introduction of Radio a few years ago naturally astounded the whole world. That part of the public with minds scientifically inclined at once took to experimenting and building "home-made" receiving sets—the rest of the public sat by and watched for radio research and experiment to produce the finished, perfect set. It seemed to the latter class that radio was surrounded by scientific terms and technicalities that were baffling to the ordinary layman. To own a radio implied an understanding of tubes and batteries and electric paraphernalia.

Consequently a great many homes waited for the perfected set. But now with the introduction of Rogers—the waiting is over. Here is the wonder set that eliminates care and upkeep; that gives better Radio reception—longer range—more tone volume; that requires no batteries and no aerial; that operates instantly you plug into your electric light socket. With a Rogers you do not need to understand Radio science any more than you need to be a mechanic to own a Rolls Royce automobile.

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then
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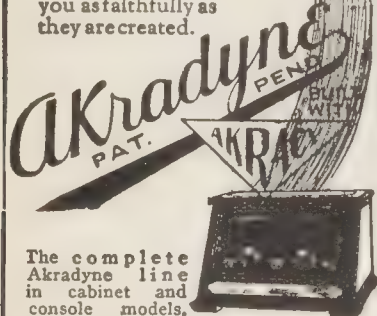
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\$125 Model 90, as illustrated. A five-tube receiver. Two-dial control. Easily tuned and calibrated. Capable of Coast to Coast reception on Loud Speaker. Very pleasant tone. New type station selector.

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Now Is Radio Housecleaning Time

Continued from page 40

Broken joints may be located while the receiver is in actual use, by tapping or moving each joint in turn and listening for noises in the headphones. Movable parts can be tested in the same way, by manipulating them.

The wear and tear of radio reception falls heavily on the batteries. The "A" battery, which operates the filaments of the vacuum tubes, may require recharging or replacement, depending upon whether it is of the storage or dry type. The "B" batteries, having gone through several months of service, may be pretty well exhausted, even though they still operate the radio receiver with fair volume, but with increasing noisiness.

In the case of the storage battery, radio spring house-cleaning involves an examination of the battery. The lugs and straps of the battery may be partly corroded, and dirt may have accumulated between them, thus establishing a partial short-circuit, which, while insignificant so far as the battery itself is concerned, is a fertile source of noise in the receiver. The vent caps should be removed and the battery electrolyte tested for specific gravity and also for water level. Distilled water should be added if necessary, and the battery should be recharged if the hydrometer reading is low. If the battery has been allowed to run down quite low, it is best to send it to a recharging station for a good "boost" after which it can be recharged when necessary with the usual home recharger.

Dry batteries should be tested with a high-grade high-resistance voltmeter, and all voltage readings should be made with the tubes burning at normal filament temperatures, i.e., under load conditions.

If the voltage of the individual dry cell is below 1.1, it should be discarded and a fresh cell installed. In the case of the "B" batteries, when the voltage drops to 17 for the 22½-volt standard unit, or 34 volts for a 45-volt block or unit, the battery should be replaced without further delay. Most radio authorities agree that a 25 per cent. drop in voltage marks the end of the useful life of a "B" battery. The "current delivering capacity" by that time is so reduced as to be insufficient for the usual multi-tube receiver. What is more, when a dry battery has been in use for a considerable period, the current which it delivers becomes irregular.

If the set has a "C" battery it is advisable to install a new one each time the "B" batteries are renewed.

How Are the Vacuum Tubes?

Finally we come to the tubes, which have more to do with results than any other component of the receiving set. Unless the tubes have been abused by excessive filament voltage, four or five months steady use should by no means wear them out. Radiotrons, properly used, have a life of one thousand hours or more; but when excessive filament voltage is applied, the process of boiling the electrons out of the filament and hurling them across the vacuum to the plate, is pushed beyond safe limits and the tube may become paralyzed, so to speak. To all intents and purposes, the tube does not appear to be damaged, since it lights in the usual manner. However, it fails to deliver the normal output expected of it, and the results suffer in consequence.

Radio for the Missionaries

ONE of the strangest of strange sights that exploration parties encounter as they set foot on one or another of the tiny settlements that dot the rock strewn, weather beaten, dismally waste shores of Labrador and Greenland, is the missionary who is the spiritual leader in every place. These Godly men give up their lives in response to the injunction of Christ uttered 2,000 years ago to His Apostles: "Go ye forth and teach ye all the world." Invariably they present the strongest contrast to the setting in which they are found. All are educated men. Many are the sons of wealthy and cultured families. But here they are spending themselves in the midst of ignorance, cold and poverty.

The religious persuasion of every town depends upon the first missionary who landed there. If he was a Moravian Brother, his flock are Moravians. If he professed the Catholic faith, all the settlement is Catholic. And so on. He is not only the spiritual adviser, but the civic leader, the school teacher, the banker, the undertaker, the doctor, the attorney.

On the last MacMillan expedition to the Arctic it was the good fortune of the party to meet with a "Reverend" Jacques, who had given 40 years of his life preaching the Gospel to the few souls who comprised his little parish on the shore of Labrador. He had come from Southern France, was highly cultured, widely read, and a much travelled man. Of course, he was entirely out of place in his surroundings, but nevertheless very happy with his lot.

E. F. McDonald, Jr., who will be second in command of the MacMillan expedition about to leave for the North Pole, was deeply touched by the self-sacrifice of the missionaries that he met when he accompanied MacMillan to Battle Harbor on the last expedition. He announces that wherever the next expedition stops on its way north, a Zenith radio broadcast receiver with a complete set of A and B batteries, sufficient to last for a period of two years, will be given to every missionary. What these radio sets will do as media of education in the hands of the missionaries can be readily conceived, not to mention the contact that will be given these

lonely settlers with their more fortunate brethren in other parts of the world. Radio will have its greatest significance in these far remote places, whereas, in the cities it is not appreciated for all that it is, by a blasé population that so quickly tires of everything.

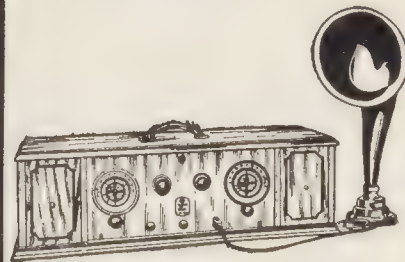
A few Eskimos had their first experience with radio, on the last MacMillan expedition. They sat in mute wonderment. The Eskimo by nature is not demonstrative. What he fails to understand he ascribes to the spirits. He refuses to believe that the radio is the mechanical work of man—simply the white man's ability to bring back the spirits and make them talk. The moving picture is not the handiwork of man, no—simply the ability of the white man to recall the spirits and make them move. The Eskimo cannot comprehend the mechanical side of modern inventions. He has learned to use the rifle that was brought to him by the white man, but he has not the slightest idea how it functions. The shell that he inserts into the magazine is merely a brass case containing some of the white man's magic.

The story of an Eskimo tribe leader's reaction to the telephone has been frequently mentioned. Telephone communication had been established between MacMillan's ship and the observation station. The tribe leader saw a white man using the telephone and listened intently while one of the exploration party tried to explain the working of the telephone. To the amusement of the spectators, he shouted into the instrument, and then ran to the other end of the telephone to hear his voice. Failing in this, he cut the wire to see whether there was a hole in it, and then dismissed the matter in disgust as a piece of white man's trickery.

The impoverished state of the Eskimo mind so far as modern progress is concerned, is due very largely, of course, to the fact that he receives no news from the outside world, except what is carried by an occasional fishing boat casting anchor at one or another point along the shore.

It is easy to realize what radio will mean to these people who live on codfish and beans the year round.

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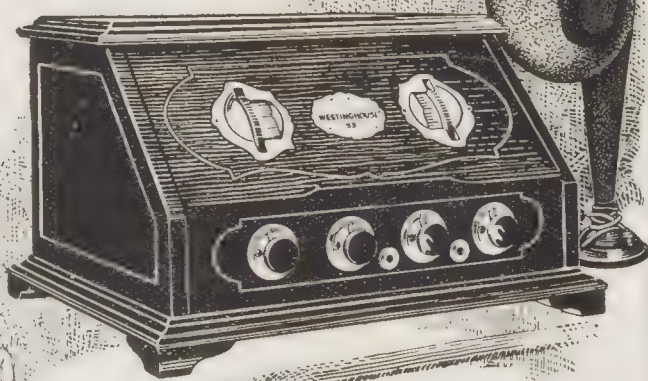
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Extreme selectivity and marvelously easy tuning is accomplished through the use of the new straight line frequency condensers. The four UV199 tubes, with the power amplifying tube is a combination of maximum efficiency and economy. New type vernier tuning controls and a handsome walnut cabinet of period design make this a set that is beyond comparison, both in appearance and in performance. Any set made by Westinghouse is acknowledged the leader in its class. And here is their latest! A masterpiece of 5 tube sets—NOW made available to every home through this exceptional offer!

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Yes, \$5 down and easy monthly payments will buy this set and complete outfit, all ready to set up and operate. Why get along with an inferior set when it is so easy to own the best—the newest development of the great Westinghouse factories?

2 Weeks Free Trial—

Wherever you live, you can use this outfit in your home for two weeks, without obligation to keep it unless it is just what you want. Don't wait. Write today for details of this great offer. Get our big radio book, showing this set and all other Westinghouse models, 2, 3 and 4 tube sets. Write us at once.

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Dept. R-108
110 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.
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110 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.
311 King Street, E., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: Please send me your free book telling all about the wonderful Westinghouse No. 55—your special price offer, terms, and easy monthly payment plan! I understand that this request places me under no obligation.

Name _____
Address _____
Province _____

List of United States Broadcasting Stations

In October we published a list of Canadian Broadcasters, this month appears the first installment of American stations, the balance will be printed in the columns of the December issue. The data has been compiled with care and should be up-to-date for a long time to come as not many new stations are now taking the air, although some of the present broadcasters are increasing their power. And so, we believe that these three numbers—October, November and December—will be of particular interest to our radio listeners—in and suggest that you keep these copies pretty handy to your set as one of these nights you may want to know in a hurry the identity of KGW and where it is located. A word to the wise!

KDKA	Westinghouse Electric & Mfg., Co.	East Pittsburg, Pa.	309
KDLR	Radio Electric Co.	Devils Lake, N.D.	231
KDPM	Westinghouse Electric & Mfg., Co.	Cleveland, Ohio	270
KDYL	Newhouse Hotel	Salt Lake City, Utah	250
KDZB	Frank E. Siefert	Bakerfield, Calif.	240
KDZI	Electric Supply Co.	Wenatchee, Wash.	360
KFAB	Nebraska Buick Auto Co., 13th & Que Sts.	Lincoln, Nebr.	341
KFAD	McArthur Bros. Mercantile Co.	Phoenix, Ariz.	273
KFAE	State College of Washington	Pullman, Wash.	348
KFAF	Western Radio Corporation	Denver, Colo.	278
KFAJ	University of Colorado	Boulder, Colo.	360
KFAN	University of Idaho	Moscow, Idaho	230
KFAU	Boise High School	Boise, Idaho	271
KFAW	The Radio Den (W. B. Ashford)	Santa Ana, Calif.	280
KFBB	F. A. Buttrey & Co.	Harve, Mont.	360
KFBC	W. K. Asbill	San Diego, Calif.	278
KFBG	First Presbyterian Church	Tacoma, Wash.	250
KFBK	Kimball-Upson Co.	Sacramento, Calif.	283
KFBL	Leese Bros.	Everett, Wash.	224
KFBS	School District No. One	Trinidad, Colorado	238
KFCB	Neilson Radio Supply Co.	Phoenix, Ariz.	238
KFCC	The First Congregational Church	Helena, Mont.	248
KFCF	Frank A. Moore	Walla Walla, Wash.	256
KFCZ	Omaha Central High School	Omaha, Nebr.	258
KFDD	St. Michael's Cathedral	Boise, Idaho	252
KFDH	University of Arizona	Tucson, Ariz.	368
KFDJ	Oregon Agricultural College	Corvallis, Oreg.	254
KFDM	Magnolia Petroleum Co.	Beaumont, Texas	315
KFDX	First Baptist Church	Shreveport, La.	360
KFDY	South Dakota State College	Brookings, S. Dak.	360
KFDZ	Harry O. Iverson	Minneapolis, Minn.	238
KFEC	Meier & Frank Co.	Portland, Oreg.	244
KFEK	Augsburg Seminary	Minneapolis, Minn.	261
KFEL	Winner Radio Corp.	Denver, Colo.	251
KFEQ	J. L. Scroggin	Oak, Nebr.	268
KFEY	Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mining and Concentrating Co.	Kellogg, Idaho	233
KFFP	First Baptist Church	Moberly, Mo.	260
KFFV	Graceland College	Lamoni, Iowa	280
KFCB	Heidbreder Radio Supply Co.	Utica, Neb.	224
KFGC	Louisiana State University	Baton Rouge, La.	254
KFGD	Chickasha Radio & Electric Co.	Chickasha, Okla.	248
KFGH	Leland Stanford University	Stanford University, Calif.	273
KFCS	Cary Hardware Co.	Boone, Iowa	226
KFHA	Western State College of Colorado	Gunnison, Colo.	252
KFHH	Ambrose A. McCue	Neah Bay, Wash.	261
KFHL	Penn. College	Oskaloosa, Iowa	240
KFI	E. C. Anthony, Inc.	Los Angeles, Calif.	468
KFIF	Benson Polytechnic Institute	Portland, Oreg.	248
KFIO	North Central High School	Spokane, Wash.	252
KFIQ	First Methodist Church	Yakima, Wash.	242
KFIU	Alaska Electric Light & Power Co.	Juneau, Alaska	226
KFIZ	Daily Commonwealth	Fond du Las, Wis.	273
KFJB	Marshall Electrical Co.	Marshalltown, Iowa	248
KFJC	R. B. Fegan (Episcopal Church)	Junction City, Kansas	219
KFJF	National Radio Manufacturing Co.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	252
KFJI	Liberty Theatre (E. E. Marsh)	Astoria, Oreg.	252
KFJL	Hardsaag Manufacturing Co.	Ottumwa, Iowa	242
KFJM	University of North Dakota	Grand Forks, N. Dak.	280
KFJR	Ashley C. Dixon & Son	Stevensville, Mont.	258
KFJX	Iowa State Teacher's College	Cedar Falls, Iowa	280
KFJY	Turnbull Radio Co.	Fort Dodge, Iowa	246
KFJZ	W. E. Branch	Fort Worth, Texas	254
KFKA	Colorado State Teacher's College	Greely, Colo.	273
KFKO	Conway Radio Laboratories (Ben H. Woodruff)	Conway, Ark.	250
KFKU	The University of Kansas	Lawrence, Kans.	275
KFKX	Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.	Hastings, Nebr.	288
KFLD	Paul E. Greenlaw	Franklinton, La.	234
KFLP	Everett M. Foster	Cedar Rapids, Ia.	256
KFLR	University of New Mexico	Albuquerque, New Mexico	254
KFLU	Rio Grande Radio Supply House	San Benito, Texas	236
KFLV	Rev. A. T. Frykman	Rockford, Ill.	229
KFLX	George Roy Clough	Galveston, Texas	240
KFLZ	Atlantic Automobile Co.	Atlantic, Ia.	273
KFMB	Christian Churches	Little Rock, Ark.	254
KFMQ	University of Arkansas	Fayetteville, Ark.	299
KFMR	Morningside College	Sioux City, Iowa	261
KFMW	M. G. Sateren	Houghton, Mich.	266
KFMX	Carleton College	Northfield, Minn.	336
KFNF	Henry Field Steel Co.	Shenandoah, Iowa	266
KFNG	Wooten's Radio Shop	Coldwater, Miss.	254
KFNV	L. A. Blake Battery and Radio Supply Shop	Santa Rosa, Calif.	234
KFOA	Rhodes Department Store	Seattle, Wash.	454
KFOL	Leslie M. Schaffbush	Marengo, Iowa	234
KFON	Echophone Radio Shop	Long Beach, Calif.	234
KFOO	Latter Day Saints University	Salt Lake City, Utah	261
KFOP	Rohrer Elec. Co.	Marshfield, Ore.	240
KFOR	David City Tire & Electric Co.	David City, Nebr.	226
KFOT	College Hill Radio Club	Wichita, Kansas	231
KFOX	Board of Education, Technical High School	Omaha, Nebraska	248
KFOY	Beacon Radio Service	St. Paul, Minn.	226
KFPG	Garretson and Dennis	Los Angeles, Calif.	238
KFPL	C. C. Baxter	Dublin, Texas	242
KFPM	The New Furniture Co.	Greenville, Texas	242
KFPR	Los Angeles County Forestry Dept.	Los Angeles, Calif.	231
KFPT	Cape & Johnson	Salt Lake City, Utah	286
KFPW	St. Johns M. E. Church	Carterville, Mo.	268
KFPY	Symons Investment Co.	Spokane Wash.	283
KFOA	The Principia	St. Louis, Mo.	264
KFOB	The Searchlight Publishing Co.	Fort Worth, Texas	221
KFOC	Kidd Brothers Radio Shop	Taft, Calif.	258
KFOH	Radio Service Co.	Burlingame, Calif.	231
KFOP	G. S. Carson, Jr.	Iowa City, Ia.	284
KFOT	Texas National Guard	Dennison, Texas	252
KFOU	W. Riker	Holy City, Calif.	253
KFOV	C. F. Knierim	North Bend, Wash.	248
KFOZ	Taft Products Co.	Hollywood, Calif.	240
KFRC	City of Paris Dry Doods Co.	San Francisco, Calif.	268
KFRU	Etherical Radio Co.	Bristow, Okla.	394
KFRW	United Churches of Olympia	Olympia, Wash.	220
KFRX	J. Gordon Klemgard	Pullman, Wash.	217
KFRZ	The Electric Shop	Hartington, Neb.	222
KFSG	Angelus Temple	Los Angeles, Calif.	272
KFSY	The Van Blaricon Co.	Helena, Mont.	261
KFUJ	Hopper Plumbing and Heating Co.	Breckenridge, Minn.	242
KFUL	Thomas Goggan & Bros. Music Co.	Galveston, Texas	258
KFUM	W. D. Pyle	Colorado Springs, Colo.	242
KFUO	Concordia Seminary	St. Louis, Mo.	549
KFUP	Fitzsimmons General Hospital	Denver, Colo.	234
KFUQ	Julius Brunton and Sons Co.	San Francisco, Calif.	234
KFUR	H. W. Peery and C. Redfield	Ogden, Utah	224
KFUS	Louis L. Sherman	Oakland, Calif.	233
KFUT	University of Utah	Salt Lake City, Utah	271
KFUU	Colburn Radio Labs	San Leandro, Calif.	231
KFUZ	Y. M. C. A.	Virginia, Minn.	244
KFVD	McWhinnie Electric Co.	San Pedro, Calif.	202
KFVE	Film Corporation of America	St. Louis, Mo.	245
KFVF	Clarence B. Juneau	Hollywood, Calif.	208
KFVG	First M. E. Church	Independence, Kansas	236
KFVH	Whan Radio Shop (Herbert Whan)	Manhattan, Kansas	218

Continued on page 46



"When You and I
Were Seventeen"

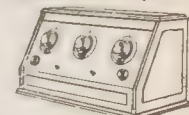
—Painting by Andrew Loomis



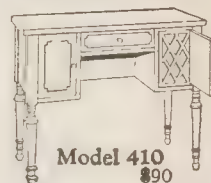
Model 300—\$90



Model 325—\$112



Model 305—\$135

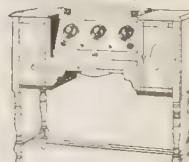


Model 410
\$90

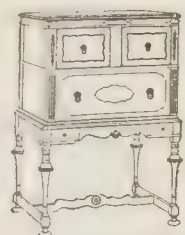
Console Table including Built-in Speaker and Battery Compartment, without Radio.



Model 310—\$250



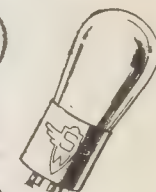
Model 315—\$400



Model 320
\$635



Model 400
Reproducer
\$35
Model 405
\$27.50



Radio Tube
Model S.W.
501-A
\$3.50

Complete Radio Satisfaction

RADIO sets are being bought to-day in much the same manner as are motor cars. Less and less interest is being displayed in circuits, "dynes" and other technical details, and more and more interest is being given to the reputation, stability and permanence of the radio manufacturer.

A good name, and a clean slate were important assets that we carried into the radio business. They give us a tremendous advantage.

The name "Stewart-Warner" appearing on the exterior of a radio instrument gives you a comfortable feeling that all is well within the cabinet. You know that any merchandise bearing this name is *quality* merchandise.

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usage had proved dependable. Moreover, for manufacturing our radio line, we installed the most modern and efficient equipment that it was possible to obtain.

So, Stewart-Warner Radio Units are individually perfect. And what is equally as important, each unit, the Instrument, the Tube, the Reproducer and the Accessories are *matched* together for perfect functioning with each other.

Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio performs in just the way you have always wanted a radio set to perform. It has fine tone quality, plenty of volume and great selectivity.

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When you hear a Stewart-Warner set, you will realize what complete radio satisfaction means!

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
CHICAGO U. S. A.



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Kathryn Browne
Chicago Civic Opera Contralto
The Voice That Cheered The Boys in France
Imperial Male Quartet
Victor Record Artists

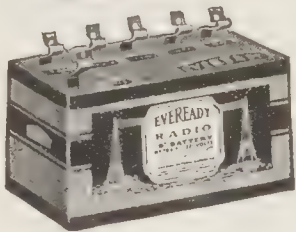
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THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPERS

FOR THE ABOVE SAILINGS

BOOK NOW for Choice Accommodation

ASK THE TICKET AGENT

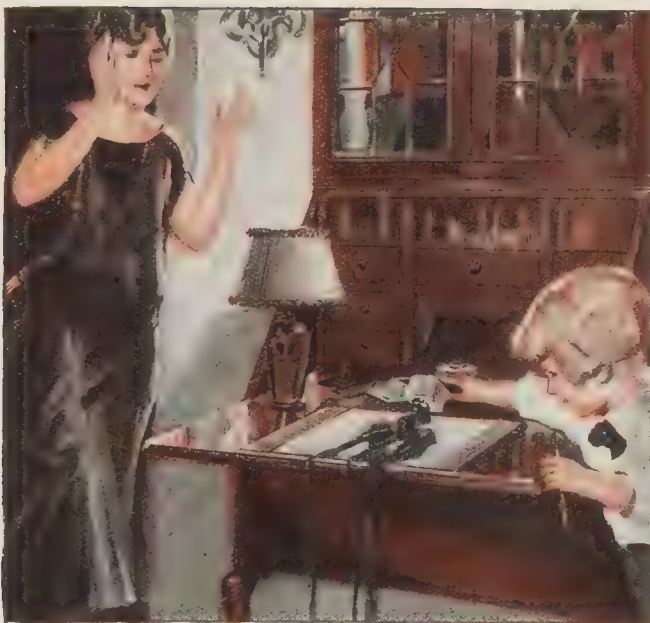
CANADIAN PACIFIC

List of United States Broadcasting Stations

Continued from page 44

KFVI	Headquarters Troop, 56th Cavalry	Houston, Texas	248
KFVN	Carl E. Bagley	Welcome, Minn.	227
KFVO	F. M. Henry	Kirkville, Mo.	226
KFVR	Moonlight Ranch	Route 6, Denver, Colo.	246
KFVS	Cape Girardeau Battery Station	Cape Girardeau, Mo.	224
KFVY	Radio Supply Co.	Albuquerque, N.M.	250
KFVZ	Glad Tidings Tabernacle	San Francisco, Calif.	234
KFWA	Browning Bros. Co.	Ogden, Utah	214
KFWB	Warner Bros.	Hollywood, Calif.	252
KFWC	L. E. Wall	Upland, Calif.	211
KFWV	Wilbur Jernan	385 58th St. S., Portland, Ore.	212
WGBU	Florida Cities Finance Co.	Fulford By-The-Sea, Florida	278
KFXB	Bertram O. Heller	Big Bear Lake, Calif.	203
KFXD	Arkansas Light & Power Co.	Arkadelphia, Arkansas	266
KFXE	St. Louis Truth Centre	St. Louis, Mo.	214
KFXF	F. Wellington Morse, Jr.	Chico, Calif.	254
KFWI	Radio Entertainments Inc.	South San Francisco, Calif.	220
KFWM	Oakland Educational Society	Oakland, Calif.	224
KFWO	Lawrence Mott	Avalon, Calif.	211
KFWP	Rio Grande Radio Supply House	Brownsville, Texas	214
KFWU	Louisiana College	Pineville, La.	238
KFXC	Santa Maria Valley Railroad Co.	Santa Maria, Calif.	210
KFXD	L. H. Strong	Logan, Utah	205
KFXE	Electrical Research & Mfg. Co.	Waterloo, Iowa	236
KFXF	Pikes Peak Broadcasting Co.	Colorado Springs, Colo.	250
KGB	Tacoma Daily Ledger	Tacoma, Wash.	252
KGO	General Electric Co.	Oakland, Calif.	361
KGU	Marion A. Mulrony	Honolulu, Hawaii, Waikiki Beach	370
KGW	Portland Morning Oregonian	Portland, Ore.	491
KGY	St. Martins College (Rev. Sebastian Ruth)	Lacy, Wash.	253
KHJ	Times-Mirror Co.	Los Angeles, Calif.	405
KHO	Louis Wasmer	Seattle, Wash.	273
KJR	Northwest Radio Service Co.	Seattle, Wash.	384
KJS	Bible Institute of Los Angeles, Inc.	Los Angeles, Calif.	293
KLDS	Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints	Independence, Mo.	441
KLS	Warner Brothers Radio Supplies Co.	Oakland, Calif.	242
KLX	Tribune Publishing Co.	Oakland, Calif.	508
KLZ	Reynolds Radio Co.	Denver, Colo.	283
KMJ	San Joaquin Light & Power Corp.	Fresno, Calif.	243
KMO	Love Electric Co.	Tacoma, Wash.	250
KNX	Los Angeles Evening Express	Los Angeles, Calif.	337
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver, Colo.	323
KOB	New Mexico College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts	State College, N. Mex.	348
KOIL	Monarch Manufacturing Co.	Council Bluffs, Iowa	278
KOP	Detroit Police Department	Detroit, Mich.	286
KPO	Hale Bros.	San Francisco, Calif.	428
KPPC	Pasadena Presbyterian Church	Pasadena, Calif.	229
KPRC	Houston Post-Dispatch	Houston, Texas	270
KOP	Apple City, Radio Club	Hood River, Oregon	270
KOV	Doubleday-Hill Electric Co.	Pittsburg, Pa.	270
KOW	Charles D. Herrold	San Jose, Calif.	226
KRE	V. C. Battery & Electric Co.	Berkeley, Calif.	275
KSAC	Kansas State Agricultural College	Manhattan, Kans.	341
KSD	Post Dispatch (Pulitzer Pub. Co.)	St. Louis, Mo.	545
KSL	Radio Service Corp. of Utah	Salt Lake City, Utah	299
KTAB	Tenth Ave. Baptist Church	Oakland, Calif.	216
KTCL	American Radio Telephone Co., Inc.	Seattle, Wash.	306
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel Co.	Hot Springs, Ark.	375
KTW	First Presbyterian Church	Seattle, Wash.	455
KUO	Examiner Printing Co.	San Francisco, Calif.	246
KUOM	State University of Montana	Missoula, Montana	244
KUPR	Union Pacific Railroad Co.	Omaha, Neb.	270
KWG	Portable Wireless Telephone Co.	Stockton, Calif.	248
KWK	Wilson Duncan Studios	Kansas City, Mo.	236
KWWG	City of Brownsville	Brownsville, Texas	278
KYO	Electric Shop	Honolulu, Hawaii	270
KYW	Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	Chicago, Ill.	535
KZM	Preston D. Allen	Oakland, Calif.	242
WAAB	Valdemar Jensen	New Orleans, La.	263
WAAC	Tulane University	New Orleans, La.	275
WAAD	Ohio Mechanic's Institute	Cincinnati, Ohio	248
WAAF	Chicago Daily Drivers Journal	Chicago, Ill.	286
WAAM	I. R. Nelson Co.	Newark, N.J.	263
WAAP	Omaha Grain Exchange	Omaha, Neb.	285
WABA	Lake Forest University	Lake Forest, Ill.	227
WABB	Harrisburg Sporting Goods Co.	Harrisburg, Pa.	266
WABC	Ashville Battery Co., Inc.	Ashville, N. C.	254
WABI	Bangor Railway & Electric Co.	Bangor, Me.	240
WABL	Connecticut Agricultural College	Sorrs, Conn.	283
WABO	Lake Avenue Baptist Church	Rochester, N.Y.	283
WABQ	Haverford College, Radio Club	Haverford, Pa.	261
WABR	Scott High School, N.W.B. Foley	Toledo, Ohio	270
WABW	College of Wooster	Wooster, Ohio	234
WABX	Henry B. Joy	Mt. Clemens, Mich.	270
WABY	John Magaldi, Jr.	Philadelphia, Pa.	242
WABZ	Coliseum Place Baptist Church	New Orleans, La.	263
WADC	Allen T. Simmons (Allen Theatre)	Akron, Ohio	258
WADF	Albert B. Parfet Co.	Port Huron, Mich.	233
WAHG	A. H. Grebe & Co.	Richmond Hill, N.Y.	315
WAPI	Alabama Polytechnic Institute	Auburn, Ala.	248
WAMD	Hubbard & Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.	241
WBAA	Purdue University	W. Lafayette, Ind.	283
WBAC	Clemson Agric. College	Clemson College, S.C.	331
WBAH	The Dayton Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.	417
WBAK	Pennsylvania State Police	Harrisburg, Pa.	275
WBAO	James Millikan University	Decatur, Ill.	360
WBAP	Wortham-Carter Publishing Co. (Star Telegram)	Fort Worth, Texas	476
WBAV	Erner & Hopkins Co.	Columbus, Ohio	292
WBAX	John H. Stenger, Jr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	254
WBAY	Western Electric Co.	New York, N.Y.	492
WBBG	Irving Vermilya	Mattapoisett, Mass.	248
WBBL	Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church	Richmond, Va.	253
WBBM	Atlas Investment Co.	Chicago, Ill.	226
WBBN	Blake, A. B.	Wilmington, N.C.	275
WBBP	Petosky High School	Petoskey, Mich.	246
WBBR	People's Pulpit Assoc.	Rossville, N.Y.	273
WBBT	First Baptist Church	New Orleans, La.	252
WBBU	Jenks Motor Sales Co.	Monmouth, Ill.	224
WBBX	Ruffner Junior High School	Norfolk, Va.	222
WBBY	Washington Light Infantry Co. "B" 118th Inf.	Charleston, S.C.	268
WBBC	Foster & McDoland	Chicago, Ill.	266
WBDC	Baxter Laundry Co.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	256
WBES	Bliss Electrical School	Tacoma Park, Md.	222
WBG	Jones Elec. & Radio Mfg. Co.	Baltimore, Md.	254
WBOO	A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc.	Richmond Hill, N.Y.	236
WBOR	Pennsylvania State Police	Butler, Pa.	286
WBRC	Bell Radio Corporation	Birmingham, Ala.	248
WBRE	Baltimore Radio Exchange	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	231
WBS	D. W. May, Inc.	Newark, N.J.	252
WBT	Southern Radio Corp.	Charlotte, N.C.	275
WBZ	Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	Springfield, Mass.	333
WBZA	Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Mass.	242
WCAD	St. Lawrence University	Canton, N.Y.	280
WCAE	Kaufmann & Baer Co. and The Pittsburg Press	Pittsburg, Pa.	461
WCAH	Entrekin Electric Co.	Columbus, Ohio	286
WCAJ	Nebraska Wesleyan University	University Place, Nebr.	283
WCAL	St. Olaf College	Northfield, Minn.	336
WCAO	Sanders & Stayman Co.	Baltimore, Md.	275
WCAP	Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co.	Washington, D.C.	468
WCAR	Alamo Radio Electric Co.	San Antonio, Texas	263
WCAS	W. H. Dunwoody Industrial Institute	Minneapolis, Minn.	280
WCAT	State College of Mines	Rapid City, S. Dak.	240
WCAU	Durham & Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.	278
WCAX	University of Vermont	Burlington, Vt.	250
WCAZ	Carthage College	Carthage, Ill.	246
WCBA	Charles W. Heibachm	Allentown, Pa.	280
WCBC	University of Michigan	Ann Arbor, Mich.	280
WCBD	Wilbur C. Voliva	Zion, Ill.	344
WCBE	Uhalt Radio Co.	New Orleans, La.	263
WCBF	Paul J. Miller	Pittsburg, Pa.	236
WCBG	Howard S. Williams (Portable)	Pascagoula, Miss.	268
WCBH	University of Miss.	Oxford, Miss.	242
WCBM	Charles Swarz	Baltimore, Md.	229

Continued on page 72



NOT THIS



BUT THIS

To make Rugs Safe from Spilly Inkwells Have a Duofold on the Home Desk

For the young folks' school work—for your own writing, too

No variation in hands can distort
this jewel-smooth point—Guaranteed 25 years

ONE pen that you would be willing to have the whole family use—did ever such a pen exist before? You know how soon awry would be the point of the ordinary pen if you permitted different hands to write with it. That was the chief excuse for old style pens and spilly inkwells. People wouldn't trust their fountain pens to everyone's way of writing.

But this super-writer—the handsome Parker Duofold Pen—has created a new situation that makes inkwells needless. For here is a point no style of writing can distort. That's why the Parker Duofold is used instead of ordinary pens to register guests at clubs and hotels. The Parker Duofold point is extra thick gold tipped with polished Iridium—guaranteed 25 years not only for mechanical perfection—but WEAR!

So now are thousands of Parker Duofolds not only carried in the pocket and the handbag, and worn on the chatelaine, but

thousands of writing desk Duofolds are left where all the family can freely use them. And these homes do not have to have spilly inkwells about, periling the rugs and furniture with calamity and ruin.

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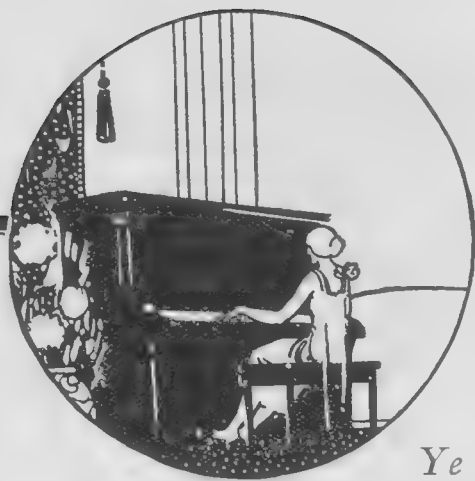
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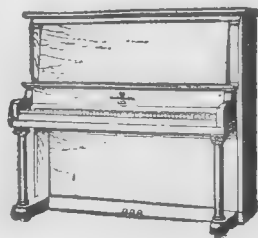
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MUSICAL ITEMS

Music as Medicine

By Arthur Mason

THE value of music to persons suffering physical or mental illness is being discussed in many places, and medical scientists are recording more and more frequently the result of investigations they have made in respect of music as medicine for body and mind.

In hospital wards, in asylums, in convalescent homes, where the effect of music as stimulus, or as sedative, is being tested many times and in many ways, the general result is to prove that, although music cannot cure illness, at least it can alleviate suffering, can produce, not in all minds, it is true, but in minds that are susceptible to music's appeal, a condition that in more or less degree is of benefit to the sufferer.

Soothing or Stimulating Influence

It would be strange if this were not so. The soothing or the stimulating influence of music is well-known to hosts of persons in good health who have experienced this power of it to lay a restful touch upon the heart, and to energize the flagging spirit. Music has its universal appeal not only because it is pleasant to listen to, but also because its way of quietening the mind and of stirring the emotions is of direct value in hours when worry presses or when the emotions are jaded. That is one of the medicinal benefits of music—for an influence that calms the excited nerves, or impels the tired heart to new activity, is undoubtedly a healing influence.

In the case of listeners who are definitely ill, this medicinal effect of

music is less certain. The condition set up by illness varies both with the individual and with the particular form or degree of illness he suffers. Some persons and some stages of sickness are, of course, more responsive than others to the appeal of music, and it is for this reason that we have on the one hand well-proved cases of the value of music in sickness, and on the other hand equally well-proved cases of its failure to do very much. There can be little doubt, however, that in the majority of cases where the condition of the patient allows a chance to music, its influence upon his mind is a healing, softening, soothing, or invigorating influence likely to be of no small benefit to him.

Music as Consolation and Relief

Medical testimony, it may fairly be said, definitely supports those who claim for music that it is medicine for the mind. The convalescent, cheered by the enlivening strain of it, is helped towards recovery. The anxious or the pain-stricken patient is the better able to bear his suffering in so far as the interest or the charm of music can make him forget it. Even the mentally afflicted, in certain types of brain disease seem to find in music at least a pleasure if it cannot be a remedy. And any of us, though his only ailment be that of "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," has in music a consolation that will lighten the burden of it, and a relief that will ease its strain upon heart and mind.

How the Music Memory Contest is Conducted

WHILE the Music Memory Contest idea is not new in Canada by any means, yet its purpose and scope as a factor in the musical education of school children may not be fully understood by scores of people.

Briefly, the function of the Musical Memory Contest is to acquaint the school children of the country with the best musical compositions, the best composers, the various forms of music, etc., and to instil generally into their beings a genuine love of good music. In other words, it is a method of teaching in our schools the appreciation of music. The idea originated with C. M. Tremaine, Directors of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, New York. In the seven years which have elapsed since the birth of the Music Memory Contest idea, nearly 1,200 cities and districts in United States, it is said, have held contests. Several have, during that time, been held in various Canadian centres also, such as Ottawa, Hamilton, Brampton and Toronto.

The school supervisor of music is the person usually looked upon as the one to initiate the contest in his or her locality. When the decision is made to proceed, here is, in brief, the method which will doubtless be pursued:

The supervisor will, first of all, enlist the support of the local school board; the outside community interests, such as musical societies, women's clubs, chambers of commerce, music dealers and newspapers; and the enthusiasm and co-operation of the school children. The last is always forthcoming.

Then it is a matter of introducing the contest to the pupils themselves. The contestants incidentally, should be pupils of equal or similar training and opportunities.

A list of good musical compositions, from thirty to fifty is selected. In compiling these lists try to use compositions that the young people will hear in drawing rooms and concert halls. Two, three or four are played to the pupils each day.

Before the composition is played, the pupils are told who wrote it, his nationality, when he wrote it and the story or theme the composer wished to tell or develop, how the various instruments were used to tell it, and so forth. After a period of about two months' preparation, preliminary, and then final, contests are held. The pupils are furnished with tally cards—about fifteen of the compositions or extracts from them are played, and after each one the pupils write down the name of the composition, the name of the composer, his nationality, and probably very briefly the story told. Prizes and awards, of course, are given for individual and school teams. These final contests are made a community affair, often the parents and friends joining in by themselves to see how many they can recognize. The interest of the whole community can be aroused in these contests—the homes arranging extra opportunities for their children to hear the compositions. Music teachers give recitals, using these pieces; moving picture houses, young people's societies, women's clubs, etc., also arrange recitals, using the tests, etc.

Suitable and adequate rewards for the winners, in the form of medals, trophies, or emblems, should be given. In this way, constant and increasing interest in the school and community are ensured.

This is the bare outline of how a Music Memory Contest is usually held. It may, however, have the effect of clearing the reader's mind on a point which had hitherto been vague.

The Words of a Song

A celebrated singer was singing one night at a concert Tosti's "Good-bye," when, at the beginning of the third verse, she completely forgot the words. Her accompanist prompted her by whispering the forgotten line. "What are we waiting for?"—he said earnestly, and twice over. Madame glared at him, and whispered back angrily—"I've forgotten the words, you silly idiot!"

Sir Richard Terry Expresses His Views on Future of Phonograph

IT is exceedingly interesting to have the expressed opinion of so eminent a musician as Sir Richard Terry upon the phonograph, and to find that his views are in every way favorable to the instrument.

Sir Richard was speaking at the first Gramophone Congress at Westminster, in London, England, recently. In the course of his remarks the speaker said that it seemed but the other day when everybody abused the phonograph, either as a mere toy, or an instrument without any soul in it. But in spite of this, the phonograph had gone on perfecting itself, and he was present as a representative of the musical profession in a penitential mood to apologize for the hostility or indifference which had been shown to a wonderful piece of musical mechanism.

How much music was there that did not owe its existence to the interposition of some mechanism between the composer and the performer and the musical public? If we were going to say that a sound-box was something wrong in itself, why were we making music all day by means of mechanical sound producers? If we conceded that the piano and the

organ and the 'cello were musical instruments—not to mention the oboe!—why stop at the phonograph?

Sir Richard confessed he had always been unable to understand a certain "high-brow" attitude to the phonograph, but was glad to say that it was a passing phrase, such as all new inventions met with, that was swiftly passing away. The difference between one musical instrument and another was not one of principal, but one of degree, and it was only a question of time when the phonograph would be recognized as a source of surest joy as well as amusement. He was glad to think that from the beginning he, personally had recognized the possibilities of the phonograph, the future of which he believed was a great one. The phonograph had an educational as well as recreative value which could not but be increasingly recognized as time went on.

One by one all the leading musicians have come into line as recognizing not only the present musical value of the phonograph, but also its vast future possibilities, and it is pleasing to note that Sir Richard Terry has added his distinguished tribute.

A Stunt for Your Musical Club Entertainment

CLUB leaders who are on the alert for a novelty in the way of club entertainment—and most club leaders are—will find that an extremely pleasant and profitable evening may be devised through having the lady members costumed as the heroines of the famous operas. The names that suggest themselves offhand in this connection are:

Madame Butterfly ... Japanese costume
Aida ... Egyptian costume
Carmen ... Spanish costume
Lucia ... Scotch costume
Marguerite ... Gretchen costume
Delilah ... Conventional Costume of that period.

and so on.

It doesn't take much stretch of the imagination to see that in having such an evening, not only does the carnival

spirit enter and permit of originality on the part of the club members, but the opportunity of introducing fitting music—and everyone loves music—is afforded. Violin solos, piano solos, songs or other types of musical entertainment from the operas may be assigned to the members, depending on circumstances. This choice of selection will govern to some extent the costumes too.

And speaking of costumes, these do not necessarily have to be elaborate. Some clubs have adopted the plan of making a few simple ornaments about the head and neck carry out the suggestion of notorious operatic figures, thus avoiding the expense of having entire dresses made.

If your club has never tried anything along this line, the suggestion will likely meet with the hearty approval from all. Certainly it is worth while trying.

Functions of the Sunday School Orchestra

NOT so many years ago an orchestra in a Sunday School was an almost unheard of thing. That is not the case today. With the remarkable growth of music in all phases of life during the past few years has come a corresponding growth in orchestral playing—and the Sunday School has been one of the important places where the growth of orchestras has been most noticeable. And why not?

Here, indeed, is a place where the orchestra can be made a very important adjunct of worship. In fact, there are, according to a well-known Canadian Sunday School Superintendent, several uses for the orchestra in this particular work. "In this connection," he says, "I would put first a responsibility for enriching the worship programme of the school. I have used the word 'enriching' with care. It is not the place of the orchestra to usurp or even to dominate this programme. The orchestra is not an end in itself, but is rather a means to an end. Much distress of mind will be saved if this is fully understood by all concerned.

"Again, the orchestra may be a valuable adjunct to the work of the school on public occasions in connection with church services and the like, and also in connection with social or entertainment features carried on by the school. I would make this secondary to the first purpose stated.

"Still again I look upon the orchestra as an extremely valuable aid in furnishing an outlet for expression in service. I would put this value at a very high point. It is an additional avenue of expression in a field in which we have

discovered, so far, all too few. Every young person who gives his service in the orchestra as a result should be more loyal to the work of the church school than if that young person was simply receiving instead of giving.

"How may the orchestra enrich the worship programme of the school? Out of an experience as church school superintendent, I offer the following suggestions:

"By having a proper balance of suitable instruments and by wise modulation. An over-noisy instrument or an orchestra, too loud as a whole, does not contribute to the worship values of a programme. Wind instruments have this hurtful effect. A saxophone played as in a jazz band has no place in such an orchestra; if, however, it is played quietly, reverently, its mellow tones give a rich volume to the harmony. The effect of quiet harmony should be sought as over against mere volume of sound.

"To enrich the worship programme, the orchestra will need to fit its own work into the spirit of the hour. If there is an opening overture it should contribute to the quieting process desirable in opening a school.

"In the matter of the singing, the orchestra should accompany rather than lead. It is more commonly used as an aid in leading the singing, with the result that quite often there is very little following. Frequently, unless the leadership of singing is well done, the school stops singing, in whole or in part, and lets the orchestra do the work. When this happens the orchestra may become a hindrance rather than an aid."



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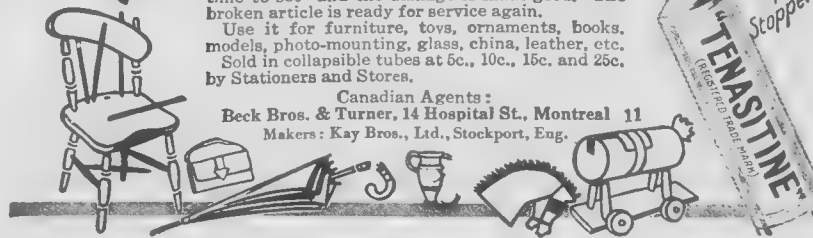
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—When I Told Them I Learned Music Without a Teacher

YOU could have heard a pin drop! I had just finished playing Rubenstein's "Melody in F." My friends were dumbfounded—they couldn't believe their ears. At last I was the centre of attraction instead of a mere onlooker!

"Why you didn't know a thing about music not so long ago, Bob?" "How in the world did you ever do it?" A note of half envy, half admiration crept into their voices. "Oh, he's been taking lessons for years and has kept it a secret!"—followed Betty and Sue. "You can't fool us though, you never learned to play that well without a teacher."

They were all wrong though. At first I didn't believe it was possible to learn music by mail. I thought I needed special "talent." But, thanks to a startling new simplified method, I soon discovered my mistake. It was simple as A-B-C, and actual FUN learning. Now I can play any piece of music—classical or jazz—and play real notes! I never have to refuse when I'm called upon to entertain. Now my life is just a joyous round of gay parties and admiring friends.

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The large amounts of mineral matter, especially iron, calcium, and phosphorus, add to the value of the berry. Especially is it liked as an accompaniment to meat. Its color and flavor add to the interest of a meal. The acid which it contains stimulates the kidneys to eliminate from the system the alkaline substances which have a tendency to cause rheumatism.

Cranberry Sauce

Cranberries, 1 qt.
Boiling water, 2 c.
Sugar, 2 c.

Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water together for 5 minutes. Skim, then add the berries which have been picked over and washed, and cook without stirring till the berries are transparent.

Strained Sauce

Use the quantities given above. Cook the berries and water till the fruit is clear, press through a strainer, add the sugar, and cook four or five minutes.

Cranberry Sauce II

Cranberries, 1 qt. Water, 1½ c.
Sugar 1½ c.

Wash and pick over the berries, add the sugar and water, and boil slowly till the skins burst. Skim and cool.

Sauce Number III

Make as number II, but do not add the sugar till a minute or two before the sauce is cooked.

Cranberry Jelly

Cranberries, 1 qt. Boiling water, 2 c.
Sugar

Cook the berries and water till the berries are soft. Strain through a jelly bag. Measure the juice, and to each pint add ¾ pints of sugar. Boil till it gives the jelly test (about 15 minutes), pour into molds.

Spiced Cranberry Jelly

When cooking the berries and sugar, cook with them 24 cloves, a few pieces of stick cinnamon, and 6 allspice, tied in a cheese-cloth bag; or add a few drops of the oils of the spices, which may be obtained from any drug store.

Cranberry Conserve

Cranberries, 4 c. Raisins, ¼ lb.
Water, 1½ c. Walnuts, ½ lb.
Orange, 1 Sugar, 3 c.

Pick over and wash the berries and cook in the water till they burst. Add the other ingredients and cook till thick, adding the broken nut meats last. Cut the orange in very thin slices. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses.

Cranberry Butter

Cranberries, 2 qts. Sugar, 2½ c.
Water, ¾ c.

Cook the berries and water till the skins burst, rub through a sieve, cook the juice a few minutes, then add the sugar and continue to cook gently till quite thick.

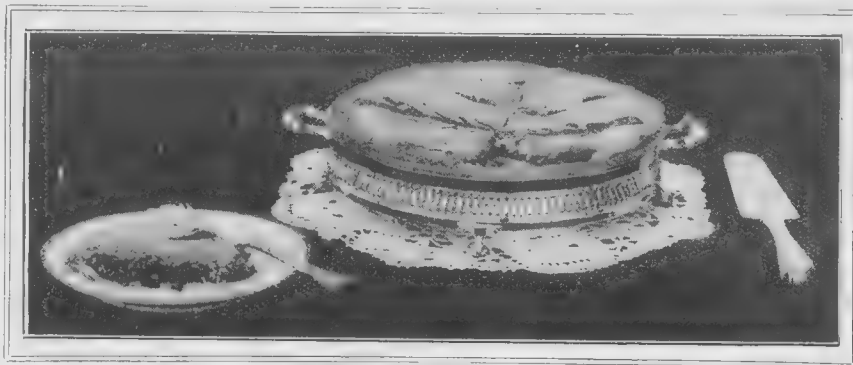
Cranberry Pie

Partly bake a pastry shell, cool and pour in cranberry sauce. Cover with strips of pastry, and finish baking.

Cranberry Meringue Pie

Cranberries, 2 c. Butter, 1 tb.
Sugar, 1½ c. Eggs, 2
Cold water, ½ c. Powdered sugar, 2 tb.
Flour, 1 tb. Vanilla, ½ t. ½

Cook the berries in a syrup made of the sugar and water, till they burst. Beat the egg yolks, stir them and the flour with enough juice from the berries to make a smooth paste, add to the fruit and cook till the flour is done. Stir in the butter and cool. Add the vanilla and pour into a baked pie shell. Cover with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten egg-whites



Mock Cherry Pie



Cranberry Jelly and Sauce

and powdered sugar. Place in a cool oven to brown slightly.

Mock Cherry Pie

Cranberries, 1 c. Seeded raisins, ½ c.
Flour, 1 tb. Sugar, ¾ c.
Butter, 1 t.

Mix the berries cut in halves, the raisins seeded and cut, and the flour. Put in a lined pie plate, dot with the butter, cover with an upper crust, and bake. A few drops of almond extract may be added to the fruit.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding

Sugar, 1 c. Flour, 3½ c.
Butter, ½ c. Baking powder, 4 t.
Eggs, 3 Milk, ½ c.
Cranberries, 1½ c.

Cream the sugar and butter, add the well-beaten eggs, then the flour and baking powder sifted together, alternately with the milk. Stir in the berries, and steam in a covered buttered mold for three hours. Serve with cream or vanilla or nutmeg sauce.

Cranberry Rolypoly

Make a good biscuit dough and roll to one-half inch thick. Spread with butter, cover with raw cranberries and a layer of sugar, roll up like a jelly roll, cut in half-inch slices, and bake in a hot oven. Serve with sauce.

Cranberry Mincemeat

Chopped Apples, 2 lbs. Vinegar or lemon juice, ½ c.
Sugar, 2 lbs. Raisins, 2 c.
Chopped peel, ½ c. Ground cloves, ¼ t.
Cranberry sauce, 2 c. Cinnamon, ¼ t.
Cooked chopped beef, 2 c. Water or stock, 2 c.
Mix all together and cook in a kettle till thick.

Cranberry Pudding Sauce

Sugar, 2 c. Butter, 1 tb.
Cranberry juice, 1 c. Lemon juice, 1 tb.
Corn starch, 1 tb.

Mix the sugar, corn starch, and fruit juice, and cook at least 10 minutes, preferably in a double boiler. Add the butter and serve with cottage, steamed, or corn-starch pudding.

Cranberry Frappe

Cranberries, 4 c. Sugar, 2 c.
Water, 2 c. Lemon juice, ¼ c.

Cook the berries in the water till they burst. Rub through a sieve, add the sugar and lemon juice, and freeze to a mush.

The lemon juice may be omitted, and the mixture poured into baking powder cans, filling them two-thirds full. Pack in equal parts of ice and salt, and let stand four hours. Cut in slices to serve.

Cranberry Catsup

Cranberries, 4 c. Vinegar, 1 c.
Water, 2 c. Paprika, ¼ t.
Sugar, 2 c. Salt, ½ t.

¼ t. each of any desired spices

Cook the berries and water, rub through a sieve, add the other ingredients, and simmer till thick.

To Candy Cranberries

Select large, firm, perfect berries. Wash and make a tiny cut or two in each one with a sharp-pointed paring knife, to permit the syrup to penetrate the berries.

For two cups of berries, make a syrup of two and one half cups of sugar and two and one half cups of water, boiled for five minutes. Cool, then add the berries and heat very slowly to the boiling point, to prevent the berries bursting. Remove from the stove, and let stand over night. Next day, drain the syrup from the berries, and boil it till it is reduced in volume one half. Put the berries in the thick syrup, and bring slowly to the boiling point, and simmer four or five minutes. Remove from the fire, and let stand for a few hours, then boil gently for another five minutes. The next day, drain off the syrup, and spread the berries on waxed paper to dry.

A kettle large enough to permit all the berries to float on top of the syrup, should be used.

Cranberry Brown Betty

Cranberries, 3 c. Apples, cut in pieces, 1 c.
Water, 1½ c. Melted butter, ¼ to ½ c.
Brown sugar, 1 c. Seedless raisins, ½ c.
Bread crumbs, 3 c.

Juice of an orange and grated rind

Put the cranberries and water in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Remove from the fire and add the sugar. Moisten crumbs with the melted butter. Put in alternate layers with the cranberries, raisins, and apples in a buttered baking-dish, having the top layer crumbs. Sprinkle each layer with the orange juice and rind. Bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with cream.



Your Kitchen Utensils

CONSIDERABLE care should be exercised in selecting one's kitchen equipment. It is well to ask one's self several questions before buying any new article. Will I use it frequently enough to warrant spending the money for it, or giving it space in my pantry? Is it as it is advertised to be? Is it of safe material for food? Is it durable? Has it parts which will soon wear out, which I might have difficulty in replacing? Is a handle or a bail more desirable? Is the lip on the proper side? Is it easy to clean, or has it seams, grooves, rough edges, corners? Is it of the proper shape and size for the purpose for which I will most frequently use it?

Utensils Best Adapted for Various Uses

Baking—

Bread-Tin or Russia Iron, (a sheet iron which has a polished blue-black surface). The latter is more durable than tin, and absorbs more heat.

Cake-Tin: heats rapidly, and does not scorch readily, but should be well cared for.

Cookies:

Large Russia iron sheets or heavy tin sheets. If used for no other purpose and kept clean a baking sheet may be warmed and rubbed very lightly with paraffin instead of grease.

Pie: Unchipped granite ware pie plates seem to give excellent results.

Meats: Iron or granite ware make the best roasting pans.

Frying—

Iron kettles give the best results in deep fat frying, and iron frying pans for sauteing.

Stewing—

Meats: Iron kettles, casseroles, aluminum and granite kettles, with tight-fitting covers, may all be used.

Fruits and vegetables: Aluminum and graniteware are satisfactory.

Special Utensils

Every kitchen should have an adequate stock of suitable knives. One not-very-sharp butcher knife for all purposes would ruin the best disposition. The meat knife should be kept for that use only. A bread knife, paring knife, and spatula are essentials.

In selecting knives only those in which the steel extends the full length of the handle, should be chosen. If the steel is narrowed to a point and glued into a wooden handle, it is sure to come out at the most inopportune time. Knives with wooden handles give the best service in the kitchen.

There are many types of egg-beaters on the market, but for general use many women find the Dover beater most satisfactory.

Spoons made of hard wood, which will not absorb flavors, have several advantages over those of metal. They are light in weight, do not discolor food, do not burn the hand, do not scratch metal surfaces, and do not make an unpleasant noise. Enamelled spoons are apt to bend and chip, which is dangerous, while aluminum spoons become too hot to handle, and are bad for discoloring both food and utensils.

Preparing New Utensils for Use

Glassware—

Tumblers, lamp chimneys, fruit jars and other articles of glass which are apt to be subject to intense heat, may be tempered by placing them in a large kettle of cold water, bringing slowly to the boiling point, then cooling gradually in the water.

Machinery with Gogs—

Such as egg-beaters and ice cream freezers. The places where there is friction should be well oiled, then operated

a number of times to be sure that the oil reaches all parts where it is wanted, then all surplus oil wiped off, before it comes in contact with food, and to insure not spattering one's clothes with oil.

Iron—

Iron is full of pores, which, if not closed up, would absorb flavors. Usually a new iron vessel is thoroughly cleaned then rubbed with unsalted fat, which is baked in. Others prefer to rub the kettle, inside and out, with the fat, allowing it to stand forty-eight hours, then clean in water to which has been added washing-soda in the proportion of 1 pound to 6 quarts of cold water. Iron grows smoother with use.

Tin—

Although the shiny appearance of new tin is spoiled by rubbing it with unsalted fat which is then baked in, this process protects it from rust, and enables it to hold heat longer.

Graniteware—

Chipping and cracking of the surface of granite ware are to a certain extent prevented by rubbing the article with fat before using it the first time, but the fat cannot be baked in as with tin and iron,

owing to the non-porous, glazed surface.

When a house is to be closed for a time, or if a metal article is not to be used for a considerable length of time, it may be protected from rust by a coat of vaseline, paraffin, or unsalted fat.

Care of Various Materials

Aluminum—

Aluminum kitchen utensils have many advantages over those of other materials. They are light in weight, durable, usually seamless and of good shape, neither rust nor chip, hold heat longer than some other materials do, the food is less likely to burn in them and if such an accident should happen, the vessel is not difficult to clean.

On the other hand, it has a few disadvantages: it is quite expensive, discolors very readily, even with clean water, and it is not safe to let acid foods stand in it for any length of time.

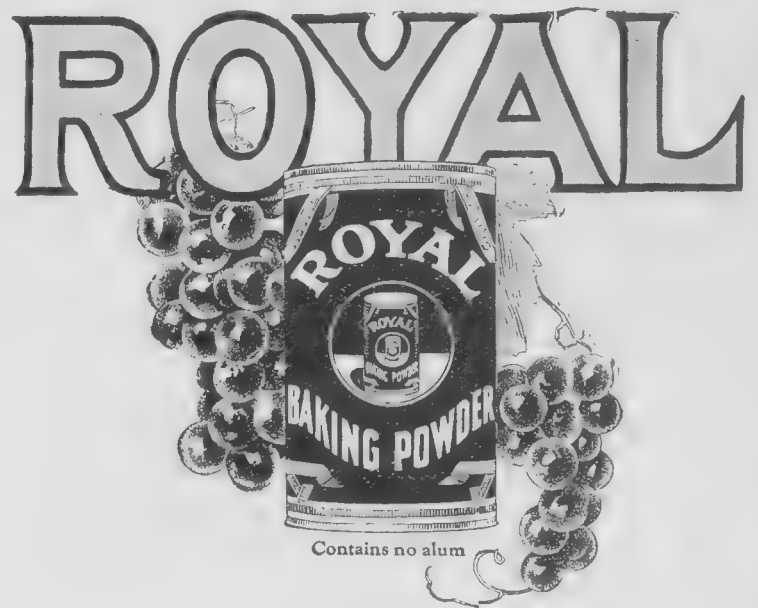
As aluminum scratches so readily, it should only be scoured with such mild abrasives as bon-ami, whiting, or fine steel wool. Mild soap and water, with occasionally a little ammonia water may be used. A mild acid, such as sour milk, tomatoes, or tart apples, cooked in it, will remove tarnish. Burnt food may be removed by soaking the dish in hot water, then scraping with a wooden spoon. For very bad stains, it may be necessary to use a coarse abrasive such as Dutch Cleanser, or to use a solution of oxalic acid, but in neither case will the vessel ever be as nice again. To prepare the oxalic solution, dissolve 4 lb. of oxalic crystals in 1 gallon of water. Boil it in the kettle for only five minutes, or let the cold solution stand in the kettle overnight. Wash well with soap and water. Great care must be taken, as oxalic acid is very poisonous.

Copper—

Copper utensils are attractive, durable, and excellent conductors of heat. But they are expensive, heavy to handle, require a great deal of cleaning, in fact are very dangerous unless kept scrupulously clean. Acid foods must not be allowed to stand in copper.

They should be thoroughly washed in hot soapsuds, and kept bright by polishing with rottenstone and sweet oil. When greasy, wash in a solution of washing soda. If tarnished, remove the stain with some such mild acid as vinegar, lemon juice, or sour milk. Wash the acid off thoroughly with water, then polish the vessel with whiting or bon-ami. It may be scoured with vinegar and salt, then

Continued on page 52



Everywhere the answer is the same—

“Baking powder made with cream of tartar is the best!”

ASK anyone what type of baking powder gives the best results. Invariably the answer is “cream of tartar.” And Royal is the only cream of tartar baking powder sold everywhere!

FREE! the famous ROYAL COOK BOOK



Over 350 complete, practical recipes—all the old favorites and many destined to become favorites. Write today for this famous, helpful book. It's free!

Royal Baking Powder Co.
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Royal Baking Powder is made in Canada



Tea Time

What a delightful institution is Afternoon Tea! How satisfying to soul and body to sit in congenial company while you consume crisp lettuce sandwiches, golden-brown buttered toast, crunchy macaroons, cake,—and cups of delicious, full-flavored Salada Tea!

"SALADA"

H568

Quick Quaker

A nourishing breakfast that tastes good. Whole-some Quaker Oats that cook while coffee boils. Sold in sealed cartons

*Makes porridge in
3 to 5 minutes*

B7

ROBINSON & CLEAVER offer you the finest LINEN in the World at low prices

IF you want genuine Irish Linen, made from pure flax yarns, such as Table Cloths and Napkins, Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases, Tea Cloths, Bedspreads, Face Towels, Household Cloths and all fancy Linen goods at reasonable prices, send to-day for our Illustrated Catalogue No. 38E.

Write for our Catalogue, with samples, Post Free



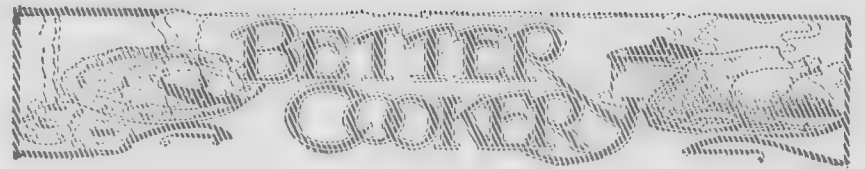
LINEN SHEETING BY THE YARD

Heavy Cream Twilled Linen Sheeting by the yard. Any length cut. Extra quality for good hard wear.
69 inches wide, per yard 1.40
Can also be supplied in plain cream.
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LINEN DAMASK BY THE YARD

Extra heavy unbleached all-Linen Damask by the yard. Will give endless wear. Ideal for every-day use.
56 inches wide, per yard 0.90
66 inches wide, per yard 1.10

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
LINEN MANUFACTURERS
BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND



Your Kitchen Utensils

Continued from page 51

washed and polished with rottenstone and oil.

If ammonia water is used, it must be very carefully washed off, or a poisonous compound will be formed.

Enamelware—

Graniteware utensils are light, easily cleaned, fairly durable, clean in appearance, and are not affected by food acids. As it is made by coating steel or sheet iron with one, two, or three coats of enamel or glaze, it must be handled with great care to prevent chipping and cracking. The people who blame tiny fragments of enamel for very many attacks of appendicitis, may not be far from the truth. We do know that a great many of them must find their way into human stomachs, when we see in use some of the cooking vessels which ought to be discarded. It will not stand very intense heat, but should have some such protection as an asbestos mat when placed on a very hot flame. A cheap grade of enamel might contain some compound of lead, which would expose the family to lead poisoning, if combined with fruit acid or vinegar. It may be tested by letting a beaten egg stand in the dish. If lead is present, the egg will become discolored in a few minutes.

It may be washed in hot soapsuds, particles of food, after soaking, being scraped off with a wooden spoon, to avoid chipping. If food has been burned on, it can be readily scraped off after being rubbed with fat when warmed. If it has been badly burned, strong acid may be required to remove it. Pour in the kettle, a few drops of 25 per cent sulphuric acid, then add a few drops of 25 per cent hydrochloric acid. Be very careful not to let the acid touch the hands or clothes. As soon as they begin to fume, neutralize them by adding ammonia or soda, dissolved. Pour off, and wash well. If the water has been poured down a drain-pipe, be sure to flush it well with boiling water.

Iron—

Vessels made of iron or steel are very strong, and durable; stand intense heat, hold the heat well, keep an even heat, and become smoother and easier to clean the older they grow, if given reasonable care. They are heavy, rust readily, and may not be used for acid foods, or those with a delicate flavor, such as custards, which are also easily discolored.

To keep utensils smooth and free from rust, they must be kept dry. Wash well in hot soapsuds, scrape off particles of food with a wire dishcloth, or with a spatula.

The temper of steel knives will be ruined by using them at the stove, for

such purposes as turning potatoes, etc.

The cogs of egg-beaters, etc., should never be put in water, as that rusts them.

Iron utensils should be boiled occasionally in a solution of washing soda, as given above. Rinse with boiling water, scour with a scouring powder if necessary, and dry well. In a warm oven is a good place. Rust that is not too thick may be removed by scouring with bath brick, or by letting it stand with kerosene on it to soften the rust, then scouring with bath brick. If very badly rusted, apply weak hydrochloric acid, then ammonia water to neutralize it, wash well, dry, and oil it. Scour steel knives with bath brick, rinse and wipe.

Nickel—

Nickel does not rust, is easily kept clean and bright, and is durable, but is heavy and expensive. Wash in hot soapsuds, and rinse in boiling water. To polish, rub with whiting moistened with ammonia or alcohol, and polish with a soft cloth.

Silver—

Wash in hot soapy water, rinse in clear hot water, and wipe with a clean cloth.

To remove tarnish, boil in a kettle with a piece of aluminum and a solution made of 1 t. salt, 1 t. soda (either baking or washing soda) to each quart of water. Rinse in clear water, and wipe with a clean soft cloth. To polish, use any good commercial polish, following the directions on the package.

Tin—

Tin is light, inexpensive, and a good conductor of heat. It cannot stand very intense heat, and is not suitable for cooking acid foods.

Wash in hot soapsuds, and remove with scouring powder, any food which has been burned on. Boil occasionally, for 2 or 3 minutes, in a washing soda solution.

Wood—

Wooden utensils readily become darkened, rough, or dented. If not properly cleaned, they absorb odors and flavors, and become unsanitary. If not well seasoned, wood cracks and splinters easily.

Scour with fine sand and water, scrubbing with a circular motion. To remove dents, cover with several thicknesses of damp muslin or cheese-cloth, and cover with a hot iron. The steam will raise the fibres. Rub with steel wool to remove a rough spot.

Zinc—

Is a sanitary table cover. It is rust proof but is acted on by acids and salt. Scour with bath brick or kerosene and baking soda, made into a paste.

The School Lunch Box

By Barbara Brooks

SCHOOL days mean that the freedom of summer is over—girls and boys must settle down to a routine in which almost every act is supervised—except eating. All summer mother has seen to it that vegetables have been included in the noon menu—and that they have gone into the children to build strong bodies. Now the children either carry their lunch or purchase it at the school cafeteria. In the latter case it is to be hoped that there is a wise assortment from which to choose and someone to suggest appetizing and wholesome combinations.

If a lunch has to be carried, the mother knows what goes into it, but she cannot be sure that it will be eaten. Her aim should be to prepare the foods in such a way that they will appeal to the appetite, give variety and provide the materials necessary for the growing child.

Such attractive lunch boxes can be purchased today that the problem of packing has been simplified. The thermos bottle can hold hot or cold liquids, de-

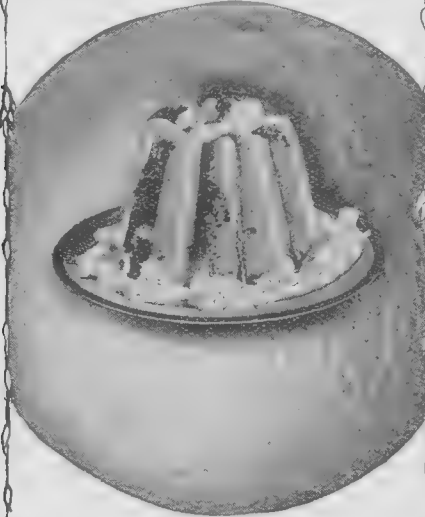
pending on the time of year. Lemonade, fruit juice, or milk for warm days—the milk can be in the form of egg nog for the underweight child; cocoa, soup, hot egg nog or milk for the cooler weather.

Vary the sandwiches by using different kinds of bread—whole wheat, bran or steamed brown, as well as different fillings. Put small bran muffins in occasionally—children like the ones with dates especially well. An individual package of ready-to-eat cereal is enjoyed once in a while. Eggs may be served in several ways—hard cooked, stuffed, in sandwiches or salad. For dessert, fruit, raw or cooked, puddings such as corn starch, rice, baked custard, or gelatine, or cookies such as rolled oat spiced cookies with fruit.

You may find it helpful to make out the lunch box menus a week in advance. You need not hold absolutely to your plan, but thinking ahead will avoid a lunch put together without thought. This is rarely enjoyed and proves a waste of time and food.

Giving Variety to the Orange

NO FRUIT offers more in health and enjoyment than the orange. But even the healthful qualities of this and all other fruits (fresh or canned) are increased when combined in a variety of ways with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, a pure product without fruit extracts or artificial coloring.



Orange Charlotte
(6 Servings)

A surprising recipe from the land of the Orange Groves.

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine Salt
1/2 cup cold water 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1/2 cup boiling water Whites of three eggs
1 cup orange juice and pulp 1 cup sugar
Lady fingers or stale cake

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add salt, whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Write for the Knox recipe books which are a real education in the preparation of dainty original dishes. Beginners find them invaluable. Experienced housewives find many new suggestions. Free for your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street, W. Montreal

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



"Jack Spratt Would Eat No Fat--"

MODERN versions of Jack Spratt and his wife are found in every family. "My husband won't eat spinach, but likes turnips, and I never touch turnips." "My little girl has always liked milk but I cannot get my son to drink even one glass a day." These remarks are typical of many such made by women who cater to different tastes in their families. In many cases the individual preferences would not be so decided if children were not natural imitators. It almost invariably happens that if one of the parents does not like butter, one of the children will not like butter. Is this an inherited dislike—or an imitation of father?

The best way to avoid such a situation in your own home is to try never to say that you "don't like" any one food. Take it for granted that all the members of your family will enjoy whatever is put before them. But how can you be sure of this? Only by selecting your menus with care and preparing the food so that it is appetizing and healthful.

The following suggestions may help you to choose well-balanced meals:

1. Plan for a quart of milk a day for every child and a pint for each adult.
2. Serve at least one fruit, two cooked vegetables (other than potatoes and corn) and one uncooked vegetable every day.
3. Serve coarse breads and whole grain cereals—or mix all bran with part grain cereals.
4. One egg will furnish about one tenth of the iron needed daily by everyone, so serve eggs either as a main course or in dishes such as custards.

Breakfast

Rhubarb	Milk
Corn Flakes	Scrambled Eggs
Toast	Milk

Luncheon

Vegetable Salad	Milk
Bran Muffins	Caramel Custard

Dinner

Broiled Ham	Asparagus
Scalloped Potatoes	Cucumber Salad
Gingerbread	Milk

Diet and Teeth

A MEDICAL journal recently published an article on the effect of diet and sunshine on teeth. The conclusion from a survey of children's teeth confirms the theory that a coarser diet is associated with good teeth and a softer one with poor teeth. Water is also said to have its effect on dental conditions, hard water being beneficial to good development.

Foods which are recommended are bran and whole wheat breads, especially the crusts. The child of this generation is being told that crusts will build strong teeth rather than that they will make the hair curl. Perhaps many of us have better teeth because we believed the latter story even though we never achieved the golden ringlets that our imagination pictured developing over night after having conscientiously consumed the crust of our slice of bread at supper.

Other foods which aid in tooth building are raw fruits and vegetables especially the fibrous sorts such as apples, cabbage and celery. These are effective cleansing agents and we hope the time will come when celery hearts or chopped cabbage will be served after the dessert course. How much better our mouths would feel than now when we end a meal with a soft sweet pudding, cake or cream pie.

Children should be served with whole grain cereals. The ready-to-eat breakfast foods are valuable because they need to be chewed, and chewing stimulates the teeth. Some mothers give their children these cereals dry as a between-meal food as well as for breakfast served with milk.

Other factors in the building and protecting of teeth are milk, cod liver oil and sunshine. The milk is rich in lime, and cod liver oil and sunshine help the body to utilize it. Of equal importance is the regular examination by the dentist so that the teeth will be kept thoroughly clean—and any decay stopped in time.

Rich in Bouquet

Chase & Sanborn's SUPERIOR TEA

3 KINDS
BLACK, GREEN & MIXED

Sold in Air-tight Packages



HOW TO ENROLL

as a member of the Maple Leaf Club and obtain the Free Course.

Send only 4 Maple Leaf Flour Coupons (1 coupon in 24 lb. bag of Maple Leaf Flour—2 coupons in 49 lb. bag, 4 coupons in 98 lb. bag) to the Maple Leaf Club, Maple Leaf Milling Co., Limited, Winnipeg, Manitoba. This enrolls you as a member of the Maple Leaf Club and the first four lessons of this remarkable course will be mailed to you at once, the remaining lessons—four each month—without charge.

NO woman who takes pride in her cooking or in keeping abreast of the newest ideas in social entertainment can afford to overlook this wonderful FREE OFFER.

Anna Lee Scott, the renowned Domestic Science Expert, has prepared a course—the finest ever written on Cookery Arts and Kitchen Management.

This course costs you nothing—not even postage. Four lessons come to you prepaid each month. Thirty minutes each week is time enough to study the lessons. No blanks to fill in. No examinations. No correspondence, unless you wish to write to Anna Lee Scott for personal advice on special recipes or regarding methods of preparing and serving special dishes for special occasions. This amazing free offer is made to introduce Maple Leaf Flour.

Here is a flour you will enjoy using—an unexcelled product of selected Canadian hard wheat, so carefully milled and tested as to make possible its sale under a definite guarantee of uniformity and satisfaction.

Maple Leaf Milling Co.

Limited

Winnipeg, Manitoba

MAPLE LEAF FLOUR

FOR BREAD, CAKE & PASTRY

Goddard's Plate Powder
For polishing Silver

SIX GOLD MEDALS

Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Safe Milk and Diet
For Infants, Invalids, The Aged

Rich Milk—Extract of Grain. Prepare it at home, for all members of the family, by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water, no cooking. Use any time, when faint or hungry. A hot cupful, on retiring, induces refreshing sleep.

That all-in,
dragged-out feeling

What a way to go through life—dragging through each day, tired after a night's sleep, listless, just going on from one day to the next. In nine cases out of ten, such a condition is the result of constipation. Only ALL-BRAN brings sure, safe relief from this disease.



"Half the World is Half-Asleep"

Everywhere you will find men and women whose day's work is but one long grind. They can't concentrate. They are tired out—listless—effortless—all the time.

Why?

Because nine-tenths of them suffer from constipation—the world's most universal disease.

But there are others whose minds are keen—whose bodies have been made active and vigorous with Kellogg's All-Bran, the sure, safe way of relieving constipation permanently. Kellogg's All-Bran is sure—because it works as nature works. It passes through the body, its fibre remaining unchanged, to thoroughly sweep the intestine free from foreign matter, thus promoting the flow of digestive juices. It absorbs and carries moisture into the intestine, prompting it to a natural, healthy action. It is what doctors call a bulk food.

Kellogg's All-Bran is delightful with milk or cream; sprinkled over other cereals; cooked with hot cereals; in soups; or made into the many recipes given on every package. If eaten regularly, it is guaranteed to bring permanent relief, or the grocer returns the purchase price. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal. You never have to increase the amount.

Be sure to get Kellogg's All-Bran. Only All-Bran brings sure results. You can see that a part-bran product can, at best, be but partially effective.

Kellogg's is the original and only All-Bran. It is the Bran which doctors recommend. Accept no other if you would be sure. All grocers sell it. Leading hotels and restaurants serve it. Buy a package of Kellogg's All-Bran today.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN



Know the Truth About Bran

To be effective, bran fibre must go through the various digestive processes without submitting to any of them. It must pass through the entire alimentary tract without its form being changed.

What happens when a bran food is eaten?

After the saliva has acted upon it, it passes through the stomach and into the intestines where every part which is not fibre is absorbed.

In ALL-BRAN the quantity of fibre is so great that it furnishes bulk enough to prevent and relieve constipation.

In a part-bran food, the quantity of fibre is so small that there is only a puny amount to do a herculean task.

ALL-BRAN brings sure results. Demand it.



MOTHER'S PAGE

My Wonder Box

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

I HAVE a great big box which the children call "My Wonder Box." Do you think they are allowed to see it at all times? Oh, dear no!

It is kept in the attic, in a corner where we seldom go. I often lift the lid and put something in this mysterious box. No one sees me put it in.

When it pours with rain, a nasty, continuous rain, which is good for the crops but bad for the temper, the children say to me:

"Mother, can we see the Wonder Box?"

It is quite a rite for us to go to the attic when the Wonder Box is to be opened. It is full of mystery, and it is a very big box. It is surprising what things find their way to this box.

There are toys of which the children grew tired. They disappeared and were forgotten. There are colored pages from magazines, there are crayons, paints, drawing books, remnants of beautiful materials, bright colored wool, crochet-hooks (bone ones that will not hurt little people) best of all, and there are the very newest dolls that are only allowed out on state occasions. These dolls have a complete outfit, and still there is room left for the imagination to work on their clothes, for fashions, even dolls' fashions, change, and dolly must be dressed for the seasons.

When everyone has a fit of the blues, because it is raining outside, then the children begin to whisper, "Do you think it is raining enough for mother to let us see the Wonder Box?" This box holds more than enough for one rainy day. It might rain a week at a time and yet the box would hold out. It is because it is

not seen every day that it has such a fascination with the children. They know some of the things that are always kept in it, but they do not know all. Even the best dolls may have something hidden in their trunks!

Children are like grown-ups: they get tired of playing at the same thing. There is endless change in this Wonder Box. There are many games in it, there are puzzles and building blocks, things to keep little children busy and happy so that they will not even remember that it is raining outside.

We mothers often put aside a good book and say, "I shall read this the next rainy day," and we have a nice feeling about the book which is still unopened. The children can have the same feeling about their Wonder Box. The very fact that it is an honor, reserved for special occasions gives the box its fascination. Most mothers could have a Wonder Box or a Wonder Cupboard if they choose. I recommend it as a cure for bad temper, a source of happiness to the children and a relief to the mother.

Mothers dread the rainy days that keep the children in the house.

They need no longer do so if they will follow my plan. It need not cost much. Pages can be cut from magazines, when the children are asleep, pieces can be put away for dresses, toys can be mended and suddenly discovered in the Wonder Box.

These half forgotten toys make delightful wonder boxes. Keep the Wonder Box for rainy days and for times of convalescence, then it will never get stale and will always deserve its name of Wonder Box.

Saving the Child

NOW, if we take care of a piano or a motor car at every stage of its manufacture, although it is only a dead thing, how much more should we take care of ourselves at every stage of our making, and of our nation's children, who are alive, whose minds and bodies will never forget, and who are the most precious and holy and wonderful beings in the world.

Before the school child comes the little toddler, who does not yet go to school and whose proper place is at home. For "the making of perfect soldiers," whether for war or for peace, we must take care of this little child, whom I would call the "home child"; some day it becomes the school child, and then the adolescent, and then the adult.

And whence comes the home child? We know and understand the answer if we remember Benjamin Franklin's question about the use of a baby. That little being was once a still more helpless infant in its mother's arms. We cannot have a soldier or a sailor, a thinker or an explorer, or the humblest private citizen, unless some one long before saved a baby, and unless that baby has been saved in all its transformations, until the man or the woman came into being. And that is the "use of a baby."

There are old stories about sowing dragons' teeth from which armed men sprang forth, but there is no truth in them. For a nation, as for the truly wise ruler, unlike Napoleon, to whom Wordsworth addressed the lines:

"Wisdom doth live with children round her knees."

Therefore the nation that would survive, although it be not at war and may never fight again, must save its infancy and revere its motherhood. However wisely we live, however cleverly doctors may prolong our lives, we must always die at last, and only from helpless infancy can the future be raised. The nation that regards its young renews its youth.

The saving of infants and children is a

theme about which it is proper to feel sentiment, or what is the meaning of that festival celebrating a Mother and an Infant in which every year the Christian world unites? But it is a theme not only for gentle and pious people, not only for "mothers' " meetings, but for men also; a theme not only for would-be conquerors who value human life as "food for cannon" but also for such a ruler as Wordsworth described, who "would be wise and good," well knowing that of little children is not only the Kingdom of Heaven but also every nation of the earth.

When this simple truth is served by our brain and hands, when human life in all its stages is counted as the holy thing it is, then surely earth may grow more like Heaven, swords shall be beaten into plowshares, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and "a little child shall lead them." When we look closely at the children who come to school for the first time, in London for example, we find that not less than two thirds of them have already been damaged in one way or another. They are bow-legged, or they have swollen throats, or they have been neglected when they had the measles, and in consequence are deaf now and will be deaf to their dying day. We have not begun anywhere near the beginning of the origin of adults.

We human beings have to grow up through fixed stages, which all must pass; and perhaps one of the greatest discoveries of our time is that made by the mighty philosopher of Paris, M. Henri Bergson, who has taught us that, not merely some obvious events, but actually everything that happens to everyone of us, matters forever. The most wonderful and constant fact of life is to remember. The whole of what has happened to you and to me, all that we have done and thought and dreamed from our earliest moments, go to make us what we are now. I shall be different forever for having written this article, and you will be different forever for having read it.

Home-Made Christmas Presents for Children

By Cecilia L. Hill

"CHRISTMAS is coming so merry and gay,
Nature is mantled in white;
Children are eagerly waiting the day,
Singing from morning till night."

I remember singing that at school as a child. It is not always such a joyful time to parents when money is scarce and the children are so joyfully anticipating Santa Claus.

For a little girl what is nicer than a doll's cradle. I took a small box that some time or other had had groceries in, the top of an apple barrel divided in two made the rockers, and with 3 coats of floor varnish it looked very nice. The rockers were fastened one at either end of the box, and, as they were wider, the cradle needs very violent rocking to topple it over. The bed and pillows were made from an empty salt bag and were filled with sawdust gathered and dried after the wood-sawyers had been. An old cot sheet furnished sheets and pillow cases, an old barracoat the blanket and the lining of a cut down coat the quilt, and as that made dolly's cradle like her own my girlie was delighted.

Visiting a neighbor, I was shown a doll's four-poster bed. This was a box with smoothed sticks, two at the top and two at the bottom, forming the legs and posts. It looked very nice and the child liked it immensely. My modern mind approved of it more than the cradle, because no properly instructed mothers rock their babies these days, and one should bring up a child in the way he should go. Modern hygiene forbids canopies too, else either of the above could be added to if one had the time and materials. I find children like things best though when they are just similar to what mother or daddy has.

For a boy a good grocery box with a lid on, a few coats of paint or varnish, a pair of hinges and he has a place he will love to keep his toys in. Casters could be fixed on the bottom if liked. The first wagon my little boy had was a box from the store, his father got four wheels sawn by the wood sawyers from a reasonably circular log. I burnt holes through the centre and with a circular disc of tin to hold the spike head I fastened these wheels to the box, a piece of cord fastened to the front and he was as happy as a king, dragging it around.

Those plough and disc seats that rip off the implements so easily and are then thrown on the junk pile make splendid seats for outside in the summer when firmly spiked on to a log of heater wood. I have three and use them for preparing vegetables, sewing, afternoon tea, etc, and I never have to worry about carrying them in and out for fear the rain or sun will spoil them. The children use them a lot, too, and during the winter months they can be used in the house with a packing case for a table, which will serve for parties, writing, etc., where the children can play undisturbed and undisturbing.

Labor savers can be made for grown-ups as well. What farm woman ever has enough cupboards or shelves? Little brother and sister can be taught to make things for each other. It is not the cost of the gift but the love that finds expression in the thoughtful work of the giver. There is no need to dread Xmas because one's pocket happens to be empty (better that than an empty pantry) it is the little things that create happiness and a home-made gift is just as acceptable and often more useful than the expensive gift you would probably like to buy.



Do they return to a health-clean home?

YOUR children's rosy cheeks, their radiant health, their freedom from illness, depend largely on the health system in your household. Do they return to a home that is the essence of health?

There is as much difference between health-cleanliness and mere soap and water cleanliness as there is between sunshine and electric light. Yet health-cleanliness—the modern method of cleaning is surprisingly easy to obtain.

This new cleanliness guards your family's health

A FEW drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant, put in your cleaning water every time you clean, go beyond the soap-and-water surface removal of dirt. They destroy the countless germs that lurk everywhere and which you must kill if you are to protect effectively your family's health.

Soap-and-water alone is not sufficient to destroy these menacing germs, but the few drops of "Lysol" in your cleaning water purify each surface and invade each tiny crevice where germs lurk.

"Lysol" is now used everywhere for modern cleaning because it has three wonderful properties. It *deodorizes*, it *purifies*, its soapy nature helps to *clean* as it disinfects.

Never be without this efficient disinfectant for your daily cleaning. Put a few drops in your cleaning water. In this solution dip your cloth, your broom, your mop. Continue to disinfect with a stronger "Lysol" solution the familiar germ-breeding places—garbage pail, toilet bowl, drain pipes. Every part of your home is then made health-clean to safeguard your family.

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The Cedar Path

Thanksgiving Entertaining

By Edith Lisgard



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ALTHOUGH Thanksgiving is generally an "at home" day for the family, and little entertaining or visiting is done outside its members, yet there are many people who have no family ties and who find both Thanksgiving and Christmas rather trying. Young married couples who have left their home localities, older couples whose children have left for wider fields—for such as these family holidays give wide scope for entertainment of other lone people, particularly those who are rooming among strangers.

The older woman generally plans a dinner party. The young bride, who often does not feel very confident of her culinary abilities, is more apt to content herself with an afternoon or evening card party, or a theatre party with a little chafing-dish supper afterward.

The chrysanthemum is November's flower, and a few of these, together with any autumn leaves that may still be available and dried grasses and grains, make effective decorations. Chrysanthemums are rather too tall to use as a centerpiece on a dinner table—a bowl of fruit, short-stemmed cut flowers or a potted plant being more suitable.

Cunning favors are made from peanuts, with toothpicks (or thorns from the blackthorn or hawthorn bush) colored crepe paper, wire pipe-cleaners and water-color paints for trimming up. Gayly-feathered parrots, funny little men and women, dainty ballet dancers, monkeys and other animals, are only a few of the many things that can be made, and others will suggest themselves as one goes along.

Place cards may be cut in the shape of leaves, pumpkins, fruits, painted in appropriate colors and lettered in gold.

A hostess should never attempt a menu which requires more time and attention than she can afford to give. If there is someone to help prepare and serve, more elaborate dishes may be planned, but simple food, daintily served by a calm and confident hostess is much to be preferred to a complicated menu which causes the hostess so much worry that she is unable to enjoy her guests and give them her attention.

Refreshments for a card party may consist of (1) salad, with cheese straws or thinly-sliced bread and butter, or simple sandwiches, cake and a beverage; ice cream if desired; (2) sandwiches, ice cream and cake, beverage; (3) ice cream and cake, beverage; (4) for a late evening supper, a chafing-dish spread such as Welsh rarebit, creamed chicken, turkey, lobster or shrimps on toast, small cakes and beverage. The recipes given below for salads and sandwiches will offer suggestions.

There are usually many walking parties held on Thanksgiving afternoon, and as the air will probably be chilly, a warm supper will be enjoyed. Oyster stew is excellent, or a cream soup followed by scalloped oysters, cheese fondue, scalloped salmon, an omelette, or some other hot dish. With the young folk a "bean feed" with brown bread-and-butter sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee, is always popular.

Sandwiches

THE most delicious filling will not make an appetizing sandwich unless care has been taken to make the sandwiches neat and attractive. Use a square sandwich loaf about a day old, cut into even, thin slices, which are paired as they fall from the loaf. Spread each slice with butter which has been creamed to make it spread easily, add the filling, put the slices together, trim off the crusts with a sharp knife, and cut the sandwich into small pieces—either oblongs, triangles, or diamonds are the most economical. If you wish to cut fancy shapes, do so before the bread is buttered, to eliminate waste as much as possible. Have all fillings minced fine, and use thick mayonnaise that will not run out of the sandwich or make it damp. Sandwiches, except those containing very soft fillings, sliced tomatoes, or cucumbers, may be prepared before-

hand, wrapped in waxed paper, then in a damp cloth, and kept in ice until serving time. Be sparing of lettuce in making sandwiches, as it makes the sandwich come apart easily, and gives it a messy appearance.

Layer Sandwiches: Spread a buttered slice of bread with chopped olives mixed with mayonnaise, another with pounded sardines and mayonnaise, another with pimientos and mayonnaise, a fourth with chopped hard boiled eggs and mayonnaise, a fifth with cream cheese and chopped nuts; pile one on top of another, and top with a sixth slice buttered side down. Place under a weight in a cold place until ready to serve, then trim off crusts with a sharp knife, and cut the sandwiches in thin slices like a layer cake.

Vassar Sandwiches: Mix equal parts of chopped dates and English walnut meats, moisten with honey and lemon juice, and serve between lady fingers.

Lobster Sandwiches: Spread half the buttered slices with pounded lobster (either canned or fresh cooked) sprinkled with chopped parsley and capers, and the rest of the slices with egg yolk rubbed through a sieve, mixed with mayonnaise, and sprinkled with salt and paprika.

Marshmallow Sandwiches: Place halved marshmallows between "fingers" of buttered bread, and toast the sand-

wiches on both sides, in a hot oven; serve hot.

Apple and Ginger Salad: In orange or apple baskets, serve cubes of apple, orange, preserved ginger, and banana, and nut meats, moistened with lemon juice and whipped cream mayonnaise.

Cantaloupe Salad: Cut the meat of pink cantaloupes into cubes, heap them on crisp heart-of-head-lettuce leaves, and top with whipped cream mayonnaise.

Macedoine Salad: Chill a can of macedoine (a combination of tiny French vegetables), heap in individual nests of shredded lettuce, and serve with French dressing.

Prune Salad: Steam large prunes until tender, chill them, remove pits, and fill cavities with chopped marshmallows, nuts, fruits, or cream cheese, and serve three or four on lettuce, with French dressing or lemon juice mayonnaise.

Pear Salad: For each portion serve half a large fresh or canned pear, with the cavity filled with cream cheese or nuts. Pour mayonnaise over all.

Pineapple Salad: Marinate pieces of canned pineapple and cubes of grape fruit with a French dressing prepared with fruit juice, and chill for an hour. Then add halves of large strawberries and serve with mayonnaise in baskets made from the grapefruit shells.

Daisy Salad: Put a round ball of deviled egg mixture in the centre of a curly lettuce leaf, and arrange around it daisy petals made from the boiled egg white. Serve with French dressing.

Asparagus Salad: Slip several large white stalks of cold boiled asparagus inside a thin ring of green pepper, and place on lettuce leaves with a small whole peeled tomato cut into "rose" shape. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Fruit Salad: The amount of any kind of fruit salad can be increased cheaply by adding cubes of stiff fruit flavored gelatine.

Washington Salad: Mold sour cherry gelatine in small cups, turn it out when cold and remove the centre from each mold with a heated teaspoon. Fill the cavities with diced pineapple, marshmallows, dates, and whipped cream mayonnaise.

A delightfully appetizing-looking booklet comes to us from the Associated Growers of British Columbia.

Paragraphs telling all about the wonderful apple orchards, embellished with true-to-nature illustrations in colors of the luscious fruit which make our mouth water without more ado. We are informed that these apples are the finest in the world—and we refuse to enter into any argument—and certainly after reading the booklet and appreciating the extreme care taken by the growers in producing this wonderful fruit, we must concede that the Associated Growers of British Columbia may, after all, be too modest.



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COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry
1 cup sugar. flour.
2 eggs. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
1 teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon baking. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

Butter Cream Icing Recipe and method of applying Coconut sent on request.

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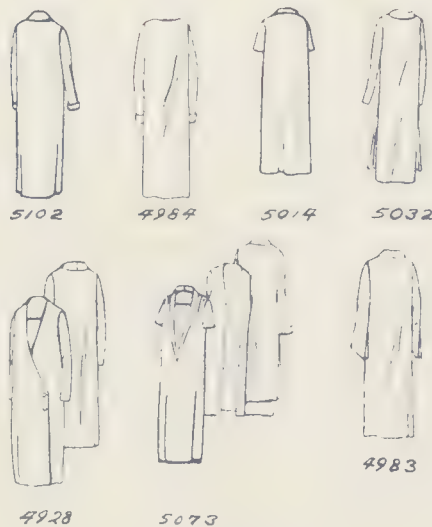
Slenderizing Styles for the Matronly Figure



5102. Ladies' Dress for Stout Figures with Slender Hips. Sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting 9 inches wide for the vestee.

4928. Ladies' Dress. Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material if made of one material, and with panel and revers collar. If panel is omitted $\frac{3}{8}$ yard less is required.

5014. Ladies' Dress. Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves $\frac{3}{8}$ yard less is required.



4984. Ladies' Dress. Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

4983. Ladies' Dress. For Stout Figures with Slender Hips. Sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 42 bust requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

5032. Ladies' Dress. Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

5073. Ladies' Dress for Stout Figures with Narrow Hips. Sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 40-inch size requires 5 yards of 54-inch material if made with long sleeves. To make with short sleeves will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The Tunic alone without sleeves requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Price 15c Each

Address Pattern Department

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Warm Welcome of the Living Room

Continued from page 23

built on comfortable lines and may be cushioned as luxuriously as one desires.

And let me whisper—if there is an old rocking chair, dear to the heart of some member of the family, I would say by all means retain it; there is a restful air about a rocking chair, if its lines are not really ugly, that is by no means out of place in a room that welcomes us to a leisure hour—and we have even the support of fickle fashion in giving it countenance, for the present rage for the old Colonial types of furniture has perforce held out a word of welcome to the slat-backed rocker and its cronies! If you have a good chair that you like all but its rockers, very likely you can cut them off, and so add one more to the comfort-offering group you are rounding up. And again, if you have a comfortable chair with an ugly wooden frame, don't overlook the possibilities of a slip-cover made to draw on over frame and all—the most successful disguise in the world.

The modern chesterfield has won such a place in modern affections that little need be said of it. Common sense has altered the proportions of much of the over-stuffed furniture to suit better the size of the average room and one may now find what one wants in a great range of sizes. The short two-cushion chesterfield is very smart, though it lacks of course the stretch-out-upon-it possibilities that are one of the attractions of its six-foot kin. Arms that are broad and overhanging give way when necessary to close-set, narrower ones; backs rise to a protective height, but confine the depth of their cushioning to that prescribed by comfort; not so opulent looking, perhaps, but one of the first lessons we all have to learn on the subject of successful furnishing is the beauty of suitable proportions. The handsomest piece will be a liability rather than an asset, if it is too large or too heavy for the room it is supposed to adorn.

Very good, too, are the large sofas with wooden frame and upholstered seat and back. Some very lovely old ones are to be seen, with fine old mahogany, walnut or rosewood frames that awaken the envy of the antique lover. Such a piece is worth the attention of good springs and a suitable covering and, if well treated, will contribute materially to the effectiveness of the room. Chairs of the same type are fairly numerous and are well worth preserving in ship-shape.

AFTER comfortable seats, we turn, perhaps, to tables. The needs of the family will regulate their type and number. Possibly a substantial table of fairly large size, is required, if there are lessons to be done around it each evening. If space is afforded it at some sacrifice, a table of the drop-leaf type or a gate-leg table, either of which will shrink at a touch, so to speak, would be a wise choice. A low tea-table will be appreciated by the ladies of the family, for the dispensing of the cup of afternoon tea or the informal cup of chocolate in the evening. A writing table, even though small, is a most convenient addition and it is wonderful how much easier it is to drop into a ready chair and run off the letter or two that presses to be written, when pen, ink and paper are at one's hand! And let us not overlook the comradely virtues of the friendly little table that has its place beside the arm chair or chesterfield, holding at one's elbow the books, ash-tray, or work basket that may be of interest at the moment.

Too much interest cannot be put upon the subject of good lighting. We do not want a brilliant glare when we sit about and chat—yet we do demand the best of light on any close occupation. The several lamps, well placed so that their light falls upon the book, sewing and so forth that require it, holds the ideal solution. If you like a high central light, let it be well shaded, to shed a diffused and soft general light, then add the convenient table lamps or those on a low pedestal, that will bring the direct lighting where it is needed.

A comfortable temperature is also one of the fundamentals, but the question of adequate heating is too big a one to go into in casual fashion. Let me add, however, that a good furnace or heater requires a certain amount of co-operation in the matter of well-fitting window frames, doors that will cut off drafts, and

even some contributions in the way of warm colors and drawn curtains—things that suggest warmth and coziness. If the floor has a tendency to be cold, a heavy all-over carpet will answer better than small rugs, or if you have the latter, you might cover the entire floor with a neutral-colored linoleum, on which the small bright rugs would look very well.

In short, this whole question of the room that is comfortable, is summed up in—the room that fits the family. Many of the little comfortable touches are often lacking just because their absence has not been realized—or perhaps, more correctly, because no one has gone so far as to ask just what is needed, here or there, and to visualize what a few simple changes or additions might mean. The floor lamp or wall bracket is in the window corner because it has always been there; no person has thought how much more useful it would be on the far side of the room, since the piano was moved in there, with a big reading chair placed close beside it. So it goes—we have not all the ready gift of seeing how we can use even the advantages that are latent in our rooms, unless we go right at the matter with a freshly inquiring mind and every faculty of observation alert.

HAVING improved and increased the comforts of our living room, we have indeed gone far. But there is the other half of the objective we set out with, still to be considered. What about the joy?

I mentioned color as the great joy-maker in the world of home furnishing. Get plenty of good color into a room and you can achieve little short of magic with it.

There is no dearth of opportunity to introduce our color. On the whole, I am in favor of a rather neutral hall, in some tone that will give a happy background for the more dominant colors that you plan to use. Greys, whether with a blue cast that makes them so suitable to the sunny room, or warmer-tinted mauve-grey that seems to have a delicately warm, pinky glow; the champagne tones, even deepening to tan (though it seldom seems advisable to get the tone much deeper than that of ordinary wrapping paper); taupe in various degrees of warmth—these are easy to live with and permit considerable change from time to time in the general color scheme of the room. If they are plain or self-patterned, or relieved by variety in texture rather than color, they will form the best of backgrounds for pattern in furniture coverings, curtains and so forth—the things that experience has shown us show pattern to the greatest advantage.

There will probably be a certain amount of color already in the living room that must be retained; perhaps there is a rug in blue or tan, for instance, or the covering on some of the larger pieces of furniture may be in a satisfactory condition. It is therefore necessary, if the introduction of a fresh color note is our ambition, to start with these fixed colors, so to speak, and build around them. Given a taupe rug, for instance, and a chair or two in deep blue, we might decide to introduce a cretonne that places the emphasis on rich wine color and perhaps a touch of rose; the hangings might be freshened by a visit to the dyer—or perhaps the home dye pot will be capable of turning their somewhat saddened coloring into deep wisteria or plum or a deep rosy purple tone. Or if we start with a certain amount of brown in the room, we might add interest with old blue, terra cotta, and maybe a bit of dull gold.

At night, our lamp shades will do more to establish the feeling of warm rich color than the larger expanses in the furniture, hangings and so forth. Time that is spent, therefore, in evolving two or three shades that will cast just the glow and warmth of color we desire, will be time well spent, indeed.

A touch of vitality is also added by plants, flowers and the bulbs that we can so easily force for indoor blooming. It is not yet too late to pot a few tiny evergreens that will probably thrive for quite some time after being grown indoors. These tiny shrubs and trees are particularly charming when set in bowls or jardinières of dull pottery—the simple kind of adornment that seems best suited to the average family living room.

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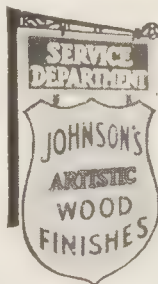
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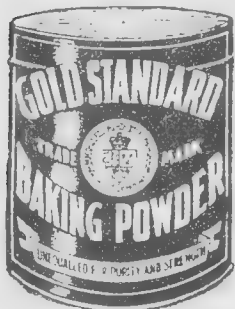
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2 cups flour; 4 level teaspoons Gold Standard Baking Powder; ½ teaspoon salt; 2 tablespoons sugar; 1 cup milk; 2 tablespoons melted butter; 1 egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add gradually milk, eggs (well beaten) and melted butter. Bake in buttered gem pans twenty-five minutes. If iron pans are used they must be previously heated.

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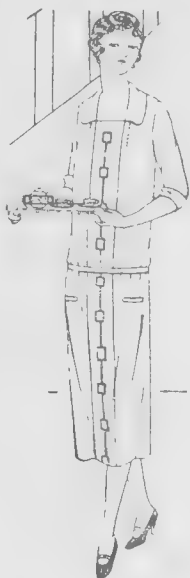
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MODES OF THE MOMENT



5263



5243

ALTHOUGH flare effects are much in evidence the straight line dress is not discarded. Fullness in coats is created by very little flare or by pressed plaits that are released by the movement in walking. Back fullness is the newest expression of the flare. Fullness at the sides is not so smart, and front fullness is still in great favor.

Color is seen everywhere. Dresses in dark red or bright blue are worn under black coats. Green, gray, browns and reds are largely represented in many variations. Like a rainbow the colors appear bright for day wear and ablaze for evening wear.

In last year's fashions one color was chosen and all things were matched to it. Today one may wear a green coat with a putty colored or beige colored dress trimmed with green, black shoes and a green or light colored hat.

Velvets, crepes and satins will be full of color. Black velvet will be combined with metal or brocade trimmings.

Fur will be lavishly used on coats especially. Long collars, hem facings and bands are shown.

All skirts are short and there is a choice in the styles. One may have back fullness or a little flare in plait or godet form at the sides, or a circular effect, or a straight flounce trimmed skirt. Tunic effects are also in evidence.

Sleeves show various types and very pleasing outlines. A wide bishop sleeve lengthening a close fitting cap may be finished at the wrist with a narrow band cuff or tie ends. A close fitting sleeve with inserted flare effects or finished with tiny flare cuffs is also smart. A bell shaped sleeve will be pleasing if trimmed with broad bands of fur or with braid.

The collar in pointed outline is generally becoming. It may be finished with tie or scarf ends. The high collar is not generally becoming, but is chic when soft and finished with or without a turnover. A youthful becoming turnover collar, finished with a little bow is nice for a short pretty neck. The draped and tied collar finished with a frill or jabot is soft and pretty.

If you choose bordered material for your new frock, have it made simply.

A dress of chiffon velvet is lovely with a circular flounce.

You may break the severity of a straight line dress by adding flaring gathered ruffles in a contrasting color or material.

Circular godets set in at the sides of a one-piece frock give the popular flare effect.

A raglan sleeved sports coat of homespun has an inverted plait at the centre back and a slight ripple at the side seams.

Kasha, wool back satin or velveteen is smart for early Fall coats.

Epaulette shoulders cut in one with the sleeves are shown on blouses, dresses and coats.

Faille is a serviceable material for one-piece daytime dresses. Wool rep or wool crepe will make a very attractive dress. It may have a long waist with close fitting sleeves and pointed neck outline and a circular skirt.

Silk and wool faille was used for a one-piece frock on which the skirt shows a button trimmed slash at the centre below the hips. A notched revers collar is overlaid with a linen collar of the same shaping.

The back flare combines well with the straight front in a dress of green velveteen which has a high round neck and long close sleeves.

Coats for children will be of chinchilla, tweed, velours or homespun. Dresses are of flannel, jersey or wool crepe. Very small children wear wash dresses all the year round, of plaid gingham or English prints, cotton reps, linens or crepes. Such dresses may be made simply, with smocking, feather stitching or cross stitching in colors for decoration. Challie is also a serviceable material for children's dresses.

For the simple party, georgette in pastel tones is very lovely. Crepe de chine is also attractive and suitable.



5245

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5258



5239



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5256—Flannel, novelty woolen, embroidered crepe or taffeta could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 13½ yard. If made as illustrated ¾ yard of material will be required for collar, cuffs and the plait underfolds. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4666—The new and pretty plaids are nice for this model or, one could use serge, or wool rep. Wash materials are also attractive for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch material. To make revers, collar and cuffs of contrasting material will require 1 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5186—Silk, wool mixtures, cheviot, tweed, fleece coatings and sports coatings are all suitable for this style. The collar is convertible, and may be closed high at the neck and rolled open together with the fronts. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the model for a 38-inch size, and as illustrated, will require 4½ yards of 54-inch material with ¾ yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs and facings. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5254—Here is a very pretty design, that is especially becoming to youthful figures. It may be made up in velvet, crepe satin, or kasha with crepe or satin. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of material 40 inches wide with ¾ yard of contrasting material for collar bands and puffs if made as illustrated. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5243—Voile, batiste, crepe or nainsook could be used for this model. It is also good for China silk and challie. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size will require 1¾ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5204—Cheviot, Scotch mixtures, serge and other coatings are appropriate for this design. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5114—Jumper styles are in vogue in every conceivable material. The model here portrayed was developed in the new cotton prints, with rep for the guimpe. Gingham, flannel, tub silk and linen are also attractive. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1½ yard for the guimpe. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5257—Crepe satin would be attractive for this design, with embroidery or bead trimming for decoration. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size will require 3¾ yards of 54-inch material if made with short sleeves. With long sleeves 4½ yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2¼ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5246—Velveteen, tweed, serge, or flannel as well as pongee or linen could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 1½ yard of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar and vest portions. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5250—Striped flannel was used in this instance. One could have wash materials, or tub silk or wool rep. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs and pocket facings, if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves 2¾ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5265—The back of this design is cut with belt ends that meet at the centre front, and hold the fulness of the apron very comfortably. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5258—Balbriggan, flannel or wool rep would be suitable for this design. Additional fulness is supplied by plaits at the sides. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material 40 or 54 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4911—This is a good model for cold days, and especially for little ones who "slip" their bed coverings. Donnet or outing flannel, crepe, cambric or long cloth may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6-year size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5264—This design may be made of muslin, long cloth, batiste, crepe, crepe de chine or outing flannel. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5239—Kasha, taffeta, balbriggan or linen could be used for this design. The back is dart fitted, and the front has the popular plait fulness at the centre. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. A 29-inch size requires 1½ yard of 54-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5263—Linen with a decoration of embroidery, or gingham combined with linen or chambray would be attractive for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5245—Pongee, rep or linen with contrasting material for trimming would be good for this model. The inner leg seam edges are to be finished with buttons or snap fasteners, to provide a practical and convenient closing at this part. At the sides the back is buttoned over the front. This design is cut in 4 sizes: 6 mos., 1, 2 and 3 years. A one-year size will require 1½ yard of 36-inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar, sleeve facings and belt. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5249—Figured voile or challie, wool crepe or rep could be used for this model. As illustrated figured silk was used with broadcloth for the "bosom," collar and cuffs. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make the dress as illustrated in the large view for a 10-year size will require 2 yards of 40-inch figured material and ¾ yard of plain material. If made with short sleeves and of one material 2¾ yards of 40-inch material will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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WHEN you buy underwear for yourself or family you can be sure of everybody's being pleased if your choice is "CEETEE" Underwear. The wool from which "CEETEE" Underwear is knit-to-fit the body is the very finest imported wool and the workmanship ensures exceptionally good wearing qualities. Every "CEETEE" Garment is unconditionally guaranteed not to shrink. Ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE"—Canada's best. There's a style and fit to suit you.

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Awaken the Hidden Loveliness in your Hair



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There is only one PINAUD'S. It is widely imitated. The imported French original bears the above signature.

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Face Powder—\$1.50

as soft as a lover's caress

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Look at your hair! Is it dry and lifeless? You can give it the brilliance and silken softness of youth with a daily application of ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic.

This exquisite Hair Tonic nourishes the scalp and roots of the hair. It keeps your hair from falling out. Brings new life and lustre to dull, dry, brittle hair, leaving it soft, with a new sheen—a new radiance.

Get a bottle today—at your Druggist's. Get the genuine ED. PINAUD. For 140 years the leading maker of toilet preparations for particular men and women.—75c and \$1.35 a bottle.

Send 5 cents (coin or stamps) for generous sample of any one of the following:
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Eau de Quinine HAIR TONIC



Fashion Catalogue

of Advance Fall and Winter Styles

is now ready for mailing to our many readers who are awaiting this announcement. The new Catalogue contains five hundred designs for ladies', misses' and children's apparel; also a helpful article on dress-making, and an illustrated description of various, simple embroidery stitches. Those who have in the past sent for our fashion catalogues will not require a second invitation to order this popular and attractive book, and we advise those who have not before used it, to take immediate advantage of this offer to assure securing a copy while the supply lasts.



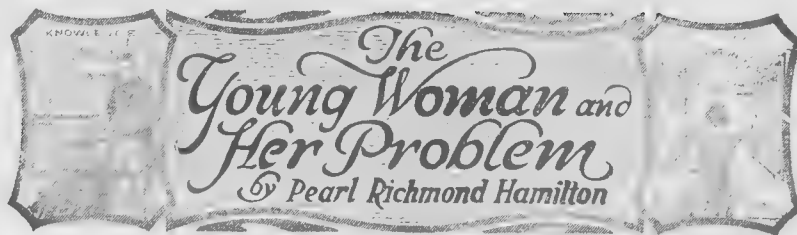
Send twenty cents to cover postage and packing.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

STOVEL BUILDING

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



The Cost

A YOUNG woman artist belonging to a travelling musical trio, complained that for the first time in eight years before the public she found the other young women in the trio absolutely unbearable—she had a musical education insofar as technical preparation was concerned but she was not a natural artist.

There was nothing in common between them and she could not do herself justice in the concerts. The situation was fast becoming impossible. What could she do? Should she give up her work? She simply could not continue under the strain.

The one to whom she confided her problem reasoned as one who sympathetically understands.

It is not an unusual experience. Most of us at times are forced to be near people who annoy us. To the artist her confidant said:

"You are extremely sensitive to that which is common, coarse and ugly because you are an artist. The other young woman is not in tune with the finer things of life. Very well, if you wish to reach humanity with your profession, you must learn to understand people—to be patient and kind. Perhaps this young woman is with you just to aid in the development of a quality you do not possess—a very important tone of life that your music needs.

"It is the price you must pay for grace, charity, love, beauty—all strains of experience that make melody in the soul."

The Golden Thread of Kindness

EVERYONE who knows of the great preventive work accomplished by the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. is gratified to learn of the gift of \$25,000 recently donated by Mr. A. R. McNichol. The age is changing for the welfare of young women. It is far better to concentrate on preventive work than on rescue work. I am not denying the need of the latter. It is necessary to do much in rescue service, but I believe, today, more recognition should be given preventive work. The past few years has revealed to me amazing accomplishment in the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. institution.

Miss Isabelle McElheran, the secretary, has a sympathetic, business grasp of the young woman in all classes of life and women and girls in Winnipeg, throughout the Dominion and in the old country regard her with high esteem. She has exceptional prudence and foresight and her assistance is practical. Then there is the golden thread of spirituality running through every part of her work—a hundred per cent woman in her relationship with other women and girls.

And somehow she has the rare ability of handling the great preventive work while she continually touches the rescue service in a delicate, beautiful, constructive manner.

I like her for this.

Recognition of this splendid Y.W.C.A. in Winnipeg such as Mr. McNichol has given and as Mr. Clements, who is the father of the president of the Y.W.C.A.—Mrs. F. C. Hamilton—gave a few years ago, not only means substantial assistance financially but it encourages the women who give so much of their lives for the welfare of girls and young women.

There is no more worthy contribution to good citizenship.

Divorce

SHE took a pan of home-made bread out of the oven with that expression of "I'm the ideal housekeeper attitude," and in her fat, harsh, monotonous voice, said:

"The reason there are so many divorces today is because women go out too much to clubs and bridge.

"Now I'm not socially inclined and I

think women should stay home and do their own cooking," she added with a sniff of her small thin nose, an evidence of her narrow, gossipy mind.

"I think it's terrible for a woman to buy cake and bread on her way home from a club meeting," she boldly asserted as she glanced in the direction of a package her neighbor carried.

"Jack, do stop that gramophone this minute," she snarled at the slim tall boy who rose to obey, reluctantly giving up the music that drowned her constant nagging.

"See the tracks on that floor. Now I was down on my knees polishing that floor for two hours today, while certain women wasted their time at the club. Just see how Jack tracks it up—and his father will be here soon and track more," she exclaimed, as she placed home-made cookies on the plate, with a very suggestive squint again at the package.

Her neighbor hurried home, saddened somewhat by the rude hints of her friend—the ideal home maker.

Just as she reached the door her daughter bounded out and threw her arms around her neck excitedly, with the eager news of "Mother, I got the best mark in my English class on the theme subject you suggested. You're the dandiest mother in the world with your head just full of bright ideas for my school work. The girls all say you're the best sport in the town because they can come here for a good time." By the time Janet finished her greeting the mother's reply was drowned with music. Tom had the gramophone on and the other sister was dancing with her father.

The "club" mother took the bread and cake from her package—bread and cake made at the home of Mrs. Smith, a little woman who earned her daughter's clothes and tuition with her baking. She was a real cook.

When the family sat down to dinner their eyes brightened with pride as they noted the sweet, fresh expression on their mother's face.

"Gee! Mother's getting younger every day," shouted Tom as he looked at his father proudly.

"Yes, son, mother is certainly a bright member of this house," he acquiesced.

"I am glad your club brings so much joy into your life—it helps us all," he added.

"Mrs. Smith's home-made bread is jolly good. You can bake just as well but we all enjoy the change, you need that time occasionally for other things, and Mrs. Smith needs the money."

"I've been thinking seriously," answered the mother, "perhaps I am making a mistake when I attend club meetings. Mrs. Jones told me today that the cause of so much divorce is the fact that women go to clubs too much."

"Mistake—nothing! When they are at the club they are thinking of bigger subjects than gossip of intimate family affairs. I'll tell you a cause of many divorces—it is gossip among women about their family affairs. Women whose minds move in narrow channels discuss their husband's faults with one another and the sloppy sympathy they get from their gossiping friends often creates bitter feelings between husband and wife and this grows until it ends in a divorce. This familiar gossip injures the husband's business and develops no end of trouble. Tell Mrs. Jones, more divorces are caused by gossip than is caused from club meetings where women meet to think and discuss subjects that make them better wives, mothers and good citizens."

"Right-you-are, Dad! Jack Jones tells me he likes to come here because we have such good times. It never matters if we do get things upside down. The boys are all for you, mother!"

The little mother with a pleased smile, gently remarked:

"I believe that gossip begins in girlhood. I remember during my girlhood I had many friends but we did not tell one another the secrets that some girls do who chum together. This is particularly true when a girl goes with one girl alone at the exclusion of other friends. It makes a girl narrow and selfish to have only one chum."

The daughter looked up, saying: "Jane Beck and Mary Brown are always together whispering and sometimes the expression on their faces is so mean you can just see their thoughts. The other girls do not like them and they are so fearfully selfish. Maybe, some day, they will have divorces."

Overheard

THE train was crowded, so a member of a Chatauqua group sat in the seat near two girls who were with a burlesque company.

"You think you are better than we are," one of the burlesque girls exclaimed.

"Why do you make such a remark?" he urged.

"Oh," she replied, with a toss of her permanent blonde wave, "you Chatauqua people act as if you were above us."

"Yes, we do," was the answer, "and I'll tell you the reason."

"You allow yourself to associate with a type of back-stage company that taints your mind—makes it filthy. I could love a girl who has made a physical mistake and has a clean mind, but I could never love one who prides herself on being too wise to make a physical error but has a soiled, dirty mind."

The burlesque girl lowered her eyes a moment in thought—then turned to the Chatauquan and said in a convinced tone of voice.

"I guess you're right."

A Novel Organization

ONE of the new experiments being carried on by the students of a large university, is that of churches run entirely by students.

Near, or on the campus are a number of such organizations whose officers are elected from the student body, only the ministerial and directing work being carried on by a paid staff, and many of which have their congregations entirely made up of students.

The idea was started originally to give students a training in church activities.

There are those who enthusiastically praise the idea. There are others, however, who think it works to the detriment of the student. They say that for six days of the week they associate only with their fellow students and with professors, that one day it is a better plan to change the menu and give the student actual contact with the world into which he will soon be thrown. College people live too much within a world unto themselves, and they often forget those who make up the rest of the "community."

In our Manitoba University we have men like Prof. Allison, Dr. Crawford and other professors who mix with the community and really make themselves a place in the outside world and their friends regard them as valuable members of the community. They have earned their popular standing outside of the college circle.

Student churches are new organizations. There is much to be said on both sides.

What Do You Want Most?

WHAT do you want most? A magazine recently published the answers of celebrities. As I read the answers I felt I would like to ask this question for our readers to answer. What do you want most? How many will write me their greatest desire? The answers would make an interesting page. No names would be published.

A Certified Bride

A RECENT magazine article informs us that there is in Boston University a scientific marriage course for women, and that Miss Audrey Ware of Brookline, Massachusetts, who is engaged to Fred G. Woolf of Ohio State University, is the first graduate with the C.B. degree—that is, when she marries she will be a Certified Bride. Miss Ware then has a license to practice matrimony.

This is education's newest venture—and Boston University has the only course for this particular training. It is said that when the course was announced,

nearly every girl who could juggle her programme, promptly enrolled.

"Preparation for Marriage" is its slogan and happy homes its fulfillment. Each department in college is helping. The professor of psychology gives them instruction on the mental processes of men with a view to establishing a more sympathetic understanding between husbands and wives. The professor of accounting instructs domestic finance. The professor of economics dwells on the problems of the average home. Girls learn the liabilities and assets of home life.

No man can sell them the proposition because "the night is full of stars and the air is full of roses."

Mrs. Elizabeth Macdonald is the woman at the head of the course. She herself is a successful wife. She teaches them to be as familiar with the incomes and budgets as they might be with moonlight and kisses—to play up practicality. She says romance and roses fade, but rent and bills we always have with us. She also makes the statement that training for marriage will minimize lonely beaches and parked cars.

In a recent test Mrs. Macdonald asked the girls to compile a list of the qualifications essential for a good husband. Nearly every girl wanted him to be considerate, ambitious and neat.

How May I Be Popular? I Am Shy.

LOVELINESS of language goes with loveliness of mind. The highest form of wit and good humor is to be found among the noble minded. So says one writer. I shudder when I hear girls trying to be funny by using coarse and vulgar language. The question above is one so often asked me and I know girls who simply cannot be popular with young people who think they must be coarse in order to be popular.

Sometimes it is not possible to be easy in the company of those who regard the fine things of life with careless indifference. And it is not worth while.

It is one of the things that does not get you anywhere.

During my own girlhood I remember times when a group of girls disgusted me so with their coarse language that I walked off and left them.

Then there is the girl with the desire to be witty and uses sarcasm. The talent for being sarcastic is a most dangerous one. No one ever knew a sarcastic woman who could keep friends.

Nothing but the education of the heart will make a girl popular and cure shyness. To the girl who knows she is not interesting let me urge—Be interested. When you are with people—listen, observe. Give concentrated attention to every person you meet and you need have no fears about developing into an interesting girl.

Life's Autumn

Oh, come my love, to the leaf-strewn glen,
With radiant colors on every tree,
Come, flee from the haunts and the noises
of men
And walk down the path with me.
The leaves on the trees have brighter
grown,
But the birds to a sunnier clime have
flown,
They'll return in the Spring and the woods
will ring
With their notes of melody.

So our fledglings, dear, the old nest have
left,
And we of our darlings are now bereft.
But we have each other; we have our
dreams,
And looking back o'er the years, it seems
But a day since you came to me.

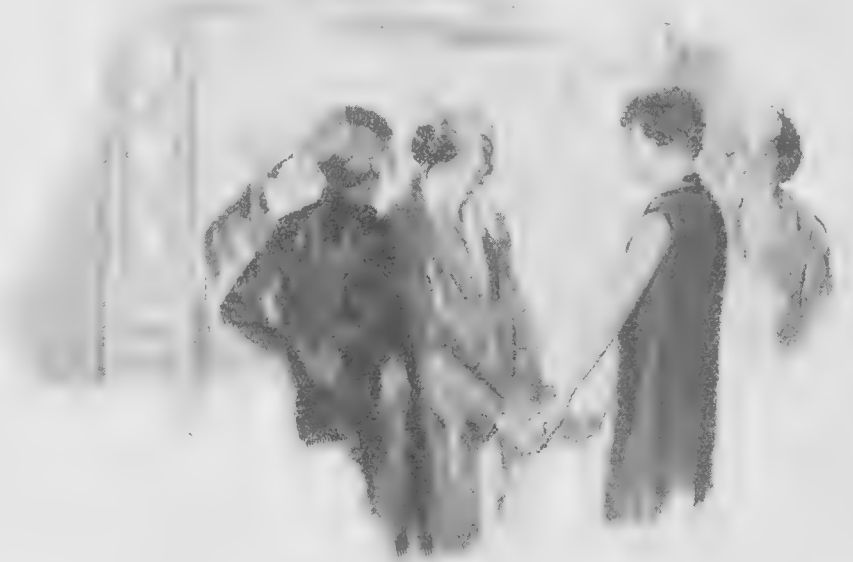
We have walked Life's path together, dear
With our gladness entwined with sorrow,
But the tears of the day always faded away
In the sunshine and joy of the morrow.
And we find our years, like the leaves in
Fall,
Grow brighter, grow dearer, sweetest of all
Those spent on Life's changing sea.

So let us be glad, as we walk here together
That through mist and fog we've found
sunny weather
At the end of Life's path, and when the
Home gates unfold
We'll shout with the gladness of growing
old.
And hand in hand enter Eternity.

—Lucille Curtis

How the Society Woman, the Debutante

meets the demands of daily modern life



This new way in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem enables one to live each day as it comes—exquisite, immaculate, confident, even under the most trying conditions.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

FROM morning until midnight! A luncheon, a lecture, a dinner, the opera . . . a hygienic handicap that is real . . . yet never the precious charm of a moment lost!

Thousands of women, whose lives direct the social calendar, employ this new way which so exquisitely supplants the uncertainty of the old-time "sanitary pad" with a calm assurance of utter immaculacy.

Your daintiest of frocks, your filmiest of gowns . . . wear them now in security. The modern woman lives every moment, of every day, unhandicapped.

New Advantages You'll Appreciate

This new way embodies three factors of importance . . . plus many others.

It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad. And thus assures a true protection.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . and thus banishes the embarrassing difficulty of disposal . . . and laundry.

It deodorizes . . . and thus supplies a feeling of security that old ways denied.

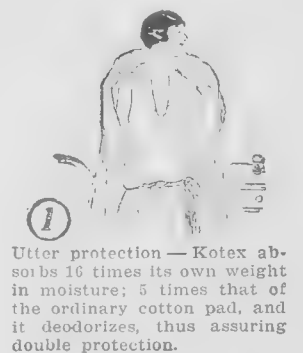
AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at every drug store, every department store—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

You ask for them by name, and without hesitation, simply by saying—Kotex.

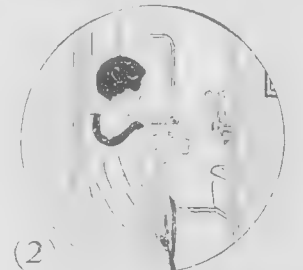
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PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

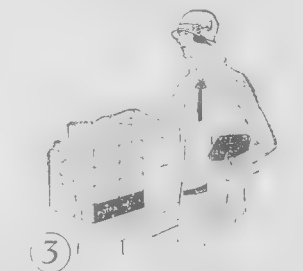
You'll appreciate these
3 factors



① Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



② No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped—help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Kotex Regular, 80c
Kotex-Super, \$1.20
Per Dozen

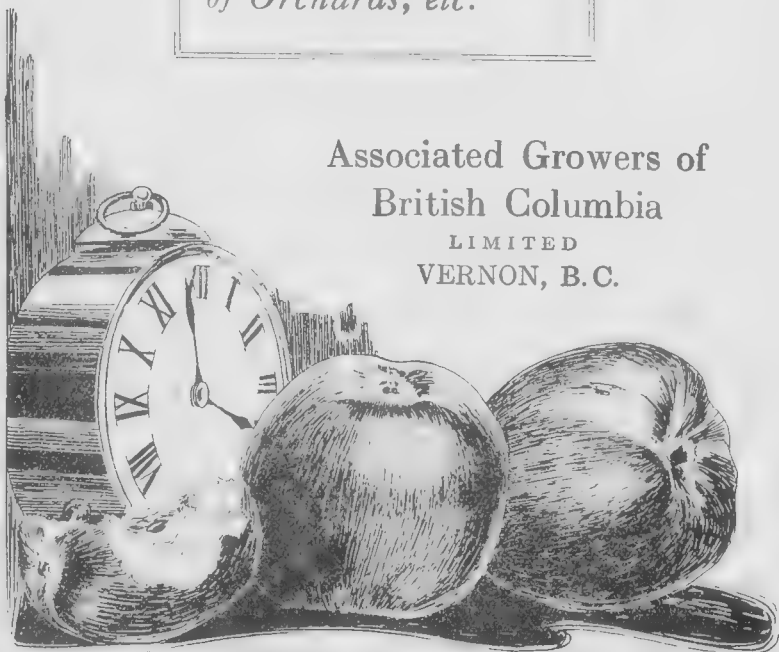


APPLES

From the appearance of the packing houses of the Okanagan and Kootenay Valleys, where O. K. Apples are placed in the boxes that come to you, it is timely advice for the growers to say "Buy Now!" The fine quality and the short crops have made it difficult to supply all demands. Winter varieties are now going out. See your Merchant at once.

Send for a Copy of our
New **FREE BOOK**
Showing colored scenes
of Orchards, etc.

Associated Growers of
British Columbia
LIMITED
VERNON, B.C.



The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada

A SECOND MESSAGE FROM THE HONORARY PRESIDENT MRS. DAVID WATT

This is a brief message of encouragement and good wishes to the members of the Women's Institutes throughout Canada.

Our Federation is destined to create a strong and powerful impetus towards national unity. It brings us together to study our separate problems and to find a solution for them. Incidentally it is binding us together in a bond of friendship and sisterhood extending from Coast to Coast. This bond of sympathy is more than ever necessary in these days when public speakers are openly stating that Confederation is toppling, and are actually contemplating a divided Canada. We have only to look at Europe, torn by intrigue and jealousy, seething with discontent and suspicion, to realize what a divided Canada might mean.

As a solid basis for this loyalty, we have our own programme, with its emphasis on love of home and country, and on its attempt to bring us all together in good-will and friendship. Good-will between individuals is the foundation of national good-will, and it is only by its exercise that we can better conditions.

Let, then, the women of our F.W.I.C. stand together in undivided unity and loyalty to Confederation. This should not be difficult for those whose programmes are founded on love of home and country. Federation of Women's Institutes, however, does not necessarily spell unity. This only can be made a reality through the loyalty to the Federation of every Women's Institute member in every Province throughout Canada.

JENNIE M. WATT

Manitoba News Notes

Arrow River—The Secretary writes: Roll call was answered by famous discoveries; so many interesting and instructive answers were given that we decided to have the same roll call for next month.

Arnaud—One of the members gave a demonstration on salads; at the close of the demonstration, twenty kinds of salads were exhibited and four kinds of salad dressing.

Arizona—The Institute is planning a Thanksgiving dinner for October; it is hoped that the profits from this will be for the painting of the Women's Institute Hall.

Beausejour—The members gave a reception and dance for the teachers at the beginning of the school year.

Benito—The Secretary writes: We had a good meeting today, and feel "cheered up". The members all seem ready to work after the long summer holiday. The members will be busy for a time making quilts for one of the Great War Veterans' Hospitals.

Carman—Among other things, the Institute is giving a prize of \$5.00 to the boy or girl receiving the highest number of points in the Oratorical Contest.

Cromarty—The members are planning to hold a Fete in October; we hope to hear more about this; it promises to be interesting.

Elphinstone—The Institute has purchased a recreation ground, and made the last payment of \$170.00 the other day. The Institute has also promised to help to maintain the open air skating rink this winter. It is obvious that the Institute is interested in the well-being of the young people, and is endeavoring to provide wholesome recreation for them.

Kenton—The members and friends have had a series of talks on "Health;" the last dealt with "Health Exercises to the Victrola."

La Riviere—A Hallowe'en social is being planned by the Institute to restrain and amuse the wayward spirits on this night of dark deeds.

Langruth—The last report tells what the Institute is doing to improve the cemetery; for the bazaar; and what is being done to raise funds for the hall. This spells activity.

Mayfeld—The members are interested in the boy's and girl's club, and are doing what they can to help the young people. They are also busy preparing for a bazaar; each member has been given 50 cents out of the Institute funds, which she is to use, as she wishes, in the best interests of the bazaar. Some of the members will double, treble and again double this sum.

Minotnas—The members are busy completing arrangements for a Tonsil Clinic. As far as we know this is the first Clinic to be organized in this Community; we wish the members success.

Pilot Mound—Inspector Gordon addressed the members and friends of the W.I. This is one of the many addresses given by Inspector Gordon to Institutes.

Waskada—The members are organizing a membership drive before the Annual Meeting.

Killarney—The Institute has furnished a small Rest Room in the Public School for the use of teachers and pupils. They also provided a Red Cross Kit, which they have kept supplied. They serve lunch (free of charge) in the W.I. Rest Room, to new settlers. One of the members assists the new-comers who do not understand our currency with their shopping.

Roblin—The following report of the last meeting of the Roblin W.I. reflects nicely the spirit and activities of this organization, and deserves some space. The August meeting of the Roblin W.I. was held at the home of Mrs. H. R. Mitchell, about thirty members and visitors being present. The chief item of business was the discussion of plans for the annual bazaar, and the appointing of conveners for the various committees. The bazaar is the one big money-raising enterprise of the year and provides the bulk of the funds for the Hot Lunch, the Child Welfare Conference and the other activities of the W.I. This will be the fourth bazaar, and the aim of all the members is "bigger and better than ever."

The report of the Child Welfare Conference was very gratifying. We were fortunate in again obtaining the services of Dr. Ellen Douglas. The total number examined was one hundred and forty-one. Forty per cent were given 100%, while the rest were largely found to have remediable defects and were referred to the doctor or the dentist.

The chief item on the programme was a paper on "Radium" by Mrs. W. R. Scott. The nature and use of this marvelous substance were told in a very interesting manner, and we are looking forward to a paper later on about Madame Curie, to whom the world owes so much. The dainty "cup-o'-tea" and social brought the meeting to a close, all voting that trips to the country were very pleasant features of the year's meetings.

Hamiota—This is another good report. The last meeting took the form of an "At Home" to all the ladies in the community; new-comers were specially invited—some thirty-two in number. The "At-Home" was made a tea of "Fifty Years Ago;" the members of the executive, who acted as hostesses, were dressed in old-time costumes, and did their best to see that all their guests were introduced to everyone, and that they were given a hearty welcome to the community and the Institute. A dainty old-fashioned tea was served to over a hundred ladies, and a happy time was enjoyed by all present. The Institute hopes that the new-comers will come to their meetings."

"Diamond Dye" Any Garment or Drapery Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye



Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

**COUGHS THAT PASS
IN THE NIGHT**
*are generally
those helped
by*

**GRAY'S SYRUP
RED SPRUCE GUM**
**Ease and Comfort
come with the very
first spoonful**

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Do You Know What Causes High Blood Pressure and Why 150 is the Danger Point?

High blood pressure is often a symptom of other trouble and is a serious menace to health of both men and women. What should your blood pressure be for your age, weight, occupation? You cannot afford to run the risk of remaining in ignorance of the causes and results of high blood pressure. Simply send your name for free booklet of valuable facts, and explaining methods of both temporary relief and permanent recovery. No cost, no obligation. Write today. H. Wilson, Sup't, Box 300, Milford, Geary Co., Kans.

FORGE AHEAD
WHY PLOD ALONG IN THE OLD RUT? Learn to write stories. Big demand. Earn while you learn. Make your spare time profitable. Great opportunity for women as well as men. Send NOW for free booklet "How to Become a Successful Writer." We teach new system by Home-study Correspondence Course.
THE WRITER'S INSTITUTE
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Stop that ITCH

Are you a sufferer from skin disease? Do you long for that calm, cool sensation that comes when the itch is taken away? Then try this prescription. This cooling liquid gives instant relief from that burning, itching torture. The very moment this lotion touches the skin the itch is gone!

D.D.D. and D.D.D. Soap at all good druggists
D.D.D. TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

D. D. D. Co., 441 Lyall Ave., Toronto
Send me trial bottle of D. D. D. Enclosed 10c to cover packing and mailing.

Name _____
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Reports of Homemakers' Clubs Saskatchewan

Aylesbury is arranging for toxin antitoxin inoculation. They are securing a circulating library. They had discussions on legislation affecting women, club work in other provinces and Institute exhibits.

Colleston Club made itself responsible for holding toxin antitoxin inoculations. Sixty-two children were inoculated. One of their members is to give a five-minute talk at each meeting on the progress of the League of Nations.

Devon Club is working on the League of Nations. They have had a successful clinic and are making arrangements for toxin antitoxin inoculations.

Halbrite had a paper on "Our Definite Purpose as a Club" at July meeting.

Henribourg is holding a sale of fancy-work and useful articles, these being donated by members—the proceeds are to go towards the church. This Club is adding to its membership.

Lake Valley supports a splendid Rest-Room where they hold their meetings. They are looking after the needy in the district.

Lonesome Pine, S.D. near Leask, has recently organized a very promising Club. They will belong to the Prince Albert District.

Mason Club, Invermay, had demonstrations in Millinery and Dressmaking from the department. They had visitors from neighboring districts. Mrs. Matthews gave a paper on the aims and purposes of the organization. They are interested in the Egg and Poultry Pools.

Macoun Club looks well after its sick and afflicted. They are arranging for an entertainment of a cheerful character.

Mt. Murray Club, Windthorst, held a baby clinic recently.

Maryfield Club entertained the Fairlight Club at their August meeting. They are helping to keep the town rink. Some prizes for children in the primary grade are being donated by them. They are arranging to put on a play in the winter. At the September meeting they discussed some of the property laws and had a story read.

Paynton is making arrangements to start a library. At a recent meeting they had a paper on "How meetings can be made more interesting and profitable."

Meola is preparing to put some good work into the study of the League of Nations. They had a round table discussion on canning and other household subjects.

Rosebrier Club, Rutland, is arranging for a play on Hallowe'en. They are holding classes in Home Nursing.

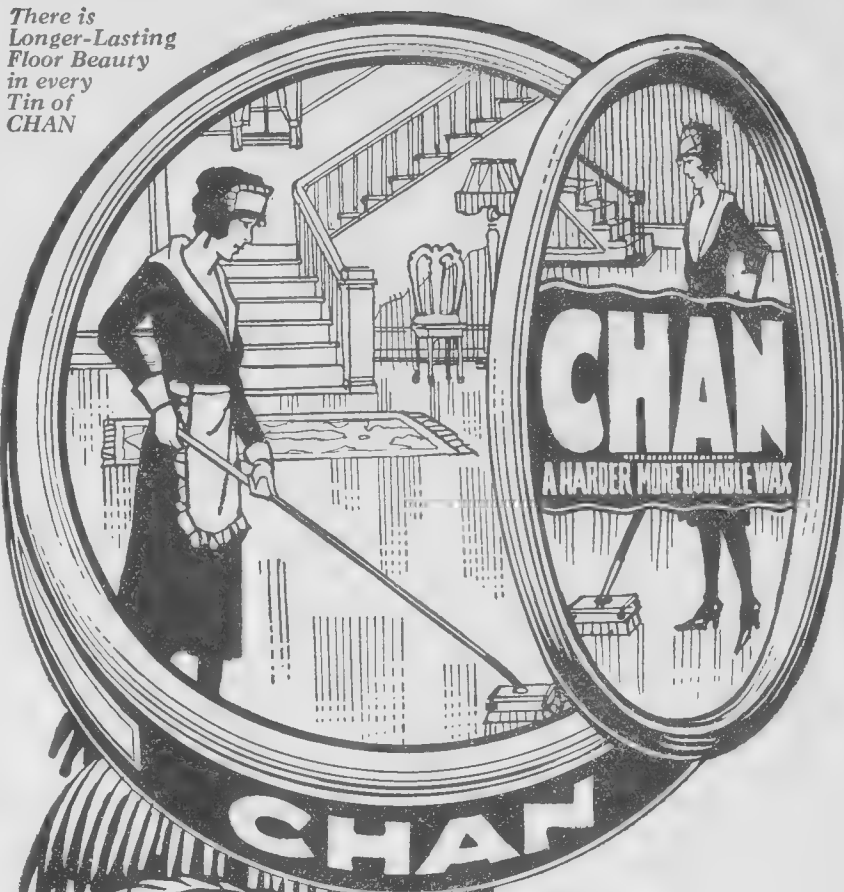
Regina-Moose Jaw District, Fourth Annual Convention, College Academy Hall, Gravelbourg.

Programme, Monday, August 10, 6.30 p.m. Registration; Tuesday, August 11, 10.30 a.m. Presiding, Mrs. A. Soucy; "O Canada"; Address of Welcome, Mayor Martel; Address, President of Convention; Creole Love Song, Miss B. Forcier; Address, Miss DeLury (Director of H.M.C. for Saskatchewan); Piano Solo, Mrs. J. V. Dodds, Drinkwater H.M.C.; Women and the League of Nations, Mrs. J. Birken, Bateman H.M.C.; Secretary's Report, Mrs. Malden, Moose Jaw; Club Reports; Appointment of Committee; 1.15 p.m., Luncheon, Royal Hotel.

Tuesday, August 11, 2.30 p.m. Presiding, Mrs. Irvine, Bateman H.M.C.; "O Canada"; Paper, Mrs. G. A. Dodge, Wilcox H.M.C.; Solo, Miss Wallace, Pense H.M.C.; Immigration, Miss W. L. Carter, Bateman H.M.C.; Little White House in the Lane, Mrs. C. Phillips, Rouleau H.M.C.; Paper (Nutrition), Mrs. G. Boyd, Pense H.M.C.; May Morning, Solo, Miss C. Matte; Club Reports; Election of Officers; 5.30 p.m., Tea.

8.30 p.m.—Symphony, [Englemann (Misses E. Hyman, F. Colleaux, E. Daniels, D. Daniels, G. Pouchard, R. Larochelle, C. Cardinal, M. Lize, H. LeMoine, V. LeMoine); Address, Miss DeLury (Director of H.M.C. for Saskatchewan); The Milk Maid and the College Girl (Misses B. Gravel, K. Brazziel and Chorus Girls); Our Aunt from California (Misses B. Forcier, M. Piche, C. Michaud, M. Walsh, L. Gravel, E. Daniels); The Maid Servants from the Bells of Corneville (Mrs. W. Gerome, Misses C. Matte, I. Dupras, A. Bachamp, G. Nadeau, G. Pouchard, A. Boutin, J. Gravel, A. Beaudry, B. Matte, S. Dupras, A. Bachamp. "O Canada."

There is
Longer-Lasting
Floor Beauty
in every
Tin of
CHAN



It's That
Wonderful
Carnauba Wax in
CHAN Which
Gives the Rich,
Longer-Lasting
Floor Beauty

From the Carnauba Tree, growing in the heart of the tropical jungles of Brazil comes a wax that science has found to possess all the qualities of an ideal floor wax.

This Carnauba wax forms the base of a wonderful new floor wax—CHAN.

Blended with bees wax and other soft waxes, for easy application, it produces a lovely finish that retains its lustre and hardness long after other polishes would be dull and worn.

A one-pound tin of CHAN will cover over 1000 square feet of floor—two or three times more than other floor waxes. That's why CHAN is so economical. It sets quickly, dries hard and gives floors a brilliance that will outlast any other floor-wax polish.

Your hardware man can supply you with CHAN in tins of 1/2 lb. 40c., 1 lb. 75c., 3 lb. \$2.00, 5 lb. \$3.25.

Send 10c. for Trial Tin

Upon receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin) to cover postage and mailing, we will send a generous sized tin of CHAN, sufficient to polish a medium sized room.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO
Makers of O-Cedar Products



1925 NOVEMBER 1925						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

1925 NOVEMBER 1925						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

1925 NOVEMBER 1925						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5



Are there only six days in your week?

IN the lives of many women Monday is washday and nothing else. Washing done, they are too tired for any other pursuit. Every week, year after year, one day is lost to everything except washing.

But there are others who are enjoying to the full a seven day week. These are the users of the

Laurel Electric Washing Machine

You, too, will find that in a quarter the time, and with a tenth of the effort, washing is done and the rest of the day is yours to spend as you will.

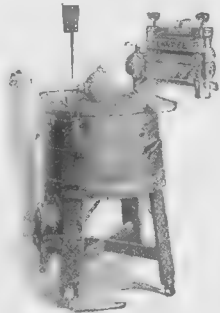
Or if you need it, we supply the Laurel Engine Drive

DOWSWELL, LEES & CO. LTD.
Hamilton, Ont.



The Laurel Electric has cypress tub and swinging wringer. Radiating no heat, it keeps the water warm; and on account of its compactness, is not in the way in the kitchen.

Let your dealer demonstrate it, or write us direct for full detail.



Girl Life in the World's Far Places

No. II

The Solomon Island Girl

By Francis Dickie

THE Solomon Island girl is one of the most primitive of savages, living today very much as her sisters did when the Spanish discoverer came to the islands in 1567. On the island of Malaita, where the natives are most savage and hostile to white men, and on Santa Anna, the girls wear no clothing. For the subject of the picture to illustrate this sketch has been chosen two girls on the island of New Georgia, who most picturesquely show two of the chief articles of clothing and adornment worn by Solomon Island girls in some of the group.

The majority of the girls live close to the sea in huts of matting and thatch.

In fact, of all the girls in the world, the Solomon Islander's is perhaps the least attractive. She is not allowed to even share in the occasional cannibal feasts, which still take place on some of the islands. For one of the chief reasons for eating an enemy is so the successful warrior may gain all his dead enemy's good attributes. Such is the belief, and, as women are only slaves, it would not be fitting that they should acquire strength and prowess.

Still the girls do get some pleasure out of life by adorning themselves by painting on their faces and bodies long white lines done with a whitewash made of coral lime. The more fortunate maidens



Photo by Frank Burnett

The girls adorn themselves by painting on their faces and bodies long white lines done in whitewash

Before You Buy Your Furs

By Appointment

Send for the 1925-1926 Holt, Renfrew Catalog of Fur Fashions

Canada's premier catalog portrayal of styles in furs of dependable quality. An invaluable guide for true value comparison.

FURS SUBMITTED ON APPROVAL AT OUR EXPENSE

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Soothes Baby's Skin

Every infant needs the soothing balm of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Wise mothers use it to prevent chafing, rash or soreness. A daily application makes baby comfortable and happy.

Send 10 cents for sample bottle.

For sale everywhere. Regular price, 35c. The Frostilla Co., Toronto, Ontario. Established in 1873. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Frostilla
Fragrant Lotion
The skin's greatest guardian



So swimming, fishing and boating play an important part in their lives. The girls, like most native people, are up with the sun. As women are practically slaves the girls, as soon as they are able to, spend the larger part of the day in gardening, and gathering and preparing for eating, yams, bananas and fish. On the island pigs, imported by the white man many years ago, are also an important article of diet. Neither the girls or older women eat with the men, nor are they allowed any part in the crude religion, if such it can be called.

The devil-house is a small building of posts with a conical roof, beneath which stands a hideously painted wooden image. These are placed in very secluded parts of the forest. Here the warriors come to ask help before going on a raid, and here they bring the skulls of enemies as offerings to their devil. But no woman ever goes near the place. If a woman were caught looking into the devil-house she would be put to death.

add to this clam shell ornaments and long strings of shell. But the height of fashion and the crowning glory of all is the tapa cloth bustle, which is not only much prized as an ornament, but is so made to serve as a soft cushion to sit upon. The picture shows the adornments of the women with particular thoroughness and clearness.

The Solomon Island girl having no religion, and no education to acquire, grows up with marriage as the most important event in life. Even in this latter she has nothing to say. Her suitor goes to her father with an offer of so many pigs, tobacco and other goods.

A feast follows the completion of the sale, and the happy husband settles down to a life of ease, now that he has acquired a good work creature for his own.

Certainly, no girl in North America will envy her savage sister far away in the Solomon group.

The Dread Disease

THE great importance to mankind of the disease known as cancer is shown by the degree of its mortality, to say nothing of the dreadful suffering that it causes. Cancer is to-day the cause of more deaths than any other disease except tuberculosis and those that affect infants only. It is a disease of mature life. Among persons who have taken their full place of usefulness in the world, cancer causes today more deaths than any other known disease. Of those who have reached the age of forty, one in every eleven dies of cancer—one woman in every eight, one man in every fourteen.

The way in which cancer invades a healthy human body is thus very much like the way in which a contagious disease invades a healthy city. Today the city is free from diphtheria, but tomorrow, from one cause or another, a case breaks out in a certain house. The inhabitants of that house are then, of course, exposed to the disease, and some of them are pretty sure to contract it. If the friends of these unfortunate people were allowed to go freely in and out of the house they would also be exposed to the disease, and some of them would probably contract it. So they would infect the inhabitants of their own houses, in the other parts of the city.

It would have been easy to save the city from an epidemic of diphtheria by treating, or removing from it, the first case and by disinfecting the first house in which that case occurred. The epidemic would certainly have been prevented if all who had entered the first house and who had been exposed to the disease had been removed to some safe spot where they were not in contact with other people, and kept there until they were cured. In short, while the disease is confined to one house the epidemic is easily controllable and curable, but after the disease has spread into many parts of the city it is likely to spread more and more, and is virtually out of control.

It is much the same thing with cancer cells in a person's body. The disease begins with the affection of some one little spot in the body, and for a varying length of time, often for a long time, remains localized in that one spot. If during that time the one spot is removed, and its surroundings disinfected, we can be sure that there will be no more trouble. When it is allowed to persist until it is generalized and has spread into other parts of the body, it cannot be cured by any treatment of the spot that it first occupied. It has become incurable, even though that one spot may be the only one at which it is as yet conspicuous.

The disease is probably not hereditary. It is so common that it would be extraordinary if sooner or later there were not more than one case of it in many families, but there is no evidence of its being distinctly hereditary.

As yet we know little or nothing of why cancer occurs in a given person, but we do know the conditions in the body that make cancer likely to occur at certain spots in that body. Almost all cancer starts in a spot where has been a long-standing chronic inflammation or irritation, or where has been previously, and usually for a long time, some apparently harmless lump.

Any persistent lump that can be felt at any place in the body and that lasts month after month—more especially any lump that is in one of the common seats of cancer, such as the breast—should be regarded with suspicion, and if it persists should be promptly shown to a physician. Perhaps the most important of all facts in the control of cancer is that the lumps or harmless growths in which so many cancers originate are not only painless while they are harmless, but often remain painless during the early stages of change. Cancer is a very painful disease, but it often does not become painful until after it is well established.

Not all painful lumps are cancers; any inflamed lump may be painful for a time. But a lump or growth is not safe because it is painless.

One of the best illustrations of the fact

that cancer is likely to occur in places that have long been subject to chronic irritation is found in cancer on the lip. Smoker's cancer is what it is often called. Not infrequently an excessive pipe smoker who always holds his pipe in one corner of his mouth will notice a slight wart on his lower lip at the place where the stem of the pipe rests. If he disregards that wart, it is almost certain to develop rapidly into a cancer of the lip, which, if neglected, is a very fatal form of the disease.

Cancer of the organs of digestion—stomach, digestive glands and intestines—is one of the common forms, and is the one that is today most difficult to detect while still in the curable stage. Many lives would, however, be saved if the general public understood that any long continued chronic indigestion occurring in middle age and associated with the loss of weight and change of color should be sufficient reason for an early and careful examination. Every possible means—including chemical analysis of the secretion and the use of the X ray—should be used to determine whether the conditions that precede cancer are present.

Many such chronic indigestions are of course not cancer; but if all such cases were carefully scrutinized for the special purpose of excluding cancer, the number of cancers of the digestive organs would certainly be greatly decreased by the cure of many such cases while the disease is still in the curable stage.

Everyone should remember that any one of the things that have been spoken of does not mean that he has a cancer; it may mean nothing of any importance at all, and in that case it is well to know it. On the other hand, however, it may mean that he has a chronic condition that should be treated and cured while it is nothing more.

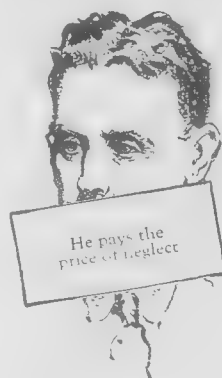
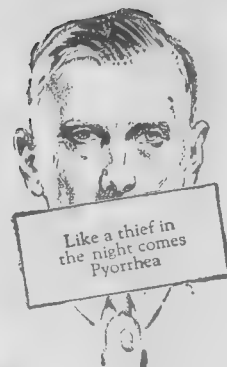
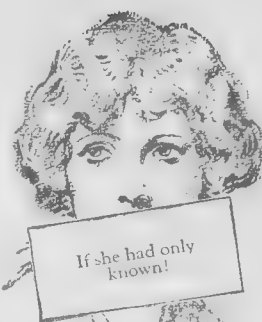
Finally, the all-important fact is that cancer rarely, if ever, occurs in people who are free from such little chronic conditions. If all of them were promptly brought to the attention of the doctor while they were nothing more, the great mortality of cancer that exists today would undoubtedly be reduced to a very small one.

The armies of science are closing around that elusive enemy, cancer; and every day we become more confident of victory. The most spectacular success belongs to Dr. William Gye and Mr. J. E. Barnard, of the National Institute for Medical Research. It seems certain that they have discovered the organism which causes cancer. It is no marvel that the germ was hard to find; it is so small that no microscope is powerful enough to show it, no filter fine enough to keep it back. Mr. Barnard has invented an apparatus by which it can be seen and photographed; not directly, of course, but rather as motes of dust are seen in a ray of light. Dr. Gye has verified his results experimentally, and has been able to discover the conditions under which cancer occurs.

This success raises no immediate hopes of a cure. We have known the cause of tuberculosis for twenty-five years, and no cure has been found. But it is necessary to go into what may be called the classical theory of cancer before we see the difficulties in the way. By itself the cancer organism is harmless. It can be injected into the body without evil results; for the germs must settle themselves in the cells of the body before disease sets in, and an ordinary healthy cell is capable of keeping them at bay. But if anything should happen to make a break in the walls of the cell, then the germ can creep in and dwell secure from all ordinary attacks. Once in, it appears to excite the cell into rebellion against the body. The cell forgets its allegiance, multiplies without restraint, feeds upon the body without working for its wages. But it is quite safe to affirm that Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard have carried forward the banners of knowledge on a road where to advance at all is a magnificent achievement, and their work will inspire the patient investigators in every laboratory throughout the world where cancer research is in progress to new efforts against the worst enemy known to man.

4 out of 5 are victims

The fight against Pyorrhea is a fight against overwhelming odds. Statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—pay Pyorrhea's dreaded toll. Will you?



Be on your guard for signs of Pyorrhea

Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so healthy teeth depend upon healthy gums.

Bleeding gums are the first sign of Pyorrhea's approach. Then they begin to recede and the healthy pink color gives place to a pale, whitish tint. Soon the teeth are loosened, pus pockets form and drain their poisons through the system, often causing indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis and many of the other diseases of mid-life.

Let Forhan's help you

Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession) to neutralize oral poisons, and keep the gums in a firm, strong, healthy condition. Also, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet, clean and wholesome. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Limited Montreal

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



The Grudge

Continued from page 38

again and slugged furiously, steadily, shaking each other with the impact of their blows, seeming to care little to guard if they could only land.

Tucker uppercut quickly as the other stepped in. But McKane saw it coming and in the fraction of a second allowed him he jerked his head back. The blow whizzed past the point of his jaw—just missing a knockout, the newspaperman saw—and must have ripped into the tender cartilage between the nostrils from the cry of agony it drew from the Bar None boss.

Following his advantage, Tucker jumped in and clinched again. Betters from his close position saw the I.O.U. boss's right knee working free—to jam into the pit of his opponent's stomach. "Watch for a foul there!" the newspaperman cried.

The bearded face of the man beside him thrust into his. "Where d'yuh think yuh are, stranger?" the fellow spectator growled at Betters. "Madison Square Garden? Better hold yer jaw."

Betters descreetly did, reflecting that all was well enough as long as no guns or knives had been brought into play.

The two fighters were rolling on the floor now, alternately punching in each others' faces and clutching at throats. At that moment, as if in answer to Betters' fear, Tucker got his right arm free and whipped an ugly, broad-bladed knife from its leather sheath in his hip pocket. Then his arm rose for a blow but McKane saw it and his grip seemed to crunch the other's wrist. Fingers relaxed and the knife fell to the floor. Like a flash Tucker was after it again—would have it, for all the now exhausted McKane could do.

Then the newspaperman, watching tensely, saw a bare brown foot dart swiftly forward, dexterously seize the knife by its handle and whisk it away from Tucker's grasping hand. Trained to quick observation, Betters had noted that the brown foot had six toes.

The cool-headed element had parted the fighters and the newspaperman from the East was back in his room. He was busied making many new notes. They did not sustain the sceptical thought of his previous one.

THE democrat wagons careened recklessly around the half-mile track, drivers standing, yelling and plying their whips like Roman charioteers. One passenger in each democrat clung to the seat for dear life, while the two horse teams dashed on in a mad, break-neck, runaway gallop. Leading the field of four was a team of light, fleet mules.

The stands roared with laughter as the driver of the mules cleverly kept pocketed the two adversaries which he had now outdistanced. Driving a little to the left of the centre of the track, he blocked off the Bar None democrat which was trying to take the pole and pass and he veered out just enough to threaten with a crash the driver of the I.O.U. ranch when that raving individual attempted to skirt his right. And so the race ended, with the rival rancher beaten and held into a tie for second place by a team of mules.

Curtis Betters was in the press stand with his escort from the Glenartney Chamber of Commerce. The newspaperman from the East was half ready to drop his scepticism. That some of the old West survived he was willing to concede—and yet that wasn't the story the editor expected. Still when the editor learned of his subordinate's experience in the few hours he had been in the town, his opinions might alter somewhat. The West could not be buried very deep in the past when a grudge would revive it, as he, Betters had seen—and was seeing, for the stands were aflame with the rivalry of the two ranches, good natured on the surface, but the newspaperman knew the hot blood beneath.

The stirring western events of the Stampede were furthering the Easterner's conversion. He was a keen spectator of them all. From his companion he wanted to know why so few cowboys were catching their calves in the calf roping contest.

"Them little critters is fast as lightning and ken turn on a ten cent piece," an old timer explained. "It takes a fast boss and a quick roper to rope, throw and tie 'em in th' time limit."

It did that, and the quickest roper happened to be an I.O.U. man. He stood clear of his tied calf in winning time, and there was a wide grin all over his face. For his victory had tied the score of the I.O.U. with that of the Bar None.

The field was clear, a wise precaution, for the running of the chuck wagon race. The excitement of the day intensified itself. This was the next to last event. Only the bucking horse championship remained.

Two wrecks the day before—which measures the abandon with which chuck wagon races are driven—had reduced the competitors to the wagons of the two chief rival ranches. Both light prairie schooner types, they drove up to the start, their four-horse teams of half-broken bronchos rattling their harness and straining at the reins grasped by the cook-drivers. Three outriders trotted beside each wagon.

The starter's pistol banged and the race was on. The wagons jerked ahead as the horses broke into a wild gallop. Whips cracked, drivers and riders whooped at the top of their lungs and cook stoves beat an anvil chorus on the wagon beds. Three bands, two grandstands and a bleachers full of Indians filled in the gaps in the general uproar, as the wagons circled the track and began to manoeuvre between the stakes marking the field course. The I.O.U. wagon headed the Bar None to the stopping point, but the latter, taking the last curve on two wheels, pulled up, ponies on their haunches, only a second behind. Outriders flung themselves from their mounts. In a trice, teams were unhitched, unharnessed and tied to the wheels. Paulin covers were run out from the wagon tops and beneath them the cooks set up their stoves with the dispatch of a magician. It was the McKane outfit which raised the first wisp of smoke from its stove. The Bar None had won, and Lame Joe, its cook, derisively called across to the defeated the old chow call, "Come on an' git it or I'll throw it away." The score now was a tie again, with the Stampede to be decided by the bucking horse riders.

Slats Carricker of the I.O.U. made a fairly good ride. Any man who could stick on that wild horse, Sunfisher, could be said to deserve credit. But the judges marked down his percentage because he had been very cautious about "scratching" the horse. His knees had clung tight as Sunfisher bucked and twisted and Slats kept the movement of his spurred heels within a closely limited arc.

It was the turn of Red Cummings, famed rider for the Bar None. The hopes of that outfit were high, for Red had successfully ridden many an outlaw, had stayed with Sunfisher at a previous rodeo. But a moan went up when Red, who had only just arrived on the field, was seen preparing to mount in the chutes. He was obviously pale and shaky, he wore a new hat instead of his good-luck sombrero and his shirt and bandana actually matched in color. That last phenomenon convinced even the uninitiate that Red was not himself. And he wasn't. That party with the I.O.U. boys last night had been too much to recover from, even for one of Red's superior capabilities.

It was too late to change riders. The chute gates were opened.

"Ride him, cowboy!" the stands thundered.

Out shot the Sunfish with one frenzied jump of fifteen feet. Then a buck jump with the sunfish twist that had given him his name. That was all. The horse galloped away, leaving Red Cummings sitting in the middle of a mud puddle and looking like a particularly silly sample of a tar baby.

Between the outburst of jeers and the jubilation by the I.O.U.'s and their supporters which were about to follow, a commanding figure stalked before the



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judges as they sat their horses in front of the stands. It was old Chief Twelve Toes. It was impossible not to heed the impressive old fellow as he stepped forth in his savage finery and held aloft the eagle-feathered staff of his chieftainship. Glenartney was still.

The chief's words were few. He pointed out that while the I.O.U. ranch was now ahead by two points, the Round-Up was not completed. By the rules, the Bar None was entitled to ride one more bucking steer. Chief Twelve Toes distinctly recalled that the Bar None had been scanted in that event three days ago when the supply of steers in the corral had given out.

The records bore the Indian out. The stands saw Chief Twelve Toes walk majestically away, pausing for a moment as he passed Jim Tucker of the I.O.U., the man who had dared to rope a chief. The Indian knew well that any kind of a ride on the steer which remained would tie the score or win for the Bar None.

But the loudly angry Jim Tucker had a memory, too. While admitting his rivals were entitled to one more steer ride, he rolled up to Scott McKane of the Bar None in front of the press stand and put this defiance across.

"Mac, if you want to let an Indian help you win, go to it. But remember this. It was a gal rode for us that day—kid from my ranch. She pulled leather but she stayed on. You ain't got a cowgal here with your outfit to ride. If you want to put a man up now, it's a dirty, yell—"

"That's enough, Tucker." McKane broke in. "Take your win and go straight to—"

Then quickly cutting in came the voice of the gray-haired judge:

"The Injun was right, McKane. You got another steer coming. Got a rider?"

"I'll try it out, Scotty," said a woman's voice from the press stand, and the girl Betteres had seen in the lobby of the hotel the previous evening climbed down. Fay Stearns—that was her name he remembered—the girl both Tucker and McKane, the two bosses, were sweet on. Mighty good looking and from the East, too. The newspaperman felt a thrill of sectional pride.

Slipping out of her overskirt, she stood forth in trim riding breeches and boots. Nothing any of them could say would dissuade her. She was determined to make the ride, to seal the choice of suitors she had thus publicly made with her courage.

Betteres saw the girl and Scott McKane clasp hands and look into each other's eyes. Then she turned and agilely climbed to the top of a chute.

"A wild steer in Number 2," the round-up manager ordered, and they herded in a lowing beast.

Fay climbed down and settled herself on its back, left hand grasping the leather handle on the surcingle which was the only semblance of a saddle allowed. Gripping hard with her knees, she gave signal.

Before the steer, bewildered for a moment, plunged out into the field, the girl turned toward the cowpunchers of the Bar None gathered there beside Scotty watching her. A mouth which had been just a trifle tremulous grew firm and she gave all her boys that win some, freckle-faced smile of hers. And from their eyes adoration and undying loyalty flamed back.

Then with the big spurs on her little heels she "scratched" a much surprised steer fore and aft.

The fireworks thereupon commenced. A highly animated specimen of Canadian beef bestirred itself, leaping ahead in stiff, short jumps and bellowing with indignation.

She was game, was this tenderly-bred Eastern girl. Clinging with all the strength of her legs, she swayed with the motion of the animal as it flung up its heels, leaped and twisted from side to side and all but somersaulted. Her slim body was cruelly wracked and jarred. Twice she reeled in her seat and was almost off. But at the last, with her right free hand she whipped off and waved her cowboy hat to the blurred, wildly cheering crowds.

"Pick her up," the judges ordered, scoring the winning point for the Bar None, and Scott, racing up on his horse, threw a protecting arm about the girl and plucked her from the steer's back.

The newspaperman on Western assignment returned and wrote his series of articles. Reading them through, the editor looked up from his desk.

"This isn't what I sent you for," he said testily.

"But that's what was there," Betteres retorted, with Western independence.

"Perhaps I was wrong," the editor admitted grudgingly. "But I travelled through to the coast twice and never saw any of this. Got any signatures to back up your yarn?"

Betteres had—a dozen of them. The last was the mark of an Indian chief: the ink print of six toes of a right foot.

Paid His Way Through College By Accompanying Singers

A GOOD accompanist has been termed a "rara avis," and there is something to be said in favor of this statement. As is well known, accompanying is an art in itself. Few piano students can do this kind of work well, no matter how brightly they may shine as soloists. The reason is that they do not concentrate upon accompanying.

Probably it was with this thought in mind that a certain young man who wanted some day to go through college, got his father and mother to buy a piano so that he could learn how to accompany singers efficiently. Luckily, he did, for it turned out later on that he was able to pay his whole way through college as a result of the "pin" money he made doing accompanying work outside of school hours. Believing that others might be induced to follow the same course, the boy in question has given these suggestions on how to accompany well.

"First," he says, "take simple song accompaniments and try to analyze the chords before playing them. Too many guess at a chord, heedless of whether it is a triad or a chord of the seventh, and in the majority of cases the guess is wrong. When the piece can be played at proper tempo (this should be slow at first), seek a vocalist who will try it with you, and note every error made. If practised alone carefully, there should be few. Set aside part of each practice period for the same painstaking work that is put upon scales.

"When a fair amount of accuracy has been obtained it should not be hard work to secure another student in voice,

stringed or wind instruments, who would arrange for one or two (and possibly more) rehearsal hours during the week. If this is persisted in, it would become a mutual benefit, and the accompanist would begin to be the one sought for, instead of the one seeking.

"While the above instructions are being carried out, read all you can in good musical journals and books upon the art of accompanying, hear all the accompanists you can, so you may be able to retain the good and reject the bad points. Much of this can be done by listening attentively to the criticisms of the audiences, particularly to the unbiased musical people. Last, but by no means least, try and put yourself in sympathy with the one you are accompanying, and half the battle is won."

Translated

The commercial magnate paid a surprise visit to a branch office and discovered a junior slacking.

"You're fired!" he shouted. "Take this note to the cashier."

He scribbled a note in the hand which everybody in the company knew, but which nobody had ever been able to read.

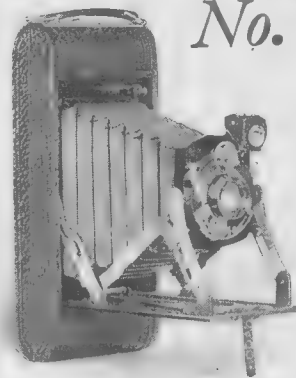
After looking at it upside down and from the northern and eastern aspects, the junior took it to the cashier.

"What's all this about?" asked the latter, after a severe mental struggle, and hoping that he held the slip the right way up.

"I can't read it," said the lad, "but the boss said he wanted me to have a \$10 raise."



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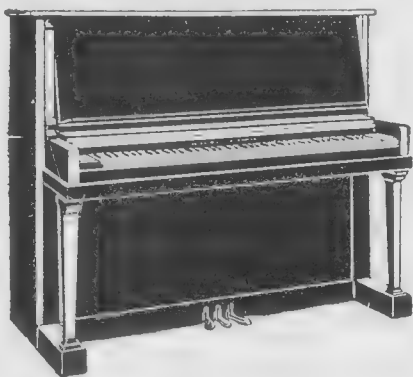
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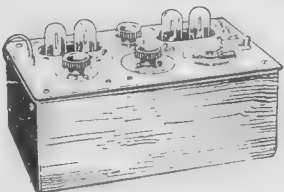
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

Rustlers of the Kootenai Range

Continued from page 37

Brown did not press his query, but leaped from the truck and strode off down town, as if satisfied with the boy's answer.

Jim Folkins came in on the next train as expected, got his horse from the feed stable, and rode off with Collie.

"Dad," broke in the boy after going nearly a mile in silence, "how deep does a brand burn? Ever more than skin-deep?"

James Folkins was familiar with the lad's seeming irrelevant questions after long periods of abstraction; so he was not surprised.

"That depends on the man, Collie. Some declare that simply burning off the hair will kill it and make a lasting brand; others are not content till the seared flesh comes off with the iron. Our own way, to burn till the brand shows cherry red, is a medium between the two extremes. The first is uncertain; the second is needlessly cruel; ours, neither. Why do you ask?"

"Does the brand often show on the flesh under the hide?"

The elder Folkins laughed tolerantly.

"I don't think so, my boy, though I've heard a dozen cranks declare that a good brand ought to be more than skin-deep. I've never seen such a thing; but, as a matter of fact, I've never paid the least attention. I should give it as my opinion, though, that there might be a slight indentation in some cases under the brand, but illegible in determining the real marks."

"I was sure I saw a brand on one of the quarters shipped out this morning. The light was poor, but I could see some purplish-red lines that looked exactly like a brand—sort of like an old scar."

Folkins was instantly attentive.

"There might be something in it after all. Could you make out the figures?"

"It looked like BR."

"Their own brand," said Jim. "I'm not much surprised, for they burn deep. That may be worth watching, Collie," he observed.

"If one brand will show through, others will too. I'm going to keep my eyes open. There must be stuff going out with other marks on besides the BR."

"Be very careful you don't let them see you, Collie," cautioned the father. "Once they find out we're watching them they'll be on their guard."

For several weeks Collie kept watch at the depot, dodging in to examine the trucks only when it was evident that none of the Browns were around. During that time he found an occasional quarter upon which marks were discernible, though in each case so indistinct as to be illegible. Some of the marks were but a faint, colorless depression, scarcely distinguishable even to a keen observer. There were several times that Collie imagined he could trace the faint outlines of BR.

Some time later it occurred to him that if he could examine the meat when the boys took the trouble to help with the loading he might find a reason for their attention. In all cases when the marks had been at all legible, there had been none of the boys about the depot, and those marks had always been the Brown brand. Since they themselves must have noticed the brands, there was a possibility that only that bearing their own would be guarded till started on its destination, and away from suspicious observers.

So the next trip Collie made to the depot he tied his pony at some distance away, and went cautiously toward the building. He could never be sure that the boys were not somewhere about, so he always waited till the trains came in. He could not afford to be caught spying among the trucks. When it appeared that the agent was alone, Collie would saunter across the platform, carelessly observing the load of meat. As usual he was afraid to venture out into the open, so loitered back of the section house.

The trains came in and he saw the agent come out alone and push the truck at the west end to the car door. Collie was satisfied that no one was there, so he slipped over to the platform and

Continued on page 71



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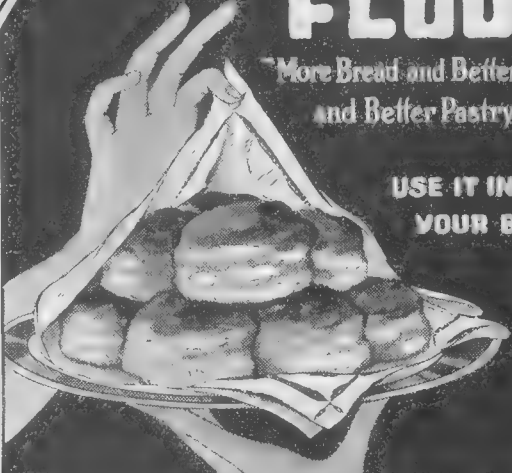
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examined the truck at the east end. To his amazement and satisfaction the first quarter that he saw bore a brand plainly discernible from his place at the end of the depot, twenty feet away. It was that of a neighbor rancher, and was well known to Collie. The boy had taken every precaution to disarm the suspicion of the station agent, so dared not step away from the hiding place behind the door. In his excitement, however, he could not restrain a step forward, hoping to see other accusing marks.

In this position he was startled by a heavy step behind him. Collie whirled about, to be confronted by the coarse face of Jack Brown leering at him from the corner.

"See something this time, kid?" came a snarling voice.

Collie straightened and tried to appear unconcerned. In his startled surprise he was unable to reply at once. Brown strode up to the truck and shoved a heavy finger against the purple lines.

"That's what you're here for. That's what I caught you staring at before, eh?" He advanced menacingly toward Collie, who shrunk back toward the corner of the building, fascinated by the hate that gleamed in the cowboy's eyes.

"So you've been spying around here ever since waiting for this. Well, what are you goin' to do, now you've found out somethin'?"

By this time he had reached Collie, and seizing him in an ugly grasp, he crushed him against the wall of the depot.

"What are you goin' to do about it, you whelp?"

"Look here, you spy," went on the rustler, "I've got no time to fool with you. But just one word: Your dad's got you here sneaking around this beef—layin' fer us. You think you've found out somethin'; but if you squeal one word of what you saw or what I say, I'll kill you. I'll know by what your dad does, so be careful. The first move he makes, I'll kill him like a dog, see? Then you'll go the same road. If you want to save your hides, stop spyin' around and keep your mouth shut."

With this brutal threat, Brown hurled Collie savagely away from him. Collie arose to his feet from where he had been thrown, turned and saw the half-frightened look on the agent's face, then went quietly to his horse.

On the way to the ranch he fought the battle of his life and for his life. After months of persevering search, absolute proof had been discovered against the thieves that for months had been a menace to the whole Kootenai range, but at the same moment his lips were sealed by threats against his own and his father's life.

Suddenly it flashed upon Collie that Jack Brown's dire threat would be effective for only the brief period that fear bound him. A day's delay and action would be impossible for all proof would be gone. A speedy resolve drove doubt and fear from his mind. He spurred for home and told his father everything.

"Never mind, my boy," said Jim Folkins, approvingly, "you have done well. Those threats are idle. Times have changed since that sort of outlawry had its day."

Within two hours the Mounted Police had intercepted the branded beef, and learned that Folkins' neighbor had not sold a hoof to local buyers for ten years. A quiet search of the Brown ranch discovered more than a hundred hides at the bottom of an old lake. These ranged in age from hours to years, and were marked by a score of different brands, the Folkins numbering into the twenties. That night old Bennie Brown and his three sons were arrested along with the agent at the depot.

At the trial the cogs of the law ground relentlessly, led by a dozen witnesses, a number of hides, and a piece of the preserved quarter of beef. The two Brown boys who conducted the meat market were found guilty of rustling and sentenced to three years each at Stony Mountain.

Old Bennie growled impotently under the fearless progress of the machine he could not bluff, and when passing out of the vestibule, voiced a passion that might yet have to be reckoned with:

"I'll get you yet, Folkins, and that kid, too."



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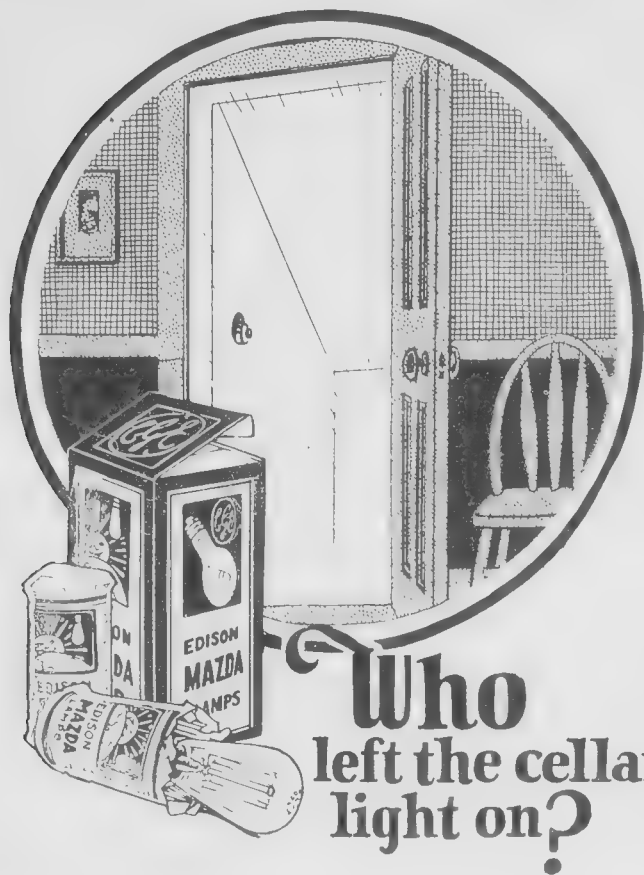
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List of United States Broadcasting Stations

Continued from page 46



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WCBQ	First Baptist Church....	Nashville, Tenn.	236
WCBR	C. H. Messter.....	Providence, R.I.	246
WCBT	Clark University, Collegiate Dept.	Worcester, Mass.	238
WCBX	Arnold Wireless Supply Co.....	Arnold, Pa.	254
WCCO	Radio Shop of Newark (Herman Lubinsky)	Newark, N.J.	233
WCEE	Washburn-Crosby Co.....	Twin Cities, Minn.	416
WCLO	Charles E. Erbstein, Villa Olivia	near Elgin, Ill.	275
WCLS	C. E. Whitmore.....	Camp Lake, Wisc.	231
WCSH	H. M. Couch.....	Joliet, Ill.	214
WCTS	Henry P. Rines.....	Portland, Maine	256
WCX	C. T. Scherer Co.....	Worcester, Mass.	268
WJR	Free Press and Jewett Radio & Phonograph Co.	Detroit, Mich.	516
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times.....	Tampa, Fla.	365
WDAF	Kansas City Star.....	Kansas City, Mo.	365
WDAG	J. Laurence Martin.....	Amarillo, Texas	263
WDAR	Lit. Brothers.....	Philadelphia, Pa.	393
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp.....	Fargo, N. Dak.	244
WDBA	Fred Ray.....	Columbus, Ga.	236
WDBB	A. H. Waite & Co., Inc.....	Taunton, Mass.	229
WDBC	Kirk Johnson & Co.....	Lancaster, Pa.	258
WDBD	Herman Edwin Burns.....	Martinsburg, W. Va.	268
WDBE	Gilham-Schoen Elec. Co.....	Atlantic, Ga.	278
WDBJ	Richardson Wayland Electric Corp.	Roanoke, Va.	229
WDBK	M. F. Broz.....	Cleveland, Ohio	227
WDBL	Wis. Dept. of Markets.....	Stevens Point, Wis.	278
WDBN	Electric Light & Power Co.....	Bangor, Me.	252
WDBO	Rollins College, Inc.....	Winter Park, Fla.	240
WDBQ	Morton Radio Supply Co.....	Salem, N.J.	234
WDBR	Tremont Temple Baptist Church	Boston, Mass.	256
WDBV	The Strand Theatre.....	Fort Wayne, Ind.	258
WDBX	Otto Baur.....	New York, N.Y.	233
WDBY	North Shore Congregational Church	Chicago, Ill.	258
WDBZ	Boy Scouts, City Hall.....	Kingstown, N.Y.	233
WDOD	Chattanooga Radio Co., Inc.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	256
WDWF	Dutree Wilcox Flint, Inc.	Cranston, R.I.	441
WDZ	J. L. Bush.....	Tuscola, Ill.	278
WEAA	F. D. Fallain.....	Flint, Mich.	250
WEAF	American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	New York, N.Y.	485
WEAH	Hotel Lassen.....	Wichita, Kans.	280
WEAI	Cornell University.....	Ithaca, N.Y.	286
WEAJ	University of South Dakota.....	Vermilion, S. Dak.	283
WEAM	Borough of North Plainfield (W. Gibson Butfield)	North Plainfield, N.J.	286
WEAN	Shepard Co.....	Providence, R.I.	273
WEAO	Ohio State University.....	Columbus, Ohio	293
WEAR	Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.	Cleveland, Ohio	389
WEAU	Davidson Bros. Co.....	Sioux City, Iowa	275
WEAY	Iris Theatre (Will Horowitz, Jr.)	Houston, Texas	270
WEB	Benwood Co.....	St. Louis, Mo.	273
WEBA	Electric Shop.....	Highland Park, N.J.	233
WELC	Walter Cecil Bridges.....	Superior, Wis.	242
WEBD	Electrical Equipment and Service Co.	Anderson, Ind.	246
WEBE	Roy W. Walker.....	Cambridge, Ohio	248
WEBH	Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago Evening Post Station.	Chicago, Ill.	370
WEBJ	Third Avenue Railway Co.	New York, N.Y.	273
WEBK	Grand Rapids Radio Co.....	Grand Rapids, Mich.	242
WEBM	Radio Corporation of America	Portable	226
WEBP	E. B. Pedicord.....	New Orleans, La.	280
WEBT	The Dayton Coop. Industrial High School.	Dayton, Ohio	270
WEBW	Beloit College.....	Beloit, Wis.	283
WEBI	The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.	Boston, Mass.	475
WEHS	Robert E. Hughes.....	Evanston, Ill.	205
WEMC		Barrien Springs, Mich.	285
WENR	All-American Radio Corporation..	Chicago, Illinois	266
WEW	St. Louis University.....	St. Louis, Mo.	280
WFAA	Dallas News & Dallas Journal	Dallas, Tex.	472
WFAM	Times Publishing Co.....	St. Cloud, Minn.	273
WFAY	University of Nebraska, Department of Electrical Engineering.	Lincoln, Neb.	275
WFBC	First Baptist Church.....	Knoxville, Tenn.	250
WFRD	Gethsemane Baptist Church	Philadelphia, Pa.	234
WFBE	Van De Walle Music and Radio Co.	Seymour, Ind.	226
WFBG	The Wm. F. Cable Co.....	Altoona, Pa.	261
WFBH	Concourse Radio Corporation	New York, N.Y.	273
WFBJ	St. John's University.....	Collegeville, Minn.	236
WFBQ	Wynne Radio Co.....	Raleigh, N.C.	255
WFBK	Fifth Inf. Md. Nat'l Guard, 5th Reg. Armory	Baltimore, Md.	452
WFBW	Ainsworth-Gates Radio Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio	309
WFBZ	Knox College.....	Galesburg, Ill.	254
WFI	Strawbridge and Clothier	Philadelphia, Pa.	394
WFKB	Francis K. Bridgman.....	Chicago, Ill.	217
WFUV	G. Pearson Ward.....	Springfield, Mo.	252
WFUW	Earl William Lewis.....	Moberly, Mo.	233
WGA	Lancaster Electric Supply & Construction Co.	Lancaster, Pa.	248
WGAQ	Youree Hotel.....	Shreveport, La.	252
WGAZ	South Bend Tribune.....	South Bend, Ind.	360
WGBB	Harry H. Carman, 217 Bedford St.	Freeport, N.Y.	244
WGBD	First Baptist Church.....	Memphis, Tenn.	266
WGBF	Fink Furniture Co.....	Evansville, Ind.	217
WGBG	Brietenbach's Radio Shop	Thrifton, Va.	226
WGBI	Frank S. Megargee.....	Seranton, Pa.	240
WGBK	Lawrence Campbell.....	Johnstown, Pa.	248
WGBM	Theodore N. Saaty.....	Providence, R.I.	234
WGBL	Elyria Radio Assoc. (Albert H. Ernst)	Elyria, Ohio	227
WGBQ	Stout Institute.....	Menominee, Wis.	234
WGBR	Marsfield Broadcasting Assn	Marshfield, Wis.	229
WGBS	Gimbel Brothers.....	New York, N.Y.	315
WGBT	Furman University.....	Greenville, S.C.	236
WGBX	University of Maine.....	Orono, Mo.	252
WGES	Coyne Electrical School	Oak Park, Ill.	250
WGI	American R. & R. Co.....	Melford, Hillside, Mass.	261
WGMU	A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., Portable	Richmond Hill, N.Y.	236
WGN	The Tribune.....	Chicago, Ill.	370
WGR	Federal T. and T. Co.....	Buffalo, N.Y.	319
WGY	General Elec. Co.....	Schenectady, N.Y.	379
WH	University of Wisconsin.....	Madison, Wis.	535
WHAD	Marquette University and Milwaukee Journal	Milwaukee, Wis.	280
WHAG	University of Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	222
WHAM	Hafer Supply Co.....	Joplin, Mo.	283
WHAP	University of Rochester (Eastman School of Musi	Rochester, N.Y.	278
WHAR	H. Alvin Simmons, 290 Flatbush Ave	Brooklyn, N.Y.	240
WHAS	Seaside House.....	Atlantic City, N.J.	275
WHAT	Courier-Journal & Louisville Time	Louisville, Ky.	399
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WHB	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.	Troy, N.Y.	385
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WHBB	C. C. Shaffer.....	Oil City, Pa.	250
WHBC	Hobel's Store.....	Stevens Point, Wis.	240
WHBD	Rev. E. P. Graham.....	Canton, Ohio	245
WHBF	Chas. W. Howard.....	Bellefontaine, Ohio	222
WHBG	Beardsley Specialty Company	Rock Island, Illinois	222
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WHBI	Culver Military Academy	Culver, Ind.	222
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WHBP	First Ave. Methodist Church.....	St. Petersburg, Florida	258
WHBQ	Johnstown Automobile Co.....	Johnstown, Pennsylvania	256
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WHBU	Scientific Electric & Mfg. Co., 3664 Vine St.	Cincinnati, Ohio	216
WHBW	Riviera Theatre and Bing's Clothing	Anderson, Ind.	218
WHBY	D. R. Kienzel.....	Philadelphia, Pa.	215
WHBZ	St. Norbert's College.....	West De Fore, Wis.	250
WHC	Hickson Electric Co., Inc.	Rochester, N.Y.	253
WHK	Radiovox Company.....	Cleveland, Ohio	273
WHN	George Schubert.....	New York, N.Y.	360
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(To be concluded)

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Septicaemia

SEPTICÆMIA occurs when poisonous bacteria gain entrance to the blood stream and multiply there. That may happen in the course of one of the infectious fevers, like typhoid fever; it may accompany tuberculosis if that disease passes from the local to the constitutional type. It may come from the infection of a wound—that is to say from outside the body—or from internal infection, as in septic scarlet fever or diphtheria. Sometimes the origin of the disease cannot be traced; but its characteristic symptoms are always caused by poisonous bacteria living and multiplying in the blood stream.

The first thing to do is to find out, if possible, in what part of the body the germs are collecting, in order to begin their journey through the blood. That is not always an easy thing to do. Sometimes, for example, a wound may seem to be getting well when the healing is only on the surface, and beneath the bacteria are thriving and pouring forth to poison the whole system. Abscesses often make their appearance a long way from the original source of trouble. Sometimes hidden abscesses at the roots of the teeth discharge poison into the blood a long time before they come under suspicion.

The chief need in septicaemia is a good physician and the next is a good nurse, for it is a disease in which many complications may arise. No one can say from day to day where the trouble will break out next, or what symptoms may appear, and the nurse must know how to keep a sharp lookout, especially for the appearance of new abscesses. Plenty of fresh air is essential if a good recovery is to be made; if possible the patient should be kept in the open air. Take great care to prevent bedsores, and attend scrupulously to the hygiene of the mouth.

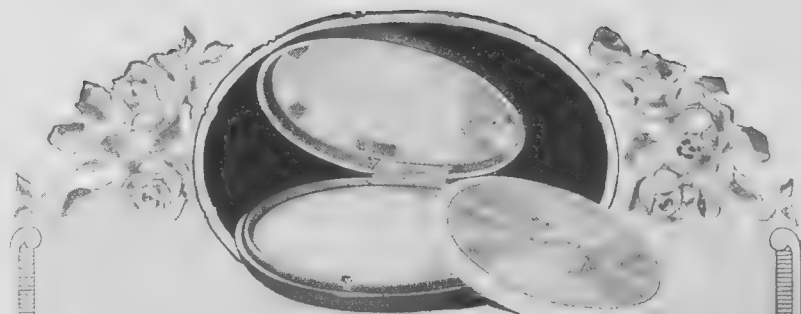
The patient must be kept well nourished, although in severe cases that is a difficult problem. It is often necessary to fall back on milk, beaten-up eggs and raw-beef juice.

Practical Aids for the Deaf

ALMOST any pains are worth taking if by their means the senses of sight and hearing may be preserved; but sometimes, in spite of all that can be done, deafness goes on to the chronic form. In that case no treatment has been discovered that will cure it, especially if it is the kind that is associated with atrophy of the internal parts of the ear. It is of course true that atrophy, or wasting, of any part of the body means loss of function. If you had an atrophied hand or foot, you could see for yourself that it was useless. But the internal ear is hidden from us, and so some of us go on hoping against hope that a miracle will be worked in our own case and that some doctor somewhere will be able to raise the dead.

In that way a great deal of time is lost and a great deal of suffering caused. Chronic and incurable deafness is a cross that must be embraced if we would not be crushed beneath it. The first thing to do is to accept the inevitable with all the cheerfulness we can command; the next thing is to put away every bit of foolish self-consciousness and false shame about the affection, and the third thing is to get as quickly as possible one of the many excellent contrivances that have been invented to help deaf people. In all our large cities, at the shops of the best opticians, you can find cases filled with these contrivances. The rules about permitting people to take them out on trial are usually very fair. Ten days' use of any one of these will show you whether it will help you or not.

A very useful form of appliance is the electrical apparatus in connection with its own battery. It is a bother, no doubt, to carry it about and manipulate it, but not hearing at all is a greater bother. That is undoubtedly the strongest crutch for the deaf; and its makers assert that it helps to train the ear back to the recognition of human speech. For partial deafness there are smaller and simpler devices.



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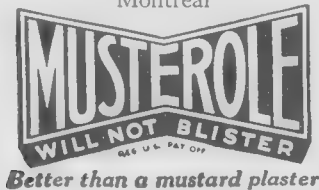
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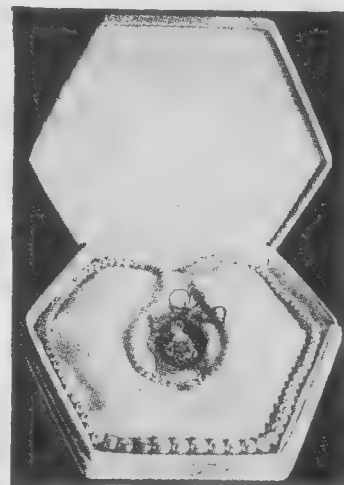
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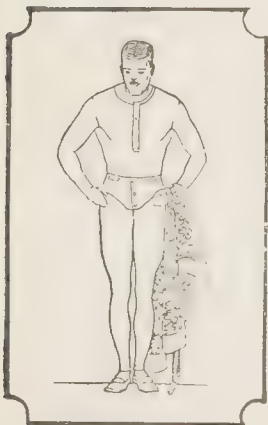
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TRADE MARK

Pippa's Dance

By Fredericka Ford

IN this poor street nor any like it Nicola and his organ never stopped to play "da nize moosic," but because a wheel of the instrument had loosened and rolled off the old grinder was forced to pause at the curb-edge while Pico, the tinsmith, came out of his shop and set about repairing the damage. And because Nicola was at heart a good-natured sort of fellow, and the children had crowded around demanding some music, he hitched up his belt, tilted his hat sideways, and put his hand on the starter.

A brittle and mechanical rendition of an air from "Carmen" smote the breeze.

The children listened enraptured and when it was finished they begged for another piece and then another. So Nicola spat on his hands, shrugged his shoulders and ground out jazz selections, patriotic airs and ballads surcharged with sentiment.

"Where's your monkey, Nick?" cried the children.

"Aw, da monk," sighed Nicola with a mournful shake of his head, "da poor monk, he's seek. My ol' wom' she tie heem a red flannel soaked in bear's grease around his neck. He's got da croup, my poor leetla Beppo!"

Pico being still employed at the wheel Nicola continued to render the air more or less melodious.

"Come, danz, somebody!" he shouted blithely. "Da moosic is free—you don't got to pay me da mon! Danz!"

But apparently nobody would or could. The children hung back shyly.

"Get Pippa!" a boy cried suddenly. "She'll dance for you."

"Pippa! Yes, yes, Pippa! Where's Pippa?" chorused the others.

"Here she comes!" someone answered.

Around the corner of a dingy little house that faced on an alley crept another child, a belated little one who had all but missed the revel. Slowly she came, hesitant, as though half-fearful. With one small hand she clung to the fence, pausing every moment or two to turn her head from side to side, with a timid little smile for everybody.

They made way for her. A man pushed her roughly forward but he meant it kindly and when she slipped on the icy pavement and would have fallen he jerked her to her feet.

"Dance!" he cried with a laugh.

Pippa wore a thin cotton dress and her shoes were old and worn, but a luminous glow seemed to warm her meagre, white little face as she flung out her thin arms and with a gay laugh whirled out on her toes into the midst of the circle of children.

Nicola crashed into a Spanish caprice, a mere wisp of a thing, but so tuneful and rhythmical it rose above the mechanical drawbacks of the instrument whence it came and set the littlest children's feet to dancing. The narrow, unlovely thoroughfare became a woodland glade and they a circle of fairy sprites, led by Pippa.

Blithely they leaped to the tarantella tempo, heedless of the nipping cold. Nicola grinned till he showed all his fine white teeth and with his free hand beat time and called out hoarse and enthusiastic encouragement.

Just a whimsical little street scene in the foreign section of the big city, a bright interlude in the gray drama of its

teeming life, but perhaps from far above in the wintry sky angels looked down and smiled....

Pippa! See Pippa there, spirit of childhood incarnate! When the others paused, a little weary, a little breathless, she danced on. There was no need to urge her—those twinkling feet were made for dancing.

She moved as lightly as a whisper on the wind. Moved as though filled with some secret inner rapture the others couldn't share. Her face, like a pallid rose, was flung back like a flower on its swaying stem. It mirrored a succession of emotions as soft and as fleeting as summer lightning, the while her feet twinkled to the pulsating throb of the screechy, asthmatic organ.

She expressed life, color, dreams. No more was she a ragged child of the foreign quarter but a mignonette whipped by gentle winds, a fairy shod with fire, a reincarnated Pippa on a brief holiday from toil, making glad all who chanced to see her.

There were those who saw the cotton dress magically transformed into a gossamer, diaphanous frock such as a sprite might wear, the poor shoes become silver slippers, the shock of brown hair garlanded with flowers. Her mood might be caprice, mockery, wistfulness, ecstasy, but always it was magic—the magic of spontaneity, of untrained motion.

"The little one can dance," muttered a man in the crowd.

In the eyes of a hard-faced woman who overheard there was a mist of tears. She huddled herself closer into her shawl and hurried on, her lips moving strangely.

"Ah, the poor little one," murmured a big motherly soul who wept unashamed, "it is her moment of happiness. It is good—that she can forget."

Up the final mounting crescendo and down again the little dancer tripped, then the music stopped with a rasp. She made a low, sweeping curtsy.

"You good-a fine dancer, bambino!" cried Nicola. "But I gotta move on, me." He stooped to examine the mended wheel, nodded with satisfaction and paid Pico off. He arranged the cover of the instrument and then began to trundle it away.

"Just one more tune, Nick!" begged the children, crowding after him.

"No more!" returned Nicola, decidedly.

"Well, bring your monkey next time!"

"Sure, I bring-a de monk—eef he don't die from da croup, my poor Beppo!"

"Good-bye, Nick."

"Good-a bye, keeds!"

Pippa stood where she had ceased dancing. The glow was fading from her pinched little face and she seemed suddenly conscious of the cold for she shivered now as she put out her fluttering hands to make a passage through the throng. Again she moved in that first hesitating way. Once she stumbled, very awkwardly as it seemed, and a woman seized her by one thin arm and pulled her along toward the pavement and safety, scolding meanwhile in a high, sharp voice.

A careless onlooker laughed.

"That kid's danced so much she's dizzy," he remarked.

"No," explained, a grave youth, standing nearby. "That is the little daughter of Garzini the shoemaker, and she's blind."



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"This is a bonny business."

The General had removed his handkerchief, transforming himself back to a soldier again by that simple act. He was ordering all the women upstairs in the quiet voice of one used to having his orders obeyed. By the light of an electric torch you saw them flocking up, a band of gaily colored Pierrettes. Mr. Mainwaring felt sick, the situation had such hideous possibilities.

Some one touched his arm. It was Mr. Mordant, his gray moustache sagging pitifully, his hands shaking.

"Appears you were right, Mainwaring. Never in my thirty years in this country have I heard of such an affair. Its unprecedented."

Disorder reigned on the stairway for a moment. It was only a Columbine fainting, and no one had time to attend to matters like that.

The Colonel was calling for volunteers to get through to the garrison and bring help. Mr. Mainwaring stepped out.

"You'd better come too, sir," he said to Mr. Mordant, half in jest. "You and I are responsible in a way for all of us getting trapped like that."

Mr. Mordant stepped out in the wake of the younger man like Despair personified and middle-aged.

"Go different ways," said the Colonel. "There's more chance then of one of you getting through. There's a motor-bicycle in the shed behind my house, if either of you can get it away without being spotted."

A girl's voice out of the darkness said: "Isn't this exciting?" and then she began to cry.

Mr. Mainwaring suddenly became aware of Sylvia at his elbow. Sylvia, who was engaged to Mr. Mordant, and he turned away politely, for of course they would wish to say good-bye to each other, and he did not particularly want to witness that.

A shot rang out, and the glass in an upper window shattered and fell tinkling to the ground.

"No time to be lost," said the General. "We'll have to barricade those side doors."

Someone was throwing out the large papier-mache masks and hats that had formed a part of the decorations. They lay outside on the gravel as Mr. Mainwaring went away, like the result of some outlandish guillotining. Through the window at the back of the bar Mr. Mainwaring went. Mr. Mordant had another exit, and duly Hubert wondered whether he had finished his good-byes to Sylvia yet. The only good-bye that Hubert Mainwaring had had was from the Colonel, who said:

"Ride like—"

Presently we see him doing it, a distracted Pierrot flying through the night. The mob was still all in the front of the grounds, concentrating its attention upon the barricaded doorways there. An occasional shot rang out.

"If they set fire to the place," flashed through Mr. Mainwaring's mind, and he felt sick. To think of Sylvia there, in danger.

Once away from cantonments the streets were quiet enough, save for occasional little knots of drunken souls at street ends, too taken up with their own quarrels to heed the speeding figure upon the motor bicycle.

Beside the Big Lakes, two miles out of the station he came upon a motor-car anchored at the roadside. Inside sat a Pierrot and Pierrette who had slipped away from the crowd, or perhaps they had never gone to the dance at all. The man wore the orange and black attire of an Outcast, but the evidence was all against his being one of the unloved.

Into this little Eden came Mr. Mainwaring, tattered and rather dusty.

"Sorry," he said, "to butt in, but there is desperate trouble in the station, and I was on my way to let the military know. They've cut all the telegraph-wires—those swine. If you will go along and give word to the garrison I can go back and lend them a hand. Things were not looking any too nice."

The motor-car sped away down the thin-metalled road between the jungle, and Mr. Mainwaring turned and rode back to the club, his heart beating thickly. He did not quite know what he might find when he got there.

The stronghold still held. In front of the club a priest in an orange robe harranged the mob. Now and again a volley of stones rattled on the roof and

Outcasts

Continued from page 18

walls. Mr. Mainwaring lay for some time in a ditch, having abandoned his motor-bicycle, waiting for an opportunity to creep round to the bar window. He was not sure he could get in again. They might attack him from the inside if he tried.

"One could hardly have conceived a worse nightmare, not in one's gloomiest moments," mused Mr. Mainwaring, and became at that moment aware that his ditch was not empty. He was just preparing to use his fists when he discovered the other inhabitant to be Mr. Mordant, squatting very low in the shadow of the hedge, his face hidden in his hands.

"You didn't get far," mused Mr. Mainwaring, not without scorn, for Mr. Mordant was shaking quite openly. His Pierrotic knees were knocking together. Mr. Mordant was scared, and he had not the decency to disguise the fact.

"Couldn't," chattered Mr. Mordant. "I have never done anything like this before. For Heaven's sake, don't speak. They may hear us."

The Thorn

By J. M. Stuart-Young

*A maiden slept. And in her sleep
she dreamed*

*A dream so strange that all too brief
it seemed:*

*An Angel stood beside her where she
lay,*

*Than noon-glow brighter on the
brightest day:*

*And in his hand he held a budding
rose,*

*Which on her breast he laid and
bade repose.*

*Then in her dream the maiden heard
the flower*

*In gentle accents claim another dower,
"On me," it whispered, "one more
grace bestow,*

*To make this maiden my best
treasures know!"*

*The Angel mused awhile in silent
thought—*

*What gift remained that this fair
flower had not?*

*"Be as her heart!" he murmured at
last;*

*"Your veil of moss around her beauty
cast:*

*The dew that rests on you her lack
of guile:*

*And your bright bloom the glory of
her smile—*

*But lest too lightly won, she gains
but scorn,*

*Be this my gift—a sharp and piercing
thorn!"*

Mr. Mainwaring crept away in excellent imitation of a snake. But the back window by the bar was shut and barricaded, and there was no response to his knocking. It was then that Mr. Mainwaring caught sight of those grotesque masks and papier-mache heads, like Blunderbore. He picked one up and regarded it. The vast face was half the size of his body, with staring eyes and a bulbous red nose. Mr. Mainwaring had an idea. A forlorn idea, perhaps, but you never know. The average Burman's attention is easily diverted. Amuse him, thought Mr. Mainwaring, and he'll forget the matter in hand.

He fitted the Blunderbore's head onto his shoulders. A grotesque figure now appeared by the burnt-out lanterns at the back of the club. A monstrous creature wearing the orange and black of an Outcast upon a body that looked dwarfed by the size of its head.

"A merry heart goes all the way," said Mr. Mainwaring, suddenly enamored of his idea. He gave a little skip. It was difficult to balance that vast head till you got accustomed to it.

INSIDE the club, behind the rough barricade made of chairs, sofas, cushions, pieces of the bar, and other furnishings

pulled out of the lounge, silence reigned. It was quite dark save for the occasional gleam of an electric torch that flashed on the disgruntled decorations, and abandoned instruments of music, and the white face of the Pierrettes on the upper verandah.

"These doors may hold another ten minutes, with luck," said the General grimly through his teeth. "After that—"

An Outcast, shimmering in black satin, his orange-silk pompons showing up in the gloom, was stationed as lookout at the upper window, whose glass had been shattered with the first shot.

"Something's happened," he said.

"Not the soldiers already?"

Not the soldiers. From his post of vantage that Outcast saw a grotesque figure appear suddenly out of the gloom with a shrill war-whoop, cut a caper, and disappear again into the shadows of that part of the cricket-ground not lit up by the flares of the mob. Then appeared again, dancing, a strange, outlandish dance, a remarkable figure, all head.

The roar of the crowd changed to a murmur, and the murmur to a shout.

"The strangest thing," said the lookout. "Come and have a squint. It's taken their attention off us for a while. If only the relief hurries, there's a chance. If only Mainwaring gets through."

"He'll get through, all right," said a girl's voice quietly. "He wouldn't fail in a thing that mattered."

It was Sylvia. She knelt down by the window and looked out. Across the grass she saw him come capering, that grotesque figure. Dancing and skipping. Some one flung a stone at him, and he gyrated wildly, jumped into the air, and was gone into the shadows again, with half the mob after him.

Sylvia said, with a little sob:

"That's Hubert."

They told her it could not be Hubert. He had gone off to get word through to the garrison.

She repeated quietly:

"It's Hubert."

And some one else said half enviously: "No one else could play the fool quite like that."

Over the grass and in and out of the shadows, that grotesque figure danced and flitted. Now most of the rabble looked on, and urged the pursuers with shouts. They were chasing him now with sticks and stones, half frightened, half angry. A portion of the crowd said it was a nat, and would take no part in the chase, but looked on uneasily.

A dozen times they penned the dancing figure in, and it looked as though it must be a matter of minutes only before they had him. A dozen times he broke loose again and danced away from them.

"When he's exhausted," said the man at the lookout, and stopped short, unable to bear the prospect.

They had penned the dancing figure under a tree, and were closing in on it.

"They've got him," said some one. "Heavens, let me get out there!"

But they hadn't got him yet. With a sudden leap the figure gained the lower branches, and swarmed up like a cat among the foliage, and so out of sight.

There was a roar of delight, for they had him now. The man with a weapon resembling the result of a liaison between a revolver and a blunderbuss, came out of the crowd and started taking pot-shots into the tree.

Beside the window Sylvia hid her face in her hands.

"Can't we do anything?" she sobbed.

No one spoke. They were helpless there, a lot of Pierrots and Pierrettes with white faces, and no weapons but silk pompons. Then across the lawn rang a volley of shots. Some one screamed thinking the end had come. But the man at the lookout said:

"The soldiers are here. They are firing into the air. Keep calm, it's all over now."

Sylvia knelt motionless by the window. She had seen a crumpled figure drop from the big tree, a figure with a grotesque head. Very still under the tree he lay, and nobody bothered about him now. The soldiers were clearing the compound.

She got out onto the verandah, and ran out by the side staircase, unnoticed. Across the dew-drenched grass she went, and knelt beside him. She pulled off the big grotesque mask and whispered, "Hubert."

Some one came and tried to take her away.

"We'll get him along to the hospital. He's rather shot about."

She wouldn't go. She knelt there sobbing, and out of the darkness the vast red face of the mask stood against the tree-trunk, leering at them. Hubert opened his eyes, half dazed, and saw it, and murmured:

"Jolly old Blunderbore! But what has happened?"

Then he saw Sylvia, and said:

"Good Heavens, you aren't hurt? Is everything all right? Did they come?"

She nodded. She could not speak.

"Sylvia darling, why are you crying? What's the matter? Old Mordant isn't hurt. He's sitting safe and cozy in the ditch. I'll find him for you."

He tried to get up, but she held him and said:

"I don't want him. Be quiet."

She whispered something else under her breath.

"Sylvia," he said wildly, "you mean that? You don't really care about him? Sylvia, could you possibly, after all—Oh, do you—?"

"Why didn't you come back to me sooner?" she whispered.

"Too proud, I suppose," murmured Hubert contentedly. "But if you'll forgive me—"

Her reply was lost in the noise of motor-cars departing, and the ambulance arriving, and the shouts of odds and ends of rioters being rounded up by the police from odd corners of the compound. Hubert was struggling with the orange-silk pompons on his sleeve.

"Tear them off," he whispered. "I shall not want them any more."

The ambulance took him away, and Sylvia went with him. The club grounds were empty save for a picket of soldiers on the lawn among the burned-out lanterns.

Presently, out of the ditch, crept Mr. Mordant, and his moustache sagged very despondently. As he passed the big tree he bent down and picked something off the grass. It was an orange-silk pompon, that sad emblem of the unloved. Propped against the tree-trunk stood the big papier-mache mask of Blunderbore. It leered at Mr. Mordant very cunningly.

The Thanksgiving Supper

Continued from page 10

after all with the heap of tarts and doughnuts and stuff along with the pies. But it was wonderful about that beautiful turkey Mrs. Wright gave! And them half a dozen pies of hers, I believe, were a better make than Mrs. Fowler's, even."

And Mrs. Fowler heard it all. But she only smiled, for just then she caught sight of Mrs. Wright darting about the tables with a happy smile on her face and a glad light in her eyes. "The Lord knows," thought Mrs. Fowler. She told John what the women had said. John only laughed.

"I don't know, wife, what we've done to deserve this! That the Lord should give us this double way of showin' our thanksgiving to Him for the mercies of the year. Most folk have to be satisfied with one way. To my mind this last way of the Lord's special providin' was the best of the two. Of course it was kind a hard on us at first, but you did have a good time at the supper after all, Kate, didn't you? There sure was the best vittles we've ever had at one, and that hundred and seventy dollars is the best we ever done—eh, wife?"

"The best supper I was ever at, John. Somehow I seemed to be just runnin' over with thanksgiving all the day, and there was a little song that just seemed to keep singin' itself in my heart all the time at the supper."

A Hay Fever Idyl.—A little stalk of goldenrod was just about dry enough to blow away.

"As a broadcaster," he chuckled, "I claim to rank with the most powerful stations in the country. Wonder how many are tuned in?"

A scattering volley of sneezes told that a number of people were already getting him.

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The Mountain Road Ruthenian Community and Its Church

By John McQuarrie

THERE was recently opened at Mountain Road, Manitoba, a Ruthenian Greek Catholic Church which is very probably the largest and most magnificent place of worship to be found in any rural district in the Dominion of Canada. It is situated north-west of Neepawa and north-east of Minnedosa, about twenty-two miles from either town.

This beautiful edifice is on rather high ground and can be seen for many miles from different directions. It is a frame structure, built on a very substantial cement foundation within which there is a very spacious basement. The building is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, ninety-six feet wide and one hundred and eighteen feet high. It contains twenty-three apartments and has more than a hundred windows. The floor plan is in the form of a cross. A high altar in the centre of the chancel and four smaller ones in other places are each adorned with a handsome gold cross, the crucifix, statues of angels, candles and sacred pictures. The gallery goes all the way around and a portion of it is reserved for the choir. A considerable amount of work remains to be done on the inside of the building but the outside is practically completed, the latter being brightly and artistically painted. It has become an attraction for sightseers, many going long distances to view it.

This beautiful sanctuary is a monument to the energetic spirit and religious zeal of the people of the Mountain Road Ruthenian Community.

Twenty-six years ago this district was uninhabited and offered little inducement to would-be homemakers because it was largely composed of bush and swamp. But about that time a few Ruthenian immigrants located here, others followed and now there is a community of about a thousand people. They are closely settled, the territory they occupy comprising no more than a township and a half. There are no large farms and many of them consist of no more than forty acres each, homesteads often having been divided by sales. While none of the people are wealthy, they are, on the whole, living comfortable and are apparently contented. They raise a large portion of their food, specializing in garden produce and poultry. People who knew the place before it was settled have been pleasantly surprised at their turning of an unpromising district into a very productive one. Fully fifty per cent of it is under cultivation now and good progress is being made with the remainder.

During the past few years a good many of the residents became ambitious to farm more extensively and purchased farms here and there throughout the



Mountain Road Church

The plan of the structure was designed by Rev. Father Ru, the parish priest, who, besides being a clergyman, has by this accomplishment shown genius for architecture. The work, which took about a year, was carried on under his supervision while he was ever ready to do anything from mixing mortar to the finest finishing touches.

As to financing the project, the parishioners, being unable to subscribe enough money to give a contract, adopted the plan of doing all the work that they could do with their own hands. The work of Father Ru was also gratis. Only one man, a skilled carpenter who was brought in for the purpose, received any pay. Some of the men gave a hundred and fifty days each and the women assisted considerably. Even for the enormous quantity of lumber which was used very little money had to be paid. With the exception of some of the fine grade it was all obtained in the district. The men cut the logs, hauled them to the mill a few miles away, helped to saw them, helped to dress the lumber and hauled it to the church ground. Had ordinary wages been paid for all the work the building would have cost about seventy-five thousand dollars but owing to the way it was done the outlay of money amounted to only thirteen thousand. An excellent feature of the achievement is that there isn't a cent debt in connection with it.

surrounding English speaking districts. These are, on the whole, proving themselves to be very competent farmers, excelling in the cleaning of weedy land.

Most of the older people maintain their native customs to a very great extent and have learned little or no English, but those who were born in the community or came to it in childhood are nearly all well Canadianized. This noticeable and desirable feature of the younger citizens is undoubtedly a result of having lived in a small colony, for on that account they have had ample opportunities and in fact were obliged to mingle with the English speaking people in the surrounding country. While it is more comfortable for foreigners of any sort to live in a community of their own kind than to be scattered among people of a different language and while it is only justice to allow them to do so, there is the possibility of a colony being so large that the young people can grow up without getting into the ways of the average citizen of the country. Whether it would have been a workable policy of the government to have put immigrants from foreign countries in small groups as they came, there is no doubt that when it took place, as it did in the Mountain Road case, it was better for both the colonists and the country than when they formed very extensive settlements.

The Red Silk Blouse

By Mary E. Dunbar

"Tse gwine to a party.
I'se gwine to be de belle,
I's gwine to a party
An' de boys'll t'ink I'se swell."

MERRILY sang Bert as she danced in front of old Mammy, who sat peacefully knitting in a worn cane-bottomed chair. She was holding a bright red silk blouse against her radiant little face, which showed up black as ebony against the brilliant color.

"Mammy, when dat Liza Jane Jones soint me an invitation to come to heh pahty, dis niggah was clean tickled to deff. Ah can go and strut jus' as proud as Miss Elsie's ole peacock in dis new blouse ob mine. Won't I make dat gal jealous doh, her yaller calico blouse dat she was so proud ob will fade into de shaders beside ob mine. Dere ain't no gal in de neighborhood wid a blouse so pretty, is dere, Mammy?" And Bert with loving hands placed the precious blouse on Mammy's knee for inspection.

Grannie had let the little girl have her say, watching her happy face and sparkling eyes, which were all the world to her, but she showed no sign of affection as she replied: "Go long wid yo' chile, don't yo' know de debil'll get chillums dat tinks mo about looking pretty dan about de Lawd? Yo' run and get yo' hoe and cut dem weeds out ob dem sweet taters, else yo' pa'll be comin' in from de cotton field and will gib yo' a tannin' when he sees yo' ellickin about."

With that threat Bert ran out the door to the old shed, grabbed the hoe and ran into the potato patch, where she began to vigorously cut the weeds from the thick green leaves which were spreading so thickly over the rows. As she hoed up one row and down another, she could see herself at the party with the beautiful red blouse, the envy of all the girls, and the pick of the boys. The great event was just two days away, but to her it seemed at least a year.

"Hello, Bert, we're playing out in daddy's meadow, come over," and glancing up from her work she saw Tommy and little brother, the two youngest of Miss Elsie's children, running and playing in the soft green grass of the field which joined her potato patch.

"Hello, honey babies, Bert can't come now, she's got to hoe dese taters. If it wasn't for dat I sho' would come," and with a sigh she went back to her task.

Suddenly a low ominous bellow sent a chill of absolute terror up Bert's spine, and looking in the direction which it came, she saw the large Jersey bull which Mr. Lawrence had bought at the fat stock show. The animal was pawing the ground with rage, and butting with all his strength on the meadow gate. He was trying to get into the meadow, and if this happened it would mean certain and terrible death to Miss Elsie's babies. The children were well on this side, several hundred yards from the gate, but if the animal should break it down, he could soon cover the distance to them in his tantrums.

"Oh Lawd, gib me strength, and help me to sabe dem babies," fervently prayed Bert as she threw her old hoe into the potato bed, and dashed for the meadow fence.

"Heah, yo' Tommy deah, grab little brudder and run foh yo' life, can't yo' see dat mad bull am after yo'?"

But the children, looking up from their play and seeing the maddened animal pawing at the gate, seemed unable to move, and began screaming and crying, begging Bert to save them.

The screaming of the frightened children seemed to urge the animal on to renewed strength, and with a fresh start he butted anew at the worn meadow gate. Why should these human children invade his domain anyway, and with a

fierce snort, he rushed through the gate which had given away beneath his great strength. Nosing the ground in his fury, and pawing the earth, he seemed to hesitate a few seconds pulling himself together for the final rush.

Bert saw the two babies glued to the spot, unable to move from fear and their pitiful cries seemed to rip her heart in two. If she should climb the fence and try to carry them out all of them would be killed. What could she do? There was not a moment to lose. Then with a pang the new red blouse flashed into her brain. She remembered hearing Marse Lawrence tell about how bulls hated red. Then here was the only hope of rescue.

She turned and ran madly into the cabin, grabbed the beloved blouse from Mammy's knee, and dashed again out the door.

By this time the bull was half way across the meadow, his large head was lowered, and his eyes glowered red with rage, as he rushed onwards towards the helpless babies.

With a wild leap Bert was over the fence, and was frantically waving the bright red blouse towards the bull. She was wholly unconscious of herself, and the sacrifice of the beautiful blouse was forgotten. With her pigtails flying in the breeze, and horrified eyes looking out from a little face now an ashen color from fear, she looked the typical little heroine that she was at that moment.

By now the maddened bull had caught sight of the red blouse. It seemed to put him into an uncontrollable rage, and with a sudden dash he turned from his attack on the kiddies, willing to postpone this until getting this tantalizing bit of color pawed into destruction.

Bert, with a joyful gasp, saw him change his direction and rush furiously toward the red blouse. This she continued waving hysterically until the crazed animal was within four or five feet of her, then with a dash she threw it into his small reddened eyes. With a terrible bellow he caught it in his horns and tossed it into the air.

This was what Bert had prayed for, and with a desperate leap she turned and sped over the soft green grass of the meadow, grabbed a child by each hand, and half dragging and half carrying them along, made for the meadow fence. This she reached and with all her strength lifted the small children over. As she stumbled weakly after them, the bull, having torn the little red blouse to shreds, turned to attack his other prey. But the heroic work of little Bert, and the red silk blouse, had prevented a tragedy. The three small children were then safely in the door of the cabin crying out their story to Grannie.

After Bert had taken the children safely home, as far as the gate of the big house, she turned and walked slowly back toward the small whitewashed cabin. Her small black head was bent over her chest and her little bare toes dragged in the soft sand. She was the very picture of despondency. Opening the cabin door, she flung herself on the little box at Mammy's knee, burying her head in the old woman's lap.

"Oh, Grannie, Ise can't go to de pahty now, I ain't got no clothes to weah, and I did want to go so bad, oh so bad!" and her little body shook with heart-breaking sobs.

"Dere, honey baby, doan yo' cry, de good Lawd will bles yo' foh what yo' did dis day. If it hadn't been foh yo', my baby, wheah would dem two precious lambs of Miss Elsie's be now?"

But all of Grannie's croonings and pettings could not make Bert forget the party, and the beautiful blouse that she had hoped to wear.

Continued on page 80



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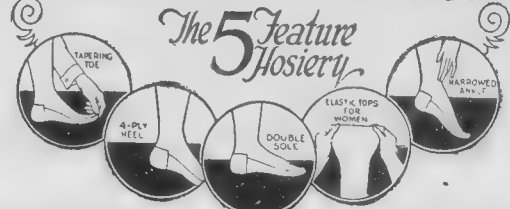
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Getting Acquainted With Our Writers —Edith G. Bayne

By Mary E. Macpherson

EDITH G. BAYNE is away on holidays at present, and since she has basely deserted the ship—i.e., the paper—I find that the job of writing her "getting acquainted" article falls on me, her friend and office colleague. With your kind permission I will try to do my best to fill the bill. I have known her for many years and yet I must admit that she is still very much of a puzzle to me, so don't expect me to be very lucid or revealing. However, one can always set down facts.

As the readers probably know, she has been a regular contributor to the Western Home Monthly for a long time, about twelve years, I believe. In this period she has been associated also with a number of other publications, among them the Toronto Star, which she has recently left for the purpose of devoting more time to free-lance work. She has made rather an outstanding success of short stories, particularly those of a humorous nature, and has written a couple of books, "The Golden Trail" and "Our Little Russia," the latter being a collection of Canadian-Jewish stories. She has also tried her hand at play-writing and had four short dramas produced. She is the

Miss Bayne's immediate family lives at Regina, and she herself lived in the West for some years, and knows it well. Her great-grandparents on both sides came from Bonny Scotland and one of them was a U.E. Loyalist who settled along the St. Lawrence, where, at Morrisburg, Ontario, the subject of this sketch was born. It is rather surprising that with this Scottish background she should have such a definite Irish brogue; so much so that people are always asking her "what part of Dublin she was born in." I have often thought that the Scotch and the North-of-Irelanders have something in common, including an accent, which may skip several generations and then bob up suddenly where it is least expected.

As one of your contributors she has frequently spoken to me of the pleasure that was hers in being associated with the Western Home Monthly. Although she now writes for one of the big syndicates and is very busy at all times and travelling a good bit, she makes it a point not to miss a single issue of the good old W.H.M., the paper that is building the West. I don't know what more



Miss Bayne on a fishing trip

most temperamental girl I ever knew, and nobody would guess it, because she is quiet and retiring in disposition and absolutely lacking in conceit. I have known her to tear up a story of ten thousand words over which she had labored for weeks and start all over again afresh, simply because she felt that she hadn't given it her best. Most writers would at least have sent it off to one of the cheaper magazines and sold it for what they could get. She is extremely sensitive, but this also you would never guess. She intensely dislikes interviewing people, and nevertheless has had a lot of it to do. She "scooped" all the Toronto newspaperwomen in an interview with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in April, 1924, but she said afterward that that was one interview she really enjoyed. She was also the first penwoman in Canada to interview the Valentinos.

I can tell you except that I wish you knew the fun we have in our office when Miss Bayne comes in and begins to relate a story about something she has seen on the street or in the movies. She hasn't the least idea she is being droll. Informally she is great company, but, as I said before, she is rather difficult to know and understand. She isn't what you would call a very sociable sort, but, believe me, very little escapes her! After all, to be observant is the great thing, is it not?

Again let me apologize for trying to do what Miss Bayne could have done so much better, but I have a feeling it was dislike of using the capital "I" that made her put off so long, and she likely wouldn't have told you a thing about herself anyway, because that's the kind she is. Concluding, let me wish the magazine every success in its new broadening out plan.

The Red Silk Blouse

Continued from page 79

Then something happened that made Bert sit up and wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Bertha Lee, are you there, dear?"

The cabin door was opened and Miss Elsie herself ran in, caught the little pickaninny in her arms and kissed her. There were tears of real joy in her eyes.

"Oh, Bert, you have saved my darling babies, and I can never repay you. They have told me all about it; how you used your new red blouse to attract the mad-dened animal. Oh, my child, I can never thank you enough, but there is one thing I can do for you, dear. You will come

into town with us tomorrow, and you shall not only have a new red blouse, but a whole new outfit, from your little bare toes to the top of your kinky head."

With another kiss on the little black cheek, she hurried out of the cabin, telling Bert to be ready bright and early the next morning for the trip to the city.

After she had gone, Bert jumped from her box and with eyes sparkling with delight, began to dance around Mammy, singing her little song as before:

"Ise gwine to a pahty,
Ise gwine to be de belle—"

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Wild Geese

Continued from page 14

"Well-s'long, Thorvald," said Caleb, climbing into the cart. "It's been a good day for us both, eh?"

He drove off, leaving Thorvaldson cursing behind him.

The day was brilliantly blue. A good part of the mowing ought to be completed by evening. Ellen was falling down a little on the job, and Amelia was molly-coddling her, he had noticed at dinner. Amelia would have to be reminded of her position. Caleb wondered just what the occasion would be, if it came to that, which would finally force him to play his trump card, as he liked to call it. He never doubted that it would make any difference on the farm except to bind the members of the family more closely to it. He firmly believed that knowledge of Amelia's shame would keep the children indefinitely to the land, and knew that he would not hesitate to reveal the truth to Mark Jordan if he were compelled to do so. But he got a sort of satisfaction out of the suspense, and particularly out of seeing its effect on Amelia. He would save the revelation for the opportune moment.

WHEN she came in from the field at the end of that first day, Judith's clothing was heavy with perspiration. She did not wash at the sink as the others did, but carried a basin of cold water up to Lind's room where she knew no one else would enter. Then she stripped and bathed her entire body, her flesh rippling under the cold water. She hurriedly donned clean clothing from head to foot, and placed in her bosom a little bagful of lavender she had grown the summer before. Over her garments she pulled the greasy overalls she had worn all day, so that the others would not notice any change in her dress. Then she heard Amelia's call to supper.

After the meal, which the family ate in the silence of absolute fatigue, Judith hurried out and got Prince from the corral. She hoped the cattle would be close at hand so that she might have more time with Sven. She felt no tenderness toward him, but a terrible need of contact with something apart from the life about her.

Sven was not at the spring when she arrived. She tied the horse to a tree near the edge of the clearing, beyond which she could see the cattle among the willows. Then she threw herself upon the moss under the birches, grasping the slender trunks of the trees in her hands and straining her body against the earth. She had taken off the heavy overalls and the coolness of the ground crept into her loose clothing. The light from the setting sun seemed to run down the smooth white bark of the birches like gilt. There was no movement, except the narrow trickle of the water from the spring, and the occasional flare of a bird above the brown depth of the pool. There was no sound save the tuning of the frogs in the marsh that seemed far away, and the infrequent call of a catbird on the wing. Here was clarity undreamed of, such clarity as the soul should have, in desire and fulfillment. Judith held her breasts in ecstasy.

Sven stepped down from the bank on the opposite side of the water hole, and she saw him for a moment in the light with the long shadow stripes of the birches falling upon him. In that moment he came as a god, out of space. Judith did not move and he came and looked down at her.

"Why don't you say something, Judie?" he finally asked querulously, "I never know what you're thinkin' about."

Judith flushed with disappointment. She sprang up.

"Oh—you," she said hotly. "Why do I always have to say something? Isn't it enough for you that I'm here at all?"

Sven looked up, hurt.

"Oh—well. If that's how you feel about it—" he turned to go.

"Come here," Judith muttered, looking away from him.

He came slowly and stood before her. "What?"

"I thought you might know—" Her breast rose quickly. She turned and threw her arms about him passionately. "I don't want you to go—you've got to learn to be like me. There's something in me you don't know. Nobody knows—in here. We're going off somewhere—far away, you and I. We're goin'—going—

to be somebody else, great people, like you read about. I know I can be, and you *must* be, because you can hurt me. We're going to be different, not like people round here, Sven, or even in the town you worked in. We're going away, across the ocean, maybe. Aren't we, Sven?"

Sven patted her shoulder to quiet her. He strove to understand her. He wanted to be kind, but a man couldn't lie.

"We'll go places, Judie, after I've worked hard for a year or two. But we can't just get up and go on nothin', can we?"

They sat down at the edge of the water and Judith's mood became quiet again. Presently a cow lowed and they remembered that the sun had set. The girl hastily drew on her overalls and soiled shirt over her clean dress. Sven smiled a little moodily as he watched her.

Judith untied Prince from the tree and sprang into the saddle. This time she looked back at Sven and waved to him until he was out of sight. She drove the cattle home rapidly to make up for the lost time. She felt recklessly happy for the first time in weeks.

Ellen and Charlie were waiting in the milk yard.

"Where have you been all this time?" Ellen complained. "He's in the kitchen calling her down, all on your account. You might think of somebody else besides yourself once in a while."

"Oh shut up!" Judith retorted. "If you did any thinkin' at all you'd be better off."

She ran toward the house, but Caleb had already gone out when she got there. Across the field she saw him, his lantern swinging along the earth. Amelia was preparing the separator. Her face betrayed the tongue lashing she had just undergone.

"Jude," she said. "Charlie will get the cattle after this. It needn't have taken you an hour."

THERE was a sudden change in the weather and the haying had to be delayed. It became raw and wet, almost like early spring, Amelia had the girls in the house helping her with the canning of the early vegetables, and wild strawberries and green gooseberries which she had spent hours gathering in the meadows and the bush. Then followed a day of high wind with great canvases of white cloud sailing across the blue.

It was on that day that the Klovacz family returned in the covered wagon which had taken them months before to the city in the south. Caleb had gone away for the day, and Amelia out of pity ran out to the road and bade them welcome home.

Anton Klovacz was emaciated out of recognition. But his face was bright with gratitude when Amelia urged him and the children to come in and rest for a while. They had travelled all that day from Nykerk, and were dusty and cramped from sitting still in the wagon. The two eldest boys were almost twenty, sturdy and good to look on, and there were two girls, in their early teens. The three youngest children were boys, dusky and mischievous; their clothing was in tatters and they were barefooted.

Amelia gave them hot water and soap with which to wash their hands, and spread the table with a hearty lunch. Anton sat by, watching her in silence, the tears coming to his eyes again and again. Amelia hurried out, talking and laughing with the children, a feeling of tremendous, free warmth coming over her. It seemed that this little act of kindness was making up for all the meanness of the past years.

Finally they were all seated about the table, and Amelia was pouring milk into the cups for the younger children. She asked Anton whether he intended staying on the farm.

"Until God says, 'No more, Anton!'" he smiled, his voice husky. "I will try to make these improvements the Government wish. Then it will be mine—the homestead. And my children will have a home. After—" he made a characteristic outward and upward motion of his hands.

When the children returned to the wagon Anton lingered behind and thanked

Continued on page 82

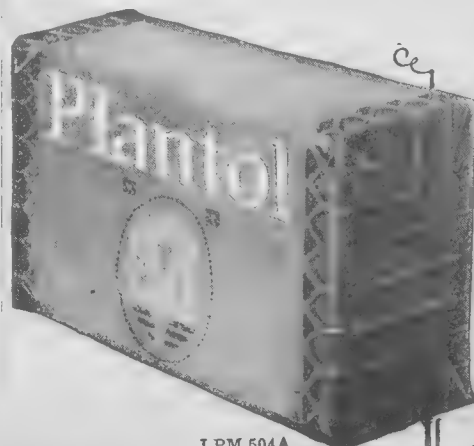
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Amelia for her hospitality, grasping both her hands.

"I will remember it, Mees Gare," he told her. "I have only a small time to live, so he tell me, the great doctor. But I work now for to make these improvements and the homestead will be for them. I thank you many times."

And the Klovacz family drove off in their white-topped wagon, the canvas curtain at the back flapping in the wind. The great, boundless clouds of mid-summer moved over them like a majestic fleet with sails as pure as snow.

It was earlier on that day, too, that Caleb drove in the cart to call on Mark Jordan. He drew his left hand across his mustache every now and then as if to wipe off a smile that came at the thought of the trip he was taking. As he drove past the hayfields he measured the height of the grass with his eye and considered that the few days respite had perhaps been of value. Martin and the girls would have to get out again tomorrow—idleness bred mischief.

Mark's hammer was ringing on new lumber when Caleb drove into the barn-yard of the Klovacz. He got down from the short ladder on which he had been standing against the wall of a low shed and came to meet Caleb as soon as he saw him. He wondered what the old man's mission could be.

"Good morning, neighbor," Caleb greeted him heartily, getting down from the dog cart. "I'm Caleb Gare, from over near the school. Thought as how you might be gettin' a mite lonesome here."

Mark shook hands with him. "A man does get rather lonesome," he said. "Have to keep busy on jobs like this—" he indicated the repair work on the shed—"to make the time go. Anton Klovacz will be coming home soon, and, as I hear, won't be able to do much. So I'm just trying to put the place in shape for him."

"He'll be getting in his fodder soon's he's back, eh?" Caleb suggested. His eyes ran over the well set shoulders and the fine, narrow thighs of Mark, and covertly took in the clean lines of his face. Amelia must not see him, he reiterated to himself.

"That'll be the first thing, I guess. Come over here and sit down, Mr. Gare—" Mark turned toward a bench outside the milk shed. Caleb followed him, his head bent forward as if there were a weight on his neck, his feet half dragging. Both men seated themselves on the bench.

"How'll he manage with just the two boys?" Caleb resumed easily.

"Oh, I'll stay on and see him through that," Mark told him. He threw the old man a close scrutiny while his eyes were on the distant fields.

"Yes, yes, of course," Caleb said as if in afterthought. "But what brings you out here, among these heathens? A young fellow like you—"

Mark laughed. "Doctor's orders. I had a little nervous trouble that came from overwork—nothing much, but the doctor thought he ought to nip it in the bud. He happened to hear of Klovacz who wanted to come in for examination, and the doctor whom I know very well, thought I would fit in here while Klovacz was away. So the two patients changed places. I'm afraid poor Klovacz has lost on the proposition, as far as his own health goes. The doctor writes me he's too far gone even for hope."

Caleb made a clucking sound of commiseration. He drew his hand over his mustache, shaping his next remark adroitly. "What'll you do when you leave here? Wouldn't like to come over and work for me, would you?"

"No—I guess I'll be through with farming when Klovacz gets settled again. I'll pull out before the cold weather starts."

"Your folks likely want you back, eh?" "Folks?" Mark smiled. "My folks are all dead, Mr. Gare. So I can come and go much as I please."

"Well—" Caleb spoke softly. "Perhaps it's best so—perhaps it's best. Folks er lot o' trouble some times—lot o' trouble.

Wild Geese

Continued from page 81

Your people were farmers, now, like as not?"

"No—as much as I know of my father, he was a scholarly chap."

"A scholar, eh? And a gentleman, I suppose—yes, yes," Caleb repeated, delighted with the irony of the situation. "Us farmers are not so fine, like, but we know what education is wuth. Nothin' like it! nothin' like it, eh? Your father perhaps gave you your first lesson? A B C's like, eh?"

"No. I don't remember him at all. He died just before I was born."

Caleb took out his pipe and filled it thoughtfully.

"You don't say! And your mother left alone with you? That was bad—that was bad."

Mark glanced at Caleb and thought what a whimsical old man he was, after

Preceding Events of the Story

IN the little Icelandic settlement of Oeland, dwells the Gare family, one of the most unhappy households imaginable. Caleb Gare is a hard, ruthless man, loving only the land, and dominating the lives and souls of those around him in order that his wealth may be increased, and his greed satisfied. The endless toil and repression has made spiritless slaves of his children, save Judith, his second daughter, splendid and primeval, the only one that dares defy him. Over Amelia, his wife, in order to assure her support in the subject of his family, he holds a special threat, that of disclosing the secret of her past, she being the mother of an illegitimate son, Mark Jordan. With these disturbing people lives Lind Archer, teacher of the village school, a helpless onlooker. She makes a friend of Judith, and helps the girl to find her own soul. Unknown to her father, Judith has been secretly meeting young Sven Sandbo, a neighbour's son, and plans to leave with him after the haying. Mark Jordan comes to the district to take charge of a farm while its owner, Anton Klovacz, is in the city sanatorium, both trying to regain impaired health. One day when Mark passes by the Gare farm, Amelia sees him, and rejoicing in his splendid beauty and evident culture, resolves that she will no longer intercede for the children of Caleb Gare, but will sacrifice everything that no harm may come to the son of her first and only love. Finding that Mark and Lind love each other, Amelia is happy in their happiness, and gives them what little support she can.

Amelia—very well indeed. He almost squirmed with pleasure.

"The little teacher at our place is a mighty fine girl, eh?" he observed presently, with a side-long glance at Mark.

Mark crossed one knee over the other and folded his arms. He would have to head the old fellow into another direction. "Yes, she's a very fine young woman," he remarked, looking out toward the fields. "How long ago was that school house built, Mr. Gare?"

"Eh—Oh, let me see. . . it must be close on to twenty years ago. Solid old cabin that—stand forever. I was in my prime when I built that, my boy—in my prime. All my kids got their learnin' there. . . maybe they ought o' had a little more, but I'm a poor man, Jordan, I'm a poor man, and I give 'em all I can afford. Don't grudge 'em anything—give 'em all they need of everything. Like to have 'em around, you know. It doesn't do no good for 'em to be scallywaggin' off to towns where they get high ideas. The simple life's the best, eh? Best for soul and body. That's what I say."

"Well you can certainly get too much of the other," Mark agreed. "But it wouldn't hurt them to get out for awhile. They might do better at something other than farming, if they got a chance."

Caleb's face seemed to close in upon itself like a folding door. "No—no. Not my children. They're too close to the land," he said. "The Gares are farmers, from way back. No Gare ever did good at anything else. No—they'll not leave—they'll not leave."

Mark glanced at him, curiously. The old man's voice was soft, intent, as if he were repeating to himself the words of a charm.

"Looks as if those beasts are breaking down the fence back there," Mark said, getting to his feet and shading his eyes with his hands as he looked east. "They're trying to get into the clover. Guess I'd better go down and stop them, Mr. Gare."

A temptation came to Caleb to get a last grain of amusement out of his call. He held up his hand.

"Just a minute—just a minute. Did you ever run across a horse dealer in town by the name of Bart Nugent? Him and I used to be right friendly." He raised his eyebrows and put his hands behind his back.

"Bart Nugent? Why, sure, I've rented riding horses from him right along. He has a place near the mission when I was only a kid, and he used to let me ride them. He's a fine scout," Mark smiled with pleasure. "But he's not been well lately, I think."

"No," said Caleb. "He's dead."

Mark was shocked. Bart Nugent, in his homely way, had been a good friend. A greater lover of horses he had never known.

Caleb climbed into the cart, "Come again, Mr. Gare," Mark called to him, saluting with his hand.

"That I will," Caleb assured him, smiling grimly to himself.

"Funny old codger," Mark mused as he went down to the field. "Fancy him having known Bart Nugent. But I can see the tryant in him."

ON the road home Caleb saw approaching him the clumsy, grey-white bulk of a covered wagon. The Klovacz were returning, he thought to himself. It would be well to stop and talk with Anton—perhaps he might learn from him just how long Mark Jordan would be staying on.

Two teams with gay trappings drew the covered wagon. The scarlet tassels at the horses' ears tossed about in the wind like the decorations on circus horses. On the high seat behind them Anton Klovacz held the reins, sitting straight as a reed. The boys had driven over the miles that had gone before, but on the home stretch Anton himself would drive. It might be the last time.

Caleb drew his horse to the side of the road as the Klovacz approached. "Hullo—hullo!" he called out when he saw Anton's face. "Back again, eh? How are you—how are ye, Anton?"

all. A character, indeed. Sitting there sentimentalizing over a near stranger. Mark smiled.

"Mother died soon after. She had very little money and I was brought up by some priests in a mission," he explained, thinking to humor the old fellow.

"Well—well. But you must have folks somewhere?" Caleb seemed incredulous. Inwardly he applauded his cunning. How Mark Jordan unfolded himself before him! What a story for Amelia!

"Perhaps, in England. My parents came over together, and as far as I know, my father was the last of a very old family. I intend to look up my ancestry some day, and perhaps I'll locate some relatives. But I don't miss them, Mr. Gare." Mark grinned as he saw Caleb shake his head as if in sympathy. "I couldn't very well find any of my mother's people, because I don't know her maiden name. The priests forgot it, on purpose, I think, because they hoped by keeping me away from any possible relatives they would be able to train me for the priesthood."

Caleb passed his left hand gently over his mustache. He could scarcely keep from smiling at this complete show of confidence. It would repeat itself well to

Anton leaned out from the wagon seat and smiled his strange foreign smile at Caleb. "Very good, we are all," he replied. "And how go these things with you neighbor?"

"Everything fine—just like when you left," Caleb returned. "I've just come from your place—been talking with your hired man. Fine fellow that, Anton. Think you'll keep him on?"

"Eef he stay, yes. He write me maybe ontill freeze up. I hear these crops they are good, yes? But you have always the good crops, Mr. Gare. You have the fine wife to help you, too. I will thank you for her great kindness to me and these children, Mr. Gare. We have just been in to your house, a great kindness she gave, thanks. A very good woman your wife is, my friend."

Caleb's eyes narrowed. "Yes—yes, you stepped in? That's fine, that's fine. The children got something to eat, and you too, I hope, Anton? And maybe some little thing to take home?"

"The good food, that was plenty. We should not take more," Anton said. Then he held his hand to his dusty, flat-brimmed hat and bade Caleb a good journey home, after the manner of the Hungarian.

And Caleb, leaving him, thought with satisfaction of the accident of meeting him. Here would be a choice morsel of discovery for Amelia. He took the road north, which led around the long stretch of bush and met the west road, so that he could approach his own farm from the west and so make it appear that he had been, perhaps, calling on Thorvaldsens. In which case it would have been impossible for him to have met Anton Klovacz in the covered wagon. These little tricks gave a dash of variety to life, besides being mighty useful.

He drove slowly along the west road home, in order to give Amelia ample time to see him coming from that direction. As he had hoped, she was in the garden bending over her tomato vines when he drove into the yard.

"Thorvaldson feels pretty good over the sale of that half section," he told her when she came out of the garden to meet him. "The money came in pretty handy—pretty handy."

"Yes," she said, and he noticed the light tone of her voice. She thought he did not know about the visit of the Klovaczs. Well, he'd give her a little time to tell the truth about it.

"Have to start mowin' again tomorrow," he went on as they both entered the house. "Martin get the bolts for that old machine?"

"Yes—he went to Yellow Post and got them," she said.

"Where are the girls and Charlie?"

"They went berrying."

"Been alone all day, then, eh?"

Amelia bent down and dragged some milk pans out from under the table, lifting them with a clatter to the sink. He noticed narrowly that her face was red when she straightened up. "Yes—I've been busy all day," she said. "The tomatoes are starting to get ripe."

Caleb grinned under his mustache. She'd try to get out of a lie, then, eh? Well, that made the skirmish more interesting.

"Guess people are beginning to be too busy for visitin'," he continued, puttering about his tool cabinet that was nailed on the kitchen wall.

"Likely," Amelia said. He could not have known the Klovaczs had stepped in. To tell him would only bring on trouble.

"Think I'll take a little trip out to the Klovaczs' after supper. Heard in Yellow Post that they're gettin' home soon. Perhaps they're come, already."

Amelia drew in her lip. He might not go, after the trip he'd taken today. She would chance it. . . .

He went out to the barn and Amelia breathed a sigh of relief. Then she heard voices outside and realized that the girls and Charlie had returned from the bush. The teacher was with them. They would have a bushel of berries among them. She should have asked Martin to buy more sugar at Yellow Post. There were a hundred things to think of. Thank God for that.

The girls came in with two great baskets full of blueberries. Their hands and faces were stained with the ripe fruit, and they were laughing and arguing as to which one had picked the most during the afternoon.

"I'm sure teacher did," Amelia observed.

Continued on page 84



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cagerly, to get into the conversation. "Her face is bluest."

"I'm afraid I did eat more than I put into the basket," Lind laughed. "But there's a lot there, anyway."

They heard Caleb calling to Charlie immediately outside the door, and their mirth subsided. Lind carried water to her room, and Ellen and Judith went about washing at the sink. Afterwards Judith came up to Lind in the loft and sat down on the bed, watching the teacher wash her face and neck and long smooth arms with a fragrant soap. Lind turned and surprised a peculiar look in the girl's eyes. Judith grew red and leaned back on the pillows.

"It makes my mouth water to watch you do that," she said. "It's so—oh, I don't know what it is—just as if somebody's stroking my skin."

"Why don't you use this soap, Judith? I have lots of it. I've told you so many times to use anything of mine you like. Next time you expect to meet Sven—" Lind lowered her voice and smiled roguishly at Jude—"let me fix you all up, will you? Nice smelling powder and a tiny drop of perfume in your hair. He'll die of delight, Judie! Just die."

Judith chuckled and ran her hands over her round breasts.

"It doesn't take perfume to kill him," she murmured.

Lind looked at her, stretched full length across the bed. What a beautiful, challenging body she had! With a terrible beginning of consciousness, like a splendid she-animal, nearly grown.

"Let me comb your hair, Lind, will you?" she asked.

The teacher sat down on the floor beside the bed and Judith unloosened the long skeins of bronze hair that fell all about her shoulders. Judith loved to run her fingers through it, and to gather it up in a shining coil above the white nape of Lind's neck. Lind talked to her about things of the outer world, which she often did when they could be alone together. But presently Ellen's voice came up from below, the usual thin protest. Judith fastened Lind's hair up with a single pin and left her. Lind thought that her step was a little lighter than it had been.

THAT evening, before Amelia was aware of his intent, Caleb had harnessed the mare to the dog cart and was driving eastward in the direction of the Klovacz's. Amelia looked down across the sheep pasture and saw him go. He would find out, then, that she had evaded telling him the truth. Perhaps, somehow, the Klovacz's would not mention having been here. But they would. They would. And Caleb would advance upon her with a dreadful sneer and insinuate, and threaten, and probably insult her before the whole family, as he had done again and again, in his gentle way. She stood for many moments shuddering physically in anticipation of his return—staring after him to see if he would not, after all, change his mind and come back. But the cart became smaller and smaller along the bluish road, and finally vanished around the curve of the timber.

Caleb, reaching the road on the east that went north, turned in the direction of Skuli Erickson.

Amelia washed the dinner dishes and declined Lind's offer to wipe them. Lind thought her face looked more drawn tonight than usual, and would have liked to help her with her work.

Ellen and Martin and Charlie milked, Judith fed the pigs, and the calves that were no longer sucking. After the separating, Ellen carried the crocks of cream into the cellar. Then she, Amelia and Judith sat and picked over the blueberries until the flame in the lantern near the door became smoky and the smell of soot and rank oil stung the nostrils.

"I'd better fill the lantern," said Judith, rising to do so.

"Not tonight, child," said Amelia, brushing the bits of leaves and blueberry stems from her apron. "We've done enough. I'll wash the chimney and clean the wick tomorrow."

Ellen and Judith went up to bed where Martin and Charlie were already asleep. Lind, who was tired after her day in the bush, had also gone to the loft. She listened to Judith's step on the stair. It was again heavy as a man's.

In the kitchen below Amelia took the lantern down from its place near the door. Moving the sitting room lamp into the kitchen, she filled the lantern with oil,

Wild Geese

Continued from page 83

cut the wick, and rubbed the chimney with a piece of old wool till it shone. Then she lighted the lantern to see how it burned. Caleb would be coming in, and would notice if it were not ready for his use if he should want it.

Amelia returned the lamp to the sitting room table. It had a long, white glass pedestal, and a ruby colored, round body, within which the wick floated like a red, swollen tongue. Amelia stood looking into the rosy globe as if it held some strange significance. It was half full of kerosene. But under the ruby colored glass the kerosene looked like thin silver.

The outer door opened slowly. Amelia heard Caleb's step but did not turn. She could hear him taking off his hat and coat, and hanging them on the wall, turning down the wick of the lantern, walking across the floor, like a large turtle dragging its shell.

"Everybody gone to bed?" he asked pleasantly, sitting down to unloosen his shoes.

"Yes—they're all tired out," Amelia said cheerfully.

"Hm. Why haven't you gone? You must be more'n tired, after a hard day like this. Heh, heh! Yeah—you must be more'n tired, Amelia."

Amelia did not answer. She sat prepared for the next.

"But you're a fine woman, Amelia. Least as I know, Anton Klovacz says so. And he ought to know," Caleb said gently, drawing his hand across his mustache and leaning back in his chair.

"Well—what could I do but ask them in?" Amelia said suddenly. She was startled at herself.

Caleb turned his head slowly, not moving his body. He tilted his head back and regarded her through half closed eyes. Then a sneer spread over his face like a mask. The look terrified Amelia. She knew a sort of insanity had him when he looked like that. An insanity for power over her, at any cost. Her hands moved up and down over her apron in her lap. Then she caught hold of the edge of the checked table cloth and began to roll it up tightly.

"So—you'd lie, too, eh? What else have you done, tell me that, can't you? Anton Klovacz—the infidel—in my house! He'd say you're a fine woman, he'd say it, heh, heh! And with a reason, perhaps, eh? Him and his lice—your kind, eh? Tch—ch! Mark Jordan and Anton Klovacz—pah!"

He thrust his face out toward her, snapping his fingers under her nose. Amelia recoiled as if he had struck her. He laughed softly, in his throat. "Ha! That beautiful son of yours—he's a fine boy, he is. I've talked to him, I have—" he tapped his chest with a knotted forefinger. "—the likes of me. And he told me what his father was—heh! heh! A scholar and a gentleman. And his mother, a lady, like as not. Tch—ch! How would you like me to tell him, eh? Perhaps I'm not good enough to tell him. Perhaps Anton Klovacz should tell him—or maybe yourself—" a little light appeared in his eyes—"Heh, heh! That's good—you tell him, Amelia, you tell him, the pretty boy!"

Amelia stood upright. Her eyelids were drawn back beyond the iris of her eyes.

"Do it!" she whispered. "Do it! See what'll happen!"

Again her own voice alarmed her. It seemed to come from some other person. She sank weakly back into her chair. Caleb laughed. He saw that she was overcome.

Slowly he undressed and went to bed, turning the lamp low so that Amelia sat almost in the dark. She sat so for a long time, stroking her apron over her knees. She would have to go to bed soon—lie beside Caleb, lie awake, far into the night.

CALEB'S instructions, through Amelia, were that Charlie should go for the cattle every evening. And a few days later Charlie was appointed to take Judith's place in going for the mail and provisions at Yellow Post. So that now Judith's freedom was narrowed down to the space within her own thoughts as she moved up and down the hayfield on the mowing machine. Following the rains, the heat was not so intense, and the dust had been washed from the sweet hay.

There was something almost soothing in the whirr of the mowing machine. It enclosed one's thoughts from every other sound.

But Sven would be wondering why she didn't come to the meeting place. She would look for him today on the way out of the field and try to tell him that Caleb was watching her. That he would have to wait for a few evenings until her father made a trip somewhere so that they could meet at the spring without danger of discovery. While she thought about Sven, her eyes fell alongside the mower where the depth of the hay stirred under the wind like something alive. A sudden gust flattened the tops of the growth into a grey sheet, as if an enormous invisible hand had brushed across it. A dark understanding had come upon Judith and how every living thing caressed, or was caressed.

She looked behind her at Charlie and across into the other field where Martin and Ellen were working. She knew Ellen had wanted to go away with Malcolm. That Ellen had denied the greatest impulse of her life Judith could not forgive. She hated Ellen, and found it in her heart to hope that she would have to remain forever regretting and waiting for a thing that did not come.

Jude's thoughts turned toward Lind. She had found herself stepping softly in her presence, had found herself looking into the mirror for some resemblance to Lind. These things Sven would not understand. He would have to learn to understand them, in the other world where they were going together after the haying. Amelia's suffering eyes came before Judith's mind, but she brushed them away. It would have to be sometime, it might as well be now. Perhaps with the going of Lind the dream would go—and there would be nothing but another winter of frozen manure and hungry cattle. . . .

On the last day of the mowing, Caleb declared his intention of going that evening to see Bjorn Aronson about the purchase of a bell for the church at Yellow Post. He told Martin about it at the dinner table, and Judith pretended not to hear him by turning abruptly to Lind and asking her something about the school. Caleb went on to tell Martin that he might get Bjorn for the threshing.

"He'll not ask more than the breeds, and he'll work harder," Caleb added.

Returning to the field with the horses after the others, Judith stood in the hollow near the road where the willows hid her, and whistled for Sven. He would be moving about in the Sandbo farmyard if he had not yet returned to his own field lying to the north. Judith sounded a long sharp whistle and presently he came, running. He kissed her clumsily in his haste.

"Oh, Judie!" he cried, "I've got to have—"

"Tonight," she said quickly, "and don't be late."

She slapped the reins across the backs of the horses and turned into the field. Her heart beat like a hammer under the greasy breast of her overalls. Sven had been clean and ruddy, and his shirt was open at the throat over his fresh skin.

They completed the mowing in the early afternoon, and took the machines home. Judith saw that Ellen's face was white, her eyelids red and swollen. But the feeling she had toward her was only one of contempt. There was nothing admirable in Ellen's suffering. Before the return of Malcolm Judith had pitied Ellen and would have done much to spare her from duties that were too heavy for her. Now she felt that anything that befell Ellen was her just due. She had had her choice.

Judith drove ahead of the others going home. She hurriedly unharnessed the horses and turned them into the pasture. Then she strode into the kitchen where Amelia was pickling tiny cucumbers.

"What are you going to do?" Amelia asked when she saw her take a basin full of hot water from the kettle.

"Wash my hair," said Judith shortly.

Amelia looked at her curiously. It seemed an odd time of the week for doing such a thing. It was usually done on Sunday morning, when it did not interfere with the work. However, Caleb was far down the pasture examining some horses and he might not return until she was through.

Judith took the water into the sun outside the house and placed it on the ground.

Then she knelt down and dipped her whole head into the basin, scrubbing the black mass of her hair with the soap that Lind had told her to use. Afterwards she sat on the ground sunning it until it was dry. It had a lovely, unforgettable smell now, like Lind's.

Then she went to Lind's room and bathed. It was delightful beyond words, the delicate soap. She had never before used any but Amelia's home made soap. She made her whole body white now with lather, hating finally to wash it off.

Lind came in from school while she was dressing. The teacher gave her a silk blouse to wear, but Judith was afraid that Caleb would notice it. She let Lind dress her hair, however, and promised that after Caleb had gone she would permit her to put a drop of perfume at the nape of her neck. Then they went downstairs, where Ellen was playing the organ.

Ellen still played *Red Wing*. Years ago somebody had stopped at the Gares and had sung and played the song. No popular air had become familiar to her since then. It was a childhood memory that she never lost. Lind had offered to teach her other songs, but Ellen claimed to have no time to learn them. Lind suspected that she had resented the offer.

Ellen looked up when Judith came into the room, but made no comment on the fashion of her sister's hair. Judith marched outdoors.

In the corral stood a shining black stallion that had been brought from the farm of one of the Icelanders. The animal stood pawing the earth and arching his huge, glistening neck. Judith paused for a moment beside the corral gate, looking at the horse. He lifted his head and turned his flaring nostrils toward her. His eyes were hostile. Judith turned away, instinctively lifting her chest.

IMEDIATELY after Charlie had gone for the cattle, Caleb drove away in the cart. From the sheep pasture Jude got a glimpse of him turning off the wood road and going north. She was content that he had gone to Aronson's.

Sven was waiting for her at the spring when she got there. She stepped quietly down the bank and parted the birch trees, standing for a moment framed in the light as she remembered he had done on the last evening they had met there.

"Gosh, you're a picture, Judie," he exclaimed. She was pleased at that and came and sat beside him.

He noticed the fragrance about her. Noticed how fine and dusky her hair was, and how gratifying it was to touch her. Judith put her strong arms about him and felt the beating of his heart against her own. She pulled down her dress so that her skin would be bare against his breast, and she was glad that she had bathed with the fragrant soap.

"Judie. . ." Sven whispered, and put his lips to her ear.

"I'm a little bit afraid, tonight," she murmured.

He held her hungrily in his arms. Time drifted into a blissful eternity.

Behind a clump of willows north of the wood road, Caleb had stopped the mare and waited. He had sat patiently looking in the direction of the Sandbo homestead until to his satisfaction he had seen Sven ride out into the clearing and cut across the pasture westward. Then he had tied the mare to a tree and had slipped through the bush to the point where he had seen Sven enter.

He crept along slowly, taking care not to step on dry branches. As the light fell he could make out low voices that seemed to come from a hollow. Now he could look down and see them, seated together, their arms about each other on the bank above the pool. Caleb drew his hand slowly across the lower part of his face. He turned and went noiselessly back to the edge of the pasture, then north to where the mare was tied.

THE next day was full of dreams for Judith. She stood getting chicken feed from the bag in the barn, thinking of Sven, and of the distant place where they would soon go together. Sven had been wonderful last night, had talked to her as he had never talked before. It had been almost impossible to get up and say goodby to him. Soon there would be no more goodbys. They would have a snug cottage in town, and Sven would go to his work ever day, but at night they would be together again—all night.

Continued on page 86



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Wild Geese

Continued from page 86

IT was an unusually dry August, and the stacking would begin early. Martin wondered whether Caleb would get a man to help now that Judith was confined to the house. Ellen and Charlie were scarcely skilful enough for the job. But Martin knew better than to ask any questions after what had happened. Conversation between Caleb and the rest of the family had practically ceased, and the only bond now was the work that went on without interruption and without question.

Amelia went about her tasks in the house and the garden from morning until night with almost rapt attention, as if they were something she was afraid to lose. When she came in from the glaring sun, the comparative darkness of the house would blind her, and she would have the feeling that Judith was not there; that she had gone. Then she would see her, sitting with her back bent, peeling potatoes for dinner, probably, or mending a bit of harness that Caleb had handed her without comment that morning. And Amelia would harden her heart again and repeat her resolve. Judith was Caleb's child. She did not speak to the girl, except to give her instructions about the cooking or the housework. Judith had become only a pair of hands that did as they were told. She spoke to no one, looked at no one.

To Lind her apathy was heart-breaking. For days the teacher did not approach her; knew that it would do no good. When she came in from school she would hear her, perhaps, moving heavily about upstairs, scrubbing the pine floors, or would see her sitting stolidly absorbed over a pailful of vegetables that she was cleaning. Lind knew that it could not go on like this, that the fire in Judith would break out in some still more violent form the longer she was kept under control.

The axe was left in the barn wall where Judith had driven it. It was Caleb's wish that it should not be removed.

The days became languid and sonorous with the drone of bees over tawny meadows; white and yellow butterflies danced as thoughtlessly as ever over the pink remnant of the last wild rose; the bush was a flurry of wings and song, and every day the children brought to school deserted nests to make drawings of with charcoal or colored crayon. Lind felt a false mellowness in the air; growth had come to an end. But she went on with her work, grateful for the duties that kept her in the school house, away from the Gares.

Martin learned, to his mild consternation, that a man would not be hired for the stacking.

"Ellen and Charlie will start stacking with you tomorrow," Caleb said to him at the supper table.

Judith appeared not to have heard the statement, although everyone knew that she must have been looking forward to the stacking to release her from the house.

FOR the first few days Caleb was on hand to supervise the work. The hay was gathered from the field where it had been drying in ricks. Ellen with Martin on the stacks while Charlie handled the crane below. Martin saw that the work Judith should be doing was too heavy for Ellen, but he said nothing. Physical inability to do a set task was a thing that Caleb never recognized. It was set down as unwillingness.

Caleb sat in the cart patiently watching the growing stacks. Occasionally he gave an encouraging word to Charlie or rebuked Ellen for her carelessness. Ellen set her mouth in a straight line and her small red hands took a firmer grip on the handle of the fork. The stacks grew large, smooth and rain-proof, gratifying to the eye of Caleb. It was a product of his hand, result of his industry. As undeniably his as his right hand, testifying to the outer world that Caleb Gare was a successful owner and user of the soil.

He had ease for thinking, there in the field surrounded by the rich produce that was his. The ease of Judith had been

fortunate rather than otherwise. At first it had been a bit disturbing. The axe might have done more than graze his hair. As it was, the incident merely gave him greater control over affairs. It was another thing to hold over Amelia. And it gave him security in regard to Judith—it was a case for the police if he wished to make it one. The axe must remain where it was, in case he should ever need to use the evidence. However, as long as Judith was manageable, he would be lenient. Her work was more satisfactory than any hired help he could get. He would keep her indoors until this malevolent spirit was broken in her and then he would keep it broken with work in the fields during harvest.

Caleb lifted his eyes to the south, where the flax was ripening, slowly, deliberately. The threshers would have to return to thresh it on the first of October, after the other crops were in. A pang of regret struck him as he thought of cutting the flax. It had grown with such pride, such rich dignity. It was beautiful, stretching out and stirring with life, as though nothing could end its being. But there would be other years and other yields, he comforted himself. Next year he would plant more flax. Its delicacy was a challenge to the harsh conditions under which it grew. It was a challenge to Caleb himself to force from the soil all that it would withhold.

He glanced casually once more at the labor of Ellen and Martin and Charlie, then turned the mare out of the field. As he passed the timber he got from Fusi Aronson in exchange for the lake bottom and the muskeg he smiled to himself. This would be a dull life if one could not invent artifices of amusement. Still in a year or two the lake bottom might become arable land, and the muskeg be dry enough for flax. Then he would have to buy it back again from Fusi. That would be a good joke, indeed. In the meantime, however, the timber would be of value for firewood and for building. And what was there to stop him from cording it and selling it at the Siding? Judith and Martin would be idle after the harvest....

As he drove home his mind turned to Amelia, and he speculated upon just what her thoughts might be these days. He would have to create conversation again, lest by too much silence he lose contact. Circling about in her own thoughts Amelia might even begin to think that unselfishness did not pay, and that Mark Jordan might as well know the truth about himself. That would bring about a sort of hiatus. Things would run along smoothly only as long as he kept a balance of contrariness. He would have to make conversation, and in a few days release Judith for work in the fields.

ONE day when the teacher came in from school Judith was running the churn in the kitchen. Amelia was in the garden and there was no one else about. Lind sat down on the floor beside Jude, and watched her strong arm move around and around as steadily as a machine. Her eyes were on the floor, and she made no sign that she had seen Lind enter.

"Judie—Judie, why can't you talk to me?" Lind asked softly. She could scarcely keep the tears from her eyes as she watched this great dark girl, sitting absorbed in turning the handle of a churn as if nothing else mattered.

Judith lifted her eyes slowly. "Nothing to talk about, is there?" she asked. They were the first words Lind had heard her speak since the day of her commitment to the house.

"You must not let it affect you this way, Judith. I know why you did it—you just lost your temper, and it was an awful mistake. But it will blow over—he'll forget it. Why don't you begin to talk to them now, so that everything will become natural again? Sven is waiting to hear from you, too, Judith."

A flush came into Jude's cheeks, and Lind thought she saw tears in her eyes as she turned her head away.

"It won't do any good," Judith muttered. "If I see Sven he'll find out and then he'll send me to the city. I know—nothing good ever happens."

Continued on page 88



Your mirror can't tell you

THE insidious and disturbing thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the fact that in practically every case the person so afflicted is not personally aware of it.

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This Omelette Will Put Beef Into You

Wild Geese

Continued from page 87

"Judie, your own life matters more than anything else. If you stay here much longer you'll get to be like Ellen, and you're too splendid to waste yourself like that. What if he does send you to—the city? The judge would find out all about how he has been treating you before they would do anything to you. People aren't all like him, you know. Everything would be better in the end, Judie, I'm sure."

Judith sat back in her chair and looked at her.

"You might just tell Sven not to worry about me, if you see him," she said. "He can't keep me here forever, anyway."

Lind was glad to find some response in Judith. "I'll see him, perhaps tomorrow, Jude. I'm sure he's thinking about you all the time," she said cheerfully, putting her arm about Judith's shoulder. "Do you know what I'm going to do now? I'm going to make you something pretty. Something you can wear without anyone else seeing it. You just wait." Lind went into the other room, smiling back at Jude, who half smiled in return.

Amelia came in then and Judith stood up and looked into the churn at the butter.

"I'll have to be getting some new crocks from Johanneson," said Amelia.

"He has two of our old ones down there," Judith remarked.

Amelia looked at her quickly. It was the first voluntary word she had uttered for days. There was a change in her. She wondered what would happen when Judith came fully to herself again. But the girl kept within herself for the rest of that day and went to bed immediately after supper, so that Amelia had no way of knowing what was forming in her mind. Amelia herself would give her no reason to think that her mad act would bring her ultimate freedom. She had not spoken to Judith of the thing that had happened, thinking in this way to impress upon her the appalling aspect of it.

THAT night Judith lay awake. The suggestion the teacher had made, that the authorities of peace and justice would perhaps not be so harsh as she had feared, if Caleb brought the thing to their notice, occupied her mind and crowded out sleep.

And yet, she could not be sure. She knew so little of such matters. Perhaps the teacher was mistaken. A half-breed girl from Yellow Post two or three years before had tried to kill her baby, and she had been sent to prison for it. Prison—a place where you were confined to a tiny cell and never saw the sky, or felt the wind on your face—a wretched place, worse, perhaps, than this farm. Caleb would manage to send her there if he found any other reason to be dissatisfied with her. He had a special hate for her, she knew it—had always known it. It was because she hated the things that were God to him—the crops, the raising of animals, the rough produce of the land.

She thought of Sven. When the opportunity came, she knew he would take her away. She knew he was waiting day and night for the moment to come; that he would at once defy Caleb if any good would come of it. But Caleb held the whip just now. They would get no farther than the Siding before he would be upon them—would notify the police. For the first time in her life, Judith felt a need of Sven that did not spring from passion. She no longer saw the powerful muscles of his throat, or the taut, narrow shape of his loins. What she did see was a certain wistfulness in his eyes, that had come there through her scorn of him. Lying in the darkness beside Ellen, she felt a great need just to sit near him and not say anything for a long time. She began to cry and covered her face with her pillow so that Ellen would not hear her.

AFTER school the next day Lind walked home with the Sandbo children to convey Jude's message to Sven. At the side of the road the milk-weed stalks hung with heavy purple bloom, and dandelions stood a foot and a half high, fluffing their down in the wind. It was a year of lavish growth for Oeland. The children had found more varieties of birds and butterflies than ever before.

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The leaves of the trees were free from insects. Lind thought how the plan of Nature for a perfect year had been carried out between her and Mark Jordan. She wished that this harmony could have extended to the Gares, and thought sadly of Judith.

Lind had seen Mark Jordan nearly every day since the return of the Klo-vacs. He had managed to ride over and talk with her in the late afternoon while she was still at the schoolhouse, or they had walked together into the timber and had sat beside the little pool that Lind had found long before. They began to make plans for the fall, when they would leave together for the "outside." The winters at Oeland were too bitter to keep school open, when the children had so far to go.

"I'd rather like to spend the winter here," Mark had said once. "Particularly at the Gares'. What a chance to study human nature that would be."

"I'm afraid I'd emerge from it unable to make a study of anything for the rest of my life," Lind had replied. "It's heart-breaking enough under favorable weather conditions."

Sven was watering the horses when the teacher and the children arrived. He came forward eagerly to meet her.

"Judith send any word?" he asked when the children were out of hearing.

Lind put her hand on his arm and walked with him back to the water trough.

"She's getting over it, Sven, and she wants you not to worry. He doesn't let her out of the house yet, but as soon as he does she'll try to see you. Perhaps you'd better try to be patient until after the hay is stacked. He'll have to let her out on the binder, and he won't be able to watch her all the time."

Sven scowled. "Damn him! I'd like to wring the old devil's neck," he said. "But he'd live to have me jailed for it."

"That's the trouble, Sven. He'd make a terrible fuss if you went away just now. Perhaps after the harvest he might be able to get over it. But Judith is as anxious to see you as you are to see her."

Mrs. Sandbo came out of the house then, shooing the flies away from the door as she opened it. Sven went to the pasture with the horses.

"Vell, and how goes it vit' Gare and the haying?" she asked.

"Fine as can be," Lind smiled. She had not told Mrs. Sandbo of the affair between Caleb and Judith.

Continued in the December Issue

The Crossing

Continued from page 15

over his shoulder and for a second he heard the pitter-pat of its paws back into the darkness.

"Well," muttered Corbit, "that beats the band! Were ye the little devil that bit the rope in two?"

He did not know, but he guessed not. The severing of that rope was not a fox trick, for the foxes prefer to leave the works of man entirely alone. Anyway, he was hungry, and anxious to get back to his cabin. Crossing by the two ropes had been a feat which required some knowledge of the art—keep your weight one way; don't try to balance—but crossing one rope would take time and effort. Yet Corbit got across, and began to cast around for signs. He found them, and a wolfish snarl broke from his lips. He was glad now that the bulk of his trapping range lay on the other side. Few creatures would cross, as the fox had crossed, and he guessed that a skunk bear would not attempt it. Yet, there and then, he decided to hunt her down—to bring her to book for this act of malicious impudence, ere she could achieve further destruction. Then, boldly casting off his mitts, he spliced the rope, and went back for his kit, and an hour later was wolfing his bacon, beans and coffee.

THE skunk bear was a fool to obtrude herself upon mankind at that season, for five hours later, after the fox had fooled her by the man-made way, she began to nose about among the loose rocks of the riverside, till she found a cranny which met her needs. Here she scratched aside the frozen earth, forming a chamber among the rocks, and she used the loose earth to close the entrance

Lind had told Mrs. Sandbo that she and Mark were planning to be married at the end of the school term. Mrs. Sandbo bore the information without too great a show of surprise. She had been expecting it all along. "Tink twice and jump once," she had warned Lind, reminding her of the disastrous marriage of her daughter Dora. But the confidence had pleased Mrs. Sandbo's vanity, and she now treated Lind with a motherly solicitude.

Mark came a little later and Mrs. Sandbo would not be denied the right to make coffee for them. After they were seated at the table she ostentatiously slipped out and left them alone.

THE coffee was very good, and had a cheering effect on Lind. She discussed the situation at the Gares' with Mark, who decided that there was nothing that could be gained by outside interference.

"The kid ought to bolt, as soon as she's sure of getting clear. But that old rascal could catch the wind if he felt like it," Mark said.

"Yes, I know," Lind admitted. "But even if they got no farther than the Siding, something favorable might result. I scarcely think Caleb Gare would dare call in the authorities to stop them—I think his wife would stand up for Judith and tell them the abuse she has suffered. And yet—" Lind thought suddenly of the rumors she had heard of the threat Caleb Gare held over his wife.

"It's a pity. If the girl ever gets to town I'll certainly do all I can for her." Mark declared. "But I guess if I went over to talk to the old man he'd throw me off the place. He was over dickering with us yesterday about the hay Anton has to sell even before it's mown, to get cash. I told Anton to hang on for a better price, and the old man almost flew at me. He'd steal from the dead, I believe. Anyway, Anton is waiting until he calls again, because he's got to get rid of the hay in order to make 'these improvements' as he calls them, before the government inspector comes around."

"How is he, Mark? Do you think he'll—"

"The winter will do for him. I'm afraid. Of course you never can tell—But Lindy, come her. Let's talk about us for a while. It's two whole days since I last saw you."

Lind glanced out of the window and saw Mrs. Sandbo far down near the barn.

of that chamber, sealing herself in and shutting the world out. Yet another hour, and her three blind, naked and muttering kits were born.

For twelve hours she remained with them, then, hungrier than ever now, she let herself out, closing the tunnel behind her with the loose earth. Over the earth at the entrance she scratched a layer of snow, so that her cubs were completely buried in the little chamber she had hollowed out for them; then, sniffing the air, she started straight away from the canyon brink. Twelve hours, twenty hours might pass ere her kits would need her, for it is thus with merciful forethought that Dame Nature has devised those who dwell amidst the snows.

Ten minutes passed, then, following the canyon brink, his rifle in the crook of his arm, Corbit appeared. The trail at his feet was an old trail, yet it might teach him something, and so he followed—assuredly to learn! For it took him to the closely trodden breastwork of snow sealing the mouth of the den among the rocks, and Corbit knew what lay behind that breastwork. He saw, too, the fresh trail of the mother skunk bear, leading straight away, and quickly he glanced about, for well he knew that this creature no larger than a badger, would attack him without hesitation if she found him here. Then, quickly, noiselessly, Corbit drew back, by the way he had come, for, unless she got back before him, that carcass pelt was his. Not that it would be much use to him, but he wanted her out of his range ere she played the devil with all he had. His very life might depend upon it—even the failure of his bridge might have cost

him his life, and if she tracked him to his cabin—whooa charl for his stores!

Corbit went straight back to his cabin, sorted an eight-pound trap from among the many, then, since the snows were light in the direction of the rope bridge, he mounted his pony to save time, leaving her back in the forest about half a mile from the skunk bear's den. Gaining that place he raked aside the barrier, fished out the helpless cubs one by one, dealing each a sharp rap against the butt of his rifle, then he buried them lightly under the snow, six feet from the den mouth, and beside them he spread the jaws of his eight-pound trap. He knew that the mother would come back, that she would scent them and begin to scratch for them and thus she would encounter the hidden jaws. Truly it was not often that the fates worked thus for a man to attain his just ends against the works of the devil!

Thus, his task completed, Corbit straightened his back. Nothing now remained to be done save the brushing out of his own tracks, but, as he took the tattered fox skin from his belt for that purpose, he heard a sound. A sound at first small, for it was subdued by the unbroken rush of the torrent, then louder, louder, seeming to fill the whole vast solitude on the forest side. Forgetful of his object here, Corbit scrambled up the bank, for the sound was familiar to him, and then it was that again he saw a thing which would have taxed his belief beyond its limits had it come to him otherwise than by evidence of his eyes.

THE skunk bear was hungry, I say, and woodsmen have it that there is no telling what a skunk bear will do at any time, to say nothing of a hungry mother skunk bear. She sniffed an unfamiliar scent upon the air—the scent of moose, yet not of moose, though it was just as enticing. She departed into the timber, and so from branch to branch in the deep shadows of that shadow world, while ever the scent grew stronger in her hungry nostrils. She peered down from the interlacement of branches—the thing was directly below, seemingly sleeping. A cow moose, no doubt, but of a kind she knew not; but she was a mother, savage with all the reckless savagery of newly acquired motherhood. There is no telling what any skunk bear will do, certainly not a hungry skunk bear, most of all a skunk bear mother, and anyway, what I am telling is true. She dropped, spreadeagle upon the shoulders of Corbett's pony, and what Corbit first heard was the scream of terror which rent the thin air.

Then followed the thunder of hoofs, the headlong crashing through the undergrowth, pell-mell across the gloom, over the windfalls, through the thickets, while the skunk bear clung and clawed, intent on riding her prey to death, as, by her own devilish means, she had ere now brought destruction upon more than one wild deer of the hill. Thus what Corbit saw was his own pony, plunging blindly to its doom, while flat upon its shoulders crouched the beast that he was hunting.

An oath broke from the man's lips, for assuredly now he beheld the work of the devil. He flung up his rifle, but the shot was an impossible one, so to the very brink the frantic pony plunged, then, too late, she tried to turn. Her hoofs went from under her on the icy footing, she fell broadside, sliding, carrying the carcass with her, then over and down, still inseparably interlocked, twisting as they fell. Among the pillars of ice, where the ghost spray drifted and every rock and stone was bearded and draped and festooned, they came to rest, the horse back downwards, the skunk bear under her, and an evil, rasping scream grated upon the trapper's ears, to ring therein for many succeeding days. He drew one mitted hand across his eyes, and for a moment turned away. "Hell!" he muttered, as the wavering echoes died. "There goes the best pony I ever had."

Thus he attained his end without the burning of a cartridge, and the skunk bear mother was never to know what Mephistophelean deceit of her arch enemy awaited her at the den mouth.

"Hullo, Brown. Are you using your lawn-mower this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am."

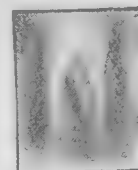
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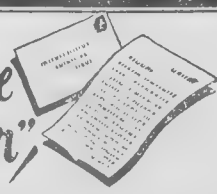
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out dandruff*

Meet Mrs. Rafferty

Continued from page 17

in,' says she. 'Faith, y' can just come down and tell your own lies, says I. 'Is that so?' says she. 'Yes,' says I, 'for the sins of the ones I've told for ye lies heavy on the soul o' me,' says I. 'Oh, very well,' says she, 'this ain't the only rooming-house in the city and I can leave,' says she. But she never does, because she knows she'll never find the likes o' me for a landlady anywhere—the good-natured fule that I am."

BUT all these trials became as the merest pin-pricks of fate in the light of the wonderful new romance that had dawned on the bleak horizon of her life. The little matter of not knowing what Mr. Sylvester's business was only made the affair more intriguing to her and kept her speculating. He read the most inexpressibly dull and learned books, sometimes aloud to her, and the language he used was that grand she felt that he must surely be the smartest man in the world, for very often she couldn't understand a word of it. And that was proof positive. Her strongest, innermost conviction was that he was a judge temporarily out of a job. He didn't do much except read, walk, eat and sleep. And the poor, dear man was so absent-minded. If she didn't watch him he shook salt into his tea instead of on his egg and on rainy days he nearly always forgot his goloshes. Once he had gone down town in his carpet slippers. His luggage was lost, he told her, and daily he went out, presumably to inquire about it, for he had come to her from a long journey, he explained, and this sort of thing took time. He had brought with him a club bag only.

"Mr. Sylvester," she came out plump and plain, once, "if it's a fair question, might I be after askin' what your business or profession is?" He always had ready money, though sometimes she had to jog his memory about the rent.

"My business—my profession?" he repeated absently, for he had been deep in thought, his eyes on the fire. "I am a psychologist—a student of mankind."

"Do tell!" she murmured. "And does it pay well?"

He reached out a hand and patted her plump shoulder.

"Pay? It's only the small, material mind that demands reward for labor one loves," he said with gentle reproach. "I care nothing for payment."

"Sure, it's easy seen y' never took in roomers, then," remarked Mrs. Rafferty. "And speakin' o' labor, I've never seen yerself sweatin' at anything. Now Pat—rest his soul—y' should have watched that man layin' bricks—"

Mr. Sylvester's hand wandered down from her shoulder to her hand, which he squeezed slightly. Mrs. Rafferty rolled up her eyes and sighed.

"You're a good soul," he said, softly.

"But the world's a tough place for a lone body like meself," she said, after a pause, with another tremulous sigh.

"A charming creature like you," he said boldly, "has no need to—er—be lonely."

"I gave me last quarter t' the milk-man," returned Mrs. Rafferty, coyly.

Can anyone doubt that this was love? Passages of a like nature occurred daily until came the evening when Mr. Sylvester declared himself, as the English novels say, and was accepted. Jealousy precipitated the proposal and jealousy is one of the truest and most dependable symptoms of the malady, we are informed. The weather was bad, so Mr. Sylvester had dined next door instead of downtown and the meal had apparently agreed with him, which put Mrs. Rafferty in a pet. Who are we that we should pry into the sacredness of their little quarrel and subsequent making-up? Miss Miggs alone was witness to the scene—she saw most of it through a crack in the door—and she swears that it was a bona fide proposal. Mr. Sylvester talked baby-talk to the widow, who wept on his shoulder. Mr. Potter's saxophone from down the hall bleated out a sympathetic obligato that sounded like an air that accompanies the words of a song popular still in some quarters: "You gotta see momma every night or you can't see momma at all." Or something like that.

"We'll be married tomorrow," said Mr. Sylvester, returning to his mother English.

"Go on," returned Mrs. Rafferty, dealing him a playful slap. "And me with one decent blouse t' me name and that in the wash. Besides, haven't I got to give the roomers notice?"

"Kiss me again," begged Mr. Sylvester fatuously.

Then a draught blew the door shut. It was positively sickening, Miss Miggs said.

Now it appears that the ardent wooer counselled discretion even while urging haste. There were those, he said, who had it in their power to place insuperable obstacles in the path of their happiness. He couldn't explain just at present.

"And the poor dear man acted that nervous when he was sayin' it!" Mrs. Rafferty said. "Kept sort o' glancin' over his shoulder like as if for them enemies he used t' tell me about, and I says: 'Can't I just tell Mrs. McGinnis next door, the way she'd be boastin' about the chances herself's had t' be married again?' and he says: 'No, not a word. We'll go off quiet-like,' says he, 'and come back the same.' 'And when, then, do we go t' live in the swell house ye've bought?' says I. 'Patience, patience,' says he, dreamy-like, and him polishin' at them glasses with the long tape. 'Pass me The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' says he. 'And you might make me an omelette for tea,' says he. Just like me own dear Pat for all the world. Hardly would Pat kiss me when he got home from work till he was hollerin' t' know what was for supper. A man's stummick ain't never far from his heart."

SEVERAL days after the proposal Mr. Sylvester dug down into his jeans and fairly staggered his bride-to-be with the gift of two hundred-dollar bills. She deposes:

"Go and make yourself pretty," says he, 'for tomorrow's the day. I've the license and the ring,' he says. So I goes down t' Beaton's and gets a shampoo and curl and silk underwear and three pairs o' silk stockin's and some shoes and four hats and some roodge and a massodge and some corn-cure and a dollar lunch and two pairs o' gloves and some front-lacing corsets t' give me a figger—the fule that I was—and three dresses and a suit, me not bein' able t' decide would I be married in me going-away gown or what. There was umbrellas on sale and I got one, the kind that snaps up, and it's not for me t' say but between you and meself and the gatepost I lay it all on the lumbleshoot—me puttin' it up in the house t' see could I work it all right. Raisin' an umbrella in the house is worse luck than smashin' a lookin'-glass and that's seven years!"

No purpose is served by protracting this sorrowful little tale, so we'll hasten to the tragic close. Mrs. Rafferty declares that as her wedding morn approached she was visited by strange, vague misgivings. "In the midst o' me happiness I couldn't help but think there was somethin' phoney about the business," she said. "What with this and that and him repeatin' over and over, his hand to the head of him, that there was somethin' he wisht he could remember!"

The denouement might have occurred much sooner, but for the fact that the other roomers had never really had a good look at Mr. Sylvester and the additional fact that Mrs. Rafferty seldom read the papers.

"We're forgetting something—I know we're forgetting something," the prospective groom said in a troubled voice, after he had saluted his bride-to-be for the last time before setting forth to the church with her.

"Sure, what can it be?" Mrs. Rafferty demanded. "Didn't I polish the shoes o' ye myself and swung a black cat round me head for luck and got ye a clean collar and telephoned Father Murphy t' be ready? Arrah, now, it's a bit o' stage fright ye've got!"

"Are you happy?" he asked, tenderly.

"Happy, is it?" she returned. "I'll be happier when I can come back and take off these murderin' stays!" But she qualified the seeming callousness of this speech by throwing him a bride's coy

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glance, accompanied by a playful push. "Come along," she urged. "And pay no attention to the roomers—sure, how they got wind of it is beyond me."

Through a double phalanx of roomers, neighbors and idlers they passed to the waiting taxicab that presently whisked them away to what was to have been a very private ceremony, but which resolved itself into an affair of considerable numbers.

And so they were married.

Shedding beaming smiles and trickles of rice they returned home to find that the roomers had clubbed together and bought them a floor-lamp and a lemonade set. And everybody made a point of kissing the bride. Mrs. Rafferty's heart melted to a pulp at these evidences of regard and the tears and smiles chased each other over her eloquent face while she held court in the front parlor and boasted of the "swell house" where she was soon to reign as mistress.

"And yez must all come and see me," she said, cordially. "It's not me that'll be puttin' on any dog with me own dear roomers! Yerself, too. Mrs. McGinnis dear! I'll give yez all a dinner to the queen's taste! I'll—what's that?" she cried.

'Twas a thumping knock on the front door. (The bell was out of order).

As she came slowly out of the faint Mrs. Rafferty heard the words that had sent her into it repeated. A policeman was chafing her hands.

"Victim of amnesia.....well-known Montreal gentleman.....suffered from

loss of memory off-and-on for years..... we'll keep it out of the papers...."

"Victim of who?" Mrs. Rafferty demanded, sitting up. Mr. Sylvester stood between a man and a woman she had never seen before. He was blinking dazedly and he turned on her a most humble and apologetic look.

"I—I knew there was something I was forgetting," he said, gently.

"Who's that hussy has hold o' your arm?" asked Mrs. Rafferty, belligerently.

"She—er—she's my wife," replied Mr. Sylvester, whose name, it transpired, was quite a different one.

How gloriously the roomers rallied round her! It is adversity that writes the roster of our real friends. Mrs. Rafferty sobbed out the full measure of her woe in the bosom of these tried-and-trusted ones, and presently grew calmer. Nor did she cherish any bitterness against her almost-husband.

"That woman neglects him—a blind man can see that," she declared. Him so trustful and soft-like, not to say flirtatious, he was bound to lean on someone. Wirra, wirra. I'd-a been well fixed for life, but thank the saints it's not me that's afraid o' toil! That reminds me I forgot to put clean pillow-cases in your room, Mr. Mole. I always did hear him grand op'ry chunes o' yours away down as far as the basement, Miss Farrar, but it's yerself's the kind-hearted one for all your voice. I feel better now and I must be gettin' back to me ironin'....What did they call that disease again? I s'pose there's a lot of it goin' around Montreal—what with the moisture and all."



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A Hundred Years of Canadian Literature

Continued from page 9

international fame in those early days. I should also make mention of Alexander McLachlan, a Scotch-Canadian, who made Western Ontario vocal with song. But the most brilliant of all these emigré poets was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, orator and parliamentarian, who began life as an Irish agitator and was struck down by the hand of a Fenian assassin because he was regarded by his former associates as a traitor to the cause. McGee, the most melodious poet of pre-Confederation days, has left us some imperishable verse. His poem on "Jacques Cartier" is a notable one; so is his short lyric, "The Arctic Indian's Faith."

And now we come to the native-born writers of Upper Canada. The place of honor is held by John Richardson, who was born at Niagara in 1796, who served in the war of 1812, and who afterwards wrote the authoritative history of that struggle. Richardson must be regarded as the father of Canadian novelists. He wrote many stories, but only one of them, "Wacousta," a narrative of the conspiracy of Pontiac, has survived the tooth of time. Poor Richardson had a hard time of it. In Canada fiction writing was highly unprofitable then, as it often is today. He fell into want, moved to New York, was unlucky there, had to sell his Newfoundland dog to keep from starving, and died a few days later at the early age of fifty-six.

The first native born poet in Upper Canada was Charles Sangster. He was born at Kingston in 1822, where his father, who came of U.E. Loyalist stock, was employed in the navy yard. Sangster wrote two volumes of verse, "The Saguenay and Other Poems" and "The Hesperus and Other Poems," which are now prized by book collectors, but the cost of publishing them reduced him to bankruptcy, and he might have starved, like our first novelist, had it not been for the fact that he was given a humble position in the civil service at Ottawa. His best poem is "The Rapid."

I come now to what might almost be called the golden age in the history of Canadian poetry. In the eighties the following poets came over the horizon—Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, William Henry Drummond and Pauline Johnson. The work of these writers is so well known that I need scarcely do more than mention their names. They have produced our most distinguished poetry. The charge has been made that too much of it has been of the still life variety; that it has had too much to do with the

worship of nature and not enough to do with the movement of life and thought in our young country. While there is some weight in this criticism, all these writers have interpreted life for us in some aspect, and no one can read their lyrics without being a better Canadian, without catching the very spirit of our beautiful land.

Among the large number of poets who have made Canada vocal since the turn of the century the late Marjorie Pickthall and the late Colonel John McCrae wrote their names in letters of gold in our literary history. Robert Service has long enjoyed the distinction of being our best known poet at home and abroad.

Sir Gilbert Parker and Ralph Connor have been writing fiction for over a quarter of a century and are read widely throughout the English-speaking world. During the last ten years or so many other makers of fiction have appeared in Canada, including Lucy Montgomery, Robert J. C. Stead, Arthur Stringer, Frank L. Packard, Nellie McClung, Marshall Saunders, Stephen Leacock, J. Murray Gibbon, Robert Watson, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Eval McKowan, Marian Keith, Bertrand Sinclair, Robert Allison Hood, Frederick W. Wallace, Laura Salverson, L. Adams Beck, Augustus Bridle, and Martha Ostenso. Up to the present we have produced in Canada neither a Dickens nor a George Eliot, but we live in hopes.

Twenty Canadian authors who have won fame in Great Britain and the United States. An important title is placed opposite each name: Thomas Chandler Haliburton—"The Clockmaker."

John Richardson—"Wacousta."

Susana Moodie—"Roughing It in the Bush."

R. M. Ballantyne—"Ungava."

W. H. Drummond—"The Habitant."

Charles G. D. Roberts—"The Feet of the Furtive."

Robert Service—"Songs of a Sourdough."

Sir Gilbert Parker—"Seats of the Mighty."

Ralph Connor—"Glengarry School Days."

I. M. Montgomery—"Anne of Green Gables."

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Aunt Barbara Gives Advice

Continued from page 18

music is starting. Let's go downstairs.' 'I must admit I felt little comforted. It is all very fine for one to talk when their man is 'Johnny-on-the-spot.'

"WE went downstairs together. The grounds of the hotel had been transformed into a veritable fairyland—never have I seen a more gorgeous sight. Billy was at the foot of the verandah steps and whisked Madge off willy-nilly. I was behind and I guess he didn't see me. At any rate I found myself alone.

With a little sigh I turned and started across the verandah. I felt that I wanted to get away from it all. So lost in thought was I that I walked over the toes of a young stranger, a new-comer, who was standing near the door. I apologized, blushing furiously.

"Quite all right," he said, and smiled, showing a line of wonderful white teeth. Somehow he rather fascinated me—his looks, his voice, just everything about him seemed so out of the ordinary. When he spoke to one of the girls, and looked over at me as if asking for an introduction, I felt quite thrilled. At the time, I was sitting alone in a great armchair at the end of the verandah. I felt that I did look wonderful—hadn't Madge said so? I looked down at my dress of filmy jade organdie—my daintily slippered feet, and then, in the survey of myself my eye caught the glitter of the diamond on my left hand. I don't know why I did it—probably that same feeling within me, that unfulfilled desire for fun and youth and life. The single little diamond was holding these things back, keeping them just beyond my grasp. Why not have a little fun—just for tonight? It wouldn't be any harm—Byran wouldn't mind—not just for tonight—anyway he need never know—but if he did he would understand—it was just a lark. In a second the exchange was made—the solitaire was now sparkling on my right hand.

"The rest of the evening seemed like a dream—a long glorious dream from which one hates to waken. Farley Moore lost no time in being introduced, and seemed extremely interested from the very first. I threw myself into the spirit of the thing and was gay as gay could be. When the musical programme was over and refreshments served we went for a stroll along the golden sands.

"As I climbed into bed that night I told myself I had been foolish. I wondered what Bryan would think if he knew. I felt rather ashamed of myself—and yet—I had done no harm—in the morning I would wear my ring in its appointed place, and that would be the end of it all. But morning brought temptation—just one more day, I thought. And so the days slipped by. Madge did everything in her power to make me see my folly—but I was too headstrong. I simply laughed at her—told her it was a good joke.

"How thoughtless youth is! How infatuated with the glamor of the moment how forgetful of the higher things—the worthwhile things in life! It was not until the day that Farley Moore proposed to me that I had realized what I had done. The unexpectedness of it appalled me—for a moment I stood as one in a trance. Then I told him the truth.

"He stood listening, a rather amused smile playing over his face. 'But you don't love this chap,' he said. 'Barbara, look at me—you know that we were made for each other—that these past weeks have been a heaven on earth for us both.'

"Some time he argued—pleaded—used every device in his power to make me see his way. For a while I held my ground—kept faith with Bryan. Then feeling that old fascination that had first drawn me to him coming over me, I gave a little cry and ran from him, leaving him alone in the seclusion of the little rustic pavilion.

"FOR days my mind was a battleground of conflicting emotions—I lived in a state of torment. I told myself that I belonged to Bryan—was engaged to him—must play fair with him—he trusted me—and yes—I loved him. Did I? If so why this strange fascination for Farley Moore? I felt myself slipping—slipping—

the gulf between Bryan and me became wider and wider each day. Then, like many girls of twenty-one, the splendor of what Farley had to offer—his magnetic power—was too great for me, and I threw aside the simple love of a poor man for what I told myself was—true love.

"I shall never forget the look on Madge's face the day I showed her my ring—Farley's ring. Poor Madge! She had tried to keep me true to my first promise—tried to make me realize the greatness of the step I was taking. The ring was a huge affair—almost vulgar in its way, but of course I didn't think so. It seemed wonderful to have something larger—more valuable than any of the other girls.

"I wrote home glowing accounts of my engagement. Mother, I knew, would be delighted to hear of my breaking with Bryan. I felt sure she would consider Farley a most suitable son-in-law. The only son of a well-known millionaire—he had position, wealth, everything to offer. I told myself, by way no doubt of condoning my faithlessness to Bryan, that it was only right that I should please mother, consider her feelings in the matter.

"We returned to town, Mrs. Blair, Madge and I, the last week of August. Farley had left some days before for his home in the Southern States. If he had had his way we would have been married before he left; but I won out in this and we set a date in October. Once home I threw myself into the delights of trousseau hunting. Mother was delighted about the whole affair, as I was sure she would be. She was always lavish when anything pleased her—so those days money flowed like water. What gorgeous things she bought me—what parties, teas and luncheons she gave in my honor. I was certainly the subject of interest those days among my girl friends, some of whom were thrilled and awed by my 'great catch' as they put it—while others were more or less skeptical about it—were appalled with my faithlessness to Bryan. Madge, of course, was in the latter group.

"For a while I received long, lovesick yarns every day from Farley. Then he pleaded important business and his letters became shorter and less frequent—until they gradually ceased and for a week I heard nothing at all. I was frightfully worried, of course, but told myself that he was busy and had no time to write—and so I waited day by day.

"It was the fourteenth of September, yes, I remember it well—my wedding invitations had come that day from the printers. Saturday night—and I had heard nothing from Farley all week. Mother and dad were out, and I was alone in the house with the servants. I went into the library and picking up a copy of the 'Times,' I turned to the society news. My eye was attracted to a photograph at the head of the page—'Son of American Millionaire Marries Daughter of Well-known Washington Family'—it said above the photograph. I looked—and looked again—I felt I was dreaming—and yet—There—there, standing beside a girl—a beautiful girl was Farley—Farley Moore.

"I don't remember very much after that, except that I screamed, and fell in a little heap on the floor. For days I lingered on the verge of life. I didn't want to live—what was there to live for? Then with careful nursing I came around, and mother and dad took me to California, for six months rest—to try and restore my shattered nerves. In those six months in sunny California I learned to live again—to smile—to laugh—but never with quite the same mirth as before. Yes, and I learned above all else the meaning of true love. The thing that mattered most—the dearest thing on earth had gone beyond recall. I had thrown love away—had shattered the faith in the man I really loved.

"It was spring when we returned—spring—with all the poignant memories of a year before. How many years it seemed—and yet—only one. For a while I lived, or tried to live, my old life—just the daily round of social activities—the life of a butterfly. But I couldn't stand it. I longed for something deeper—something to take me out of myself. And so I took up Social Service Work—the work that I have—lived for—ever since."



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AUNT BARBARA stopped, and looked out over the garden. She seemed to be living again the anguish of those days. Presently she turned to me with a pitiful excuse for a smile.

"That is my story, Joan," she said. "Oh—Aunt Barbara!" It was all that I could say. We sat in silence for a moment, then as if I must hear more—I said:

"But—what of Bryan—all these years? Or wasn't there—anyone else?"

"Yes," she said, in answer to the second half, "there were two or three fine chaps, who offered me—love—a good home—but well, it was—impossible. There was only one man in all the world for me."

"And he?" I almost whispered. For the moment I thought Aunt Barbara was not going to answer—that perhaps I had asked too much of her. After all, she had bared her very soul to me.

"Bryan stayed in England," she said, "he has not been back all these years. I never heard of him—until last week, when I had a letter from Madge. She and Billy are in England just now on a business trip. What a lovely couple they are. Dear old Madge! She always thought the world of Bryan so was bound she would look him up. They saw him in London soon after they landed. Madge says he is just the same as ever—only a little older. He completed his invention some years ago—made a small fortune out of it, I guess, to say nothing of the name for himself. . . . Strange, too—he has never married—all these years. Probably I broke his faith in all women. If I—or someone else—could only win it back!"

The rain had ceased. The sun, a great yellowball, was fast sinking in the west—tinting the sky with rose and mauve and gold. A single ray fell on Aunt Barbara's hair, turning it into a halo of glory. What she had suffered all these long years—the loneliness, the anguish of it all! I wondered how she could smile so bravely—the very life of anything she undertook.

"What has kept you 'going' all through the years?" I asked. "You are always so happy and cheerful—seemingly so, at any rate."

Aunt Barbara laughed, a merry little laugh.

"Well, Joan dear," she said, "we must all 'play the game'. I threw away the very best—all that the future held—for the sake of a few moments fun—yes, that was all it was at the time—a few moments fun! And because of that single foolish act, I have suffered—suffered all these years. So, I have tried to forget, and to make up, if possible, for my folly—by doing something—something worth while. I have tried to live for others. There is wonderful happiness in doing that, Joan, but there would be even more—if there were love. . . . There has been one thing that has helped me, strengthened me all the way. It is something few people think about, Joan, but without it life would be—hell! Just a little word of four letters—but on—hope—we live from day to day. I saw an anonymous verse in a newspaper, once, and cut it out. I have often thought of it when I felt myself—slipping. It goes this way.

"Hope is the light of tomorrow's dawn,

The sun of tomorrow's day,
A budding flower that ne'er may bloom,
Yet points to a faith-lit way,
And lessens the weight of the cares we wear

And the burdens we bear today." How true that is, Joan! Hope! What would this old world be without it."

Aunt Barbara rose, and went over to the side of the sun-porch that faced the west.

"What a glorious sunset, after the rain," she said, "the promise of a new day!"

I wanted to say something—to let Aunt Barbara know how I felt for her—but what could I say? I felt tongue-tied. Presently I summoned courage.

"Aunt Barbara," I said, "I only hope that you and—Bryan—I mean—I—feel sure he will come back some day—that you won't have—hoped—in vain."

Aunt Barbara smiled.

"Dear little Joan," she said, "I know that you will be true to Ted—but you can't be too careful, dear. . . . And now I am going to tell you a little secret." She paused for a minute, blushing like a girl of sixteen. "Bryan is on the ocean now—on his way home. Madge told me in her letter that he was coming. I do hope she

has not done anything foolish—Madge always was such an old matchmaker."

"Oh, Aunt Barbara, I'm so glad—now perhaps—" I couldn't finish, so instead I threw my arms around her, and kissed her.

I'm sure Annette thought I was crazy. She appeared in the doorway just then.

"Mr. Wilson is at the telephone, Miss Joan," she said, "he wishes to speak to you."

"All right, Annette, I'll be there in a second."

I turned back to Aunt Barbara.

"It's Jack Wilson—about those three affairs next week. Aunt Barbara dear, I'm so glad that I know now—that I have my answer."

Grinding an Axe for Your Neighbor

SURVEYING his blistered hands morosely, Obed Gunney heaved a sigh, at which Caleb Peasley looked up alertly.

"What seems to be the matter with you now, Gunney?" he asked.

Mr. Gunney fidgeted nervously, glanced at his hands again and cleared his throat.

"Them hands," he said, "go to show the workin' of circumstances. As you might say, I've been ketched in my own trap."

"Jest how have you been ketched?" demanded Mr. Peasley briskly.

"Well," began Mr. Gunney with the air of one who wished to make a clean breast of the matter, "I guess I might's well tell you the whole thing. I've been lendin' that shif'less Jake Winslip 'bout everything I own ever since he come to live next to me, and what I ain't lent him he'd come and take. The wust thorn was my axe. I always cal'late to keep a sharp axe by me, but jest as sure as I'd sharpen it, he'd come and get it and bring it back dull.

"A spell ago I sharpened the axe up and went to clear out the alders from the brook, so the cows could get down to drink.

"Well, as usual when you're cuttin' alders, I kep' stickin' it into the ground and onto rocks, and fin'ly it got so I couldn't do a thing with it; there wa'n't any more aidge on that axe than there is on a breakin'-up plough.

"When I got back to the house I set that axe up in the shed. There, thinks I, if Jake Winslip uses that axe now, he'll do some work if he gets anything done. It was a careless thing to do, for you never can tell when you're goin' to need a sharp axe on a farm.

"Well, Kellup," and Obed's voice grew solemn, "it happened jest as I might 've known it would. This mornin' early one of Lander's young ones come racin' up to the house to tell me that one of my heifers had got ketched by the neck 'twixt two maple trees over in the back pastur', so I grabbed that dull axe and started. When I got there I see that somethin' had got to be done quick. The two trees grew out of the same root, and she'd got her head in betwixt 'em, and a big knot hendered her fr'm gettin' it out again. And there I was with that dull axe that wa'n't fit to cut butter with, to say nothin' of rock maple.

"But I sot to work, and if ever I worked for a spell I worked then. I knew I was hurtin' my hands shameful, but I didn't have any time to pity 'em, and in mebbe half an hour I managed to fell the tree and free the critter's head. And after I found out she wa'n't much hurt, I went back to the house.

"As soon as I got to the house I called Dorrity—he's workin' for me now—and he turned the stone and I put 's keen and clipping aidge on that axe as was ever put onto one, 'f I do say it myself."

He fell silent and surveyed his hands again ruefully.

"Well," soothed Mr. Peasley, "I don't see but you've come out of it all right. You saved the heifer and your hands'll be all right in a day or so."

Mr. Gunney smiled sheepishly. "Tain't that," he admitted. "I'd scarcely got into the house when I happened to glance out of the window and I saw Jake Winslip makin' off towards his place, and he had my sharp axe on his shoulder—drat him!"

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The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader, nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's
tail
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the
hill
They quietly slip away,
And one runs over, and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.
—Josephine Daskam Bacon.

Something To Do

WINTER is coming—there isn't the slightest doubt about it. He may be lingering by the way, and sending out false alarms and then retreating, but he is coming, and there is nothing surer in the world than that he will arrive. When he does come, there will be long dark evenings when the wind is howling down the chimney and making everything within cosier by contrast; when the snow is falling in soft thuds against the window pane; when there is no temptation for you to go outside. It is on such evenings that we sit around the glowing fire, and work on Christmas gifts or read a fascinating book, or play a game. To help make these evenings better and cosier we will try to give you a little help in all these things, a few ideas that will make the evenings fly by.

A few suggestions for Christmas gifts that the girls may make at very little cost are—knitted bags, measuring about 12 inches long by 7 inches deep. Make these with the plain knitting stitch in stripes of all the different odds and ends of wool that you can collect from the neighbors and your friends. The handles may be made of "spool work" which you have probably all learned when you were very little, or they may be made of fine rope over which the wool is crocheted, or the same kind of rope covered with strips of velvet or cloth.

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"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

perfield" or "The Christmas Carol"; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" or "Lovey Mary," by Alice Hegan Rice; "Freckles," "A Girl of the Limberlost" or others by Gene Stratton Porter; or any of the good magazines, one of which you are reading now! Do you feel like playing a game that everyone can enjoy? How about the game that begins, "I love my love with an A because she is —" and each player has to fill in a word such as ambitious, angry, artful, etc. After A has gone round the circle, begin with B, I love my love with a B because she is beautiful, big, bouncing, and so on. Everyone who misses a word when it comes their turn pays a forfeit, and you know how to redeem forfeits, don't you? Then you might try "Simon Says Thumbs Up" when everyone is sitting round a table. Get the fastest talker and let them begin, "Simon says thumbs up" and everyone's thumbs must be up above the table, "Simon says thumbs down" and everyone must go down, but the talker gets so rapid that people get very mixed up and when Simon says "Thumbs behind the ears," and then just as quickly as possible, "on the table," there will be very few people quick enough to keep up. Then there is that good old game, "What is it?" One person goes out of the room and the rest decide on some queer thing to think of,

say for instance the top brick in the chimney. The questioner comes in and goes all around the circle asking each person one question, and if he or she cannot guess what the others are thinking of they must pay a forfeit. With work and books and games, no evening should be long; in fact, it will probably go so quickly that it will be bed-time before you want it to be.

Something You Have Written

A FINAL letter from Maurice Gaetz, one of our summer gardeners, in Red Deer, Alta.: "Autumn days are coming and the leaves are turning brown. Jack Frost has visited us and gathered most of the flowers. I have had lots of turnips and carrots all summer, and I'll have plenty to put in the cellar for my rabbits and me. I hope to have a better garden next year." Good boy, Maurice, that's the spirit that will make a garden grow, even a contrary one.

The waterfall fairy is a very popular sprite, and certainly you have all let your imaginations lead you and there are some very good stories as a result. I think we will publish several of them, for you will like to read each other's.

The prize goes to Esther Lackner of Scott, Sask., and a special prize of another fairy story book to Margaret Cornell, 4431 Quebec Street, Vancouver. I

wish I could send eight of you books, but there, I can't, so most of you will have to be satisfied with our pretty gold buttons which are very much of a prize themselves. Special mention is given to Jean F. Pielou, East Braintree P.O., Man. Jean's is a very pretty story, but her descriptions were a little too long and too complicated for the story. Gold buttons go to Emily Fox, 10727-72 Avenue, Edmonton, Alta.; Dorothy Walkey, 1415 William Avenue, Winnipeg; Howard Germen, Mecheche, Alta.; John Germen, Mecheche, Alta.; hon. mention to Ella Ralston, Radway Centre, Alta.; Beth Hales, Freedale P.O., Man.; Nellie Watson, Terence, Man.; Ida Merryweaver, 2000-24th Ave. N.W., Calgary; Joyce Edmonds, Meachem, Sask.; Annie Kennedy, MacNutt, Sask.; William Dawn, Box 14, Morrin, Alta. Gwen I. Stubbs, 1004-7th Ave. S., Lethbridge, wins special mention for the neatness and care with which she prepared her story, illustrating it, and binding it like a little book.

Please remember in future, WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY.

The Waterfall Fairy

ONCE upon a time there was a kingdom in which all the people were happy, that is, all except the king and queen. The reason for their unhappiness was that in their kingdom there was an old witch who had been angry at the king ever since he reprimanded her for playing mean tricks on his people. For this reason she had said that their first child would be a girl, and that she, the witch, would make her into a fairy.

In due time the child was born, and, as the witch had said, she was stolen, and made into a fairy. The child's mother grieved so much that the witch repented a little, and promised that if a handsome prince should some day come and help the princess at her work, she would then become a mortal again, and be set free.

The princess was set to look after a waterfall in an enchanted forest belonging to the witch. She had to wander through the forest every morning and gather dewdrops to put into the waterfall. These dewdrops, after dropping into the waterfall, became precious stones. In this way the witch became rich, and the love of riches was her failing.

The princess, having been stolen when a baby, was perfectly happy, because she knew no other mode of living. The witch had, however, told her about her father and mother, and the condition under which she would be set free.

The girl had never seen anyone but the witch, and one day, as she was wandering through the forest at her work, she was surprised to see a stranger coming towards her. She was very frightened, and flew back to the waterfall as quickly as possible. The fairy was afraid to go out again that day, and the witch was very angry because she did not bring back as many dewdrops as usual. This was why the princess had to go out very, very early the next morning, and the witch told her she must not return until she had gathered twice the usual number of dewdrops. Now, this was far more than the poor fairy could carry, and in her despair, although it is not usual for fairies, she began to cry.

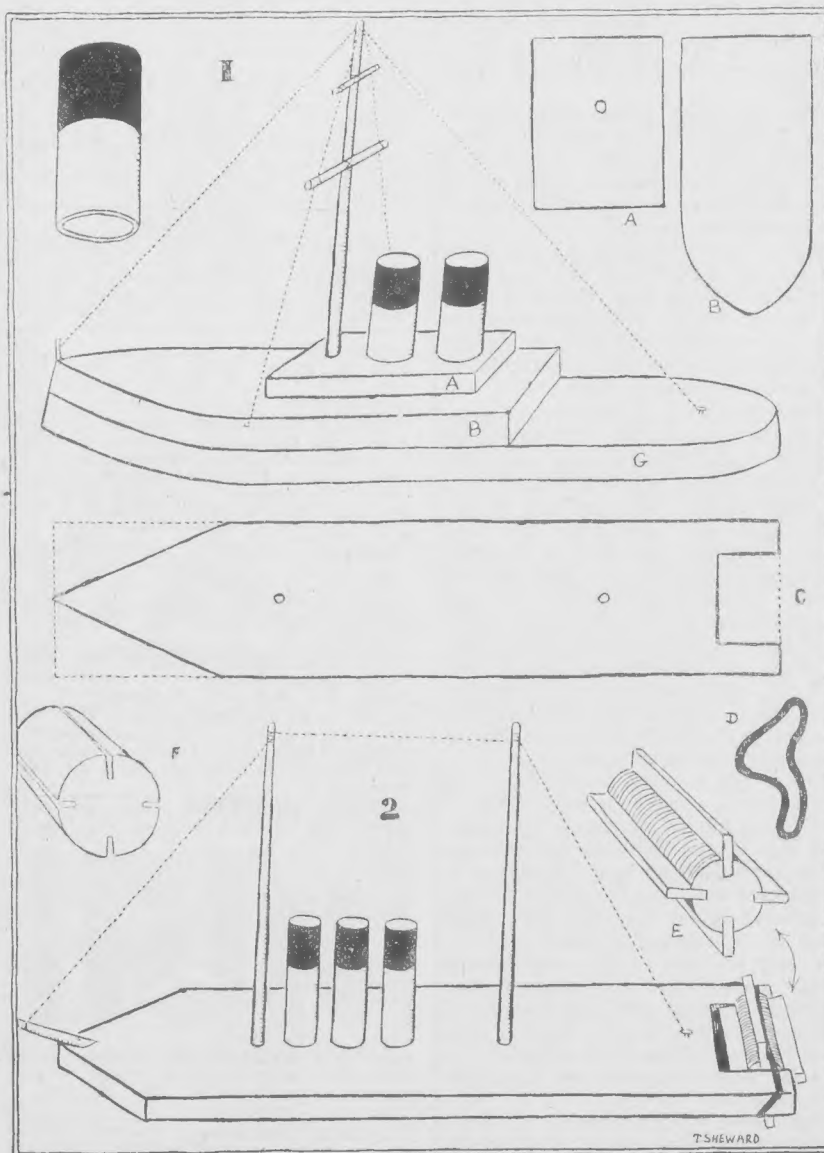
The witch, who could hear and see things that were happening many miles away, began to be frightened when the girl started to cry. She was afraid she was going to lose the girl who had been her slave for many years, because what fairy could cry that was not soon to be changed to a mortal? She called to the girl, but she did not hear because her attention was claimed by the handsome stranger who had just appeared through the trees.

"Pray let me carry your burden," he said. She consented with a deep sigh of relief, and he accompanied her back to the waterfall.

Here the witch met them, and said, "This ends your captivity, you are now a free mortal." She vanished, and the prince and princess found themselves on the edge of the forest.

They soon found their way to the girl's father and mother, who recognized her at once, because the witch had visited them every now and then to tell them about her.

Toys You Can Make at Home



A TOY STEAMBOAT—To make No. 1 you require a piece of cedar wood, two feet long, four inches wide, and about half an inch thick. Cut one piece a foot long, and with a pocket knife cut it into the shape of G. Then cut out A and B and fasten on to G with small finishing nails. Make a hole in A for the mast, which is cut from a piece of wood, and make two funnels with corks, or paper tubes.

A PADDLE STEAMER—Make No. 2 as shown at C. Set up paper or cork funnels, wooden masts, and make a paddle with a cork, and some thin wood or tin. Cut the cork as at F, and set in the wooden paddles, then set in the slot which you cut out of C, and snap a rubber band, D, over it. To work the paddles, twist up the rubber band as tightly as you can, then place the boat in the water.

The prince, it was found, was the son of a neighboring king. He had fallen in love with the princess at first sight, and as she loved him too, they were married with much pomp and ceremony. They were made king and queen of a neighboring country which their fathers had fought over for many years. The witch was never heard from again, so they all lived happily ever after.

—Margaret Cornell, 4431 Quebec Street, Vancouver, B.C.

The Waterfall Fairy

IT was midnight in the heart of the forest, and the soft rays of the great, golden harvest moon shone on the figure of Wanda, the waterfall fairy, seeming to bathe her in a radiance of silver glory. She sat perched high on the brim of the sparkling waters, and through the fingers of her outstretched hand a rainbow-hued spray of misty silver fell to join the waterfall, its parent.

As she sat dreaming in the silence, of a sudden her sharp ears caught the sound of a low sobbing, and at once she sprang to her feet and stood poised, uncertain as to whether she should leap into the waters or search for the cause of the disturbance. Her fears were quieted, however, when she saw, crouched behind a giant oak several feet away, Juanita, Princess of Fairyland. Skipping over to the spot, Wanda gently asked, "Why are you weeping, fair maiden?" The little fairy's soft, rosy lips trembled as she answered, "My brother, the Crown Prince of Fairyland, has been stolen by the Gnomes, and unless I will consent to become the Gnome king's wife, my brother will be thrown into the Lake of Fire. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" Wanda stood thinking deeply for a few moments, then exclaimed, "I have it, I have it!" and as the princess looked hopefully up at her, Wanda explained her plan.

Next day all were happy in the fairy palace, for Princess Juanita had suddenly consented to marry the Gnome king. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the Crown Prince was to be released from captivity and sent back in great state to his own country. So anxious were the king and queen about the safety of their son that they urged the little princess to allow the marriage to take place that very day. "It matters little to me," said Juanita, so arrangements were made for the event.

While everyone in the palace was hurrying and scurrying about making preparations for the wedding, the principal actor in the affair might have been seen standing at the garden gate in the rear of the palace, engaged in a lengthy conversation with her cousin, the Duke of Spruce. This young man was only a little older than Wanda, and very like her in appearance. His hair, like her own, hung in glossy golden rings, his eyes were big and of a dusk-blue color. Juanita and her cousin had been close friends since childhood, and now at the most important stage of her life, she turned to him for assistance.

At 8.30 that evening the Gnome king and a great train of nobles arrived. The king was beaming with delight at the prospect of wedding the loveliest maiden in the land, and so pleased indeed was he, that he had brought with him the Crown Prince, instead of waiting till after the marriage, as would have been wisest.

At the princess' wish, the lights in the Throne Room were rose hued, and so shaded that their radiance was dimmed to an unusual extent, so that when at length the bride entered, her head down bent, no one caught a really good glimpse of her face. When the ceremony was concluded, the lights were turned on in all their rose brightness, and then it was that the guests were able to see clearly the face of the bride. The queen, as she gazed at her daughter, first looked surprised, then as doubt grew into certainty, she cried, "Speak! speak! where is the Princess Juanita? Monster! How dare you do such a deed? Oh, oh, I shall never recover from this shock—the disgrace—oh, oh—" and she fainted, falling into the arms of one of her ladies-in-waiting who stood near.

Consternation now reigned in the palace, for at the queen's words, the bride had turned red of face, and stepping forward, said, "The princess is safe, now look you all to the prince—see that the Gnome king does not get him in his clutches again." With these words, he tore off the costly dress and running to the nearest window stood poised for a second on the sill, saluted the company assembled, then leapt to the back of his charger nearby, and sped out into the night, towards his father's land. For this was, as I am sure you must all have guessed, the young Duke of Spruce.

"After him, after the villain!" shouted the Gnome king. So, as soon as horses could be saddled, the king and his nobles were off in search of both Juanita and her cousin.

Now, it chanced that the waterfall lay directly in the path of the cavalcade, and the Gnome king, at the head, was first to see the figures of two maidens seated at the edge of the fall. "Aha, deceitful one, I have you now," he exclaimed as he dashed madly forward and springing off his charger, ran to seize Juanita. But before he could lay hands on her, Wanda rose and stood between, her dark eyes flashing and her whole slender form quivering with anger. "Touch her if you dare, tyrant!" she cried, but as she spoke, a different light came into the eyes of the Gnome king. As he gazed entranced at the lovely face of the water sprite, he forgot little Juanita, and stepping forward, attempted to take Wanda in his arms, saying as he did so, "Beautiful one, there is —" here he ceased, and to the astonishment of the onlookers, he fell lifeless at the feet of the waterfall fairy. And even as he struck the ground, his form changed, and that which was once the body of the Gnome king, now lay at the edge of the waterfall, a stone—dull, grey, soulless!

"Go," said the waterfall fairy to the nobles of Gnomesland who had followed their king, "go, and return here no more." Turning to the frightened little princess behind her, Wanda said in softer tones, "He defiled me with his touch, therefore he is punished. But you, little one, shall marry your brave knight and shall live happily ever after."

And so it was that a little later in the evening, the Waterfall Fairy's maids dressed Juanita in a gown made of moss-rose petals, brodered in dewdrops, and on her shining golden head they placed a veil of rainbow mist. Wanda herself joined the small princess and her cousin in marriage, and true to her prophecy, they did live happily ever after.

Now, if you doubt that the waterfall fairy really exists, choose some bright moonlight night, and go cautiously through the forest, stepping lightly, and even forgetting to breathe, and perhaps you may see her as she sits on a great, grey stone near the fall, the sparkling waters running through her slim white fingers in ribbons of shining silver. But if one is not very, very still, she will hear with those sharp little ears of hers, and as you gaze, will melt away into the mist that ever shrouds the waterfall in a rainbow glory.

—Esther Lackner, Scott, Sask.

Chipman, N.B.,
September 3, 1925.

Dear Bobby Burke:

We are two school girls in the tenth grade who would like to join your C.C.C. One of us has been a member before and tried for the gold button but failed so we are both going to try this time.

We both like going to school and are getting along fine. Being schoolmates we have lovely times together.

I wonder if any boys and girls from sixteen upwards would care to write us. We will gladly answer all letters. Our ages are 15 and 16 years.

Wishing the editor and members the best of success, we are "Mickey" and "Easter Lily."

Address:

Mary Irene Crossman,
and
Esther Lilian MacRae,
Chipman,
Queens Co.,
N.B., Canada.



THIS LOVELY BIG DOLL FREE TO GIRLS

This lovely doll is sixteen inches tall. She has beautiful soft curly hair, and eyes that open and shut. She wears a lovely dress trimmed with lace, and has real shoes and stockings and hat. Her arms, legs and head all move and she is a real lady.

We will give you this lovely doll free of charge if you will sell just 40 packages of lovely embossed Xmas postcards, booklets, seals and tags at ten cents a package.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When they are sold you send us our money and we send you the lovely Doll by mail, with all charges prepaid. We guarantee the sale of every package, and take back any not sold.

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If you can solve this Puzzle and will sell 24 Frozen Perfumes at 10c each, you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do this? It is very easy. If so just mark Santa with an X and send it to us at once and if correct we will send you the Perfum to sell right away

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For selling only 6 boxes of Perfume at 25c a box. Fitted with a 14 carat gold nib, this fine Pen is the best bargain ever offered. Send your Name & Address to
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FREE This Phonograph. Write for 500 bargain catalog of premiums and fancy goods free. For \$1.00, 250 large silk pieces postpaid

ALLEN NOVELTIES
ST. ZACHARIE, QUEBEC

ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

Create Gas, Sourness and Pain
How To Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the causes of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestents are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

VANITY RING WATCH

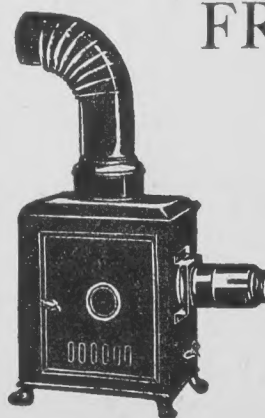
Can be worn 3 ways
Ring, Pendant \$2.00
Wrist Watch Complete



Set The Style—Get the latest novelty ring worn by famous movie stars.
Secret Rouge Compact and mirror under the dial. Rich silver plating finish.

Just Enclose Two Dollars in Letter
E. G. MACDONALD, 451 Dominion Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

FREE to Boys Big Magic Lantern



This splendid Magic Lantern is lots of fun. The machine is complete with lamp, lenses and 6 slides and can be easily operated by any boy.

Send us your name and we will send you thirty packages of lovely embossed Xmas postcards and Booklets, to sell at ten cents a package. When they are sold send us our money and we will send you the complete outfit with all charges prepaid. We take back any not sold.

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Toronto (2) Ont.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

When Cacklers Are Busiest

All the cackling done during an election campaign isn't by hens laying eggs.—Kingston Whig.

They Could Bob Each Other

If Samson were alive today, he could reciprocate by doing as much for Delilah.—Calgary Herald.

Or 40,000 Mustard Plasters

A man stole two barrels of mustard in Toronto—enough to make a million hot dogs bark.—London Free Press.

The Speeder's Eyesight

No speeder is ever so reckless that he can't tell on sight a traffic policeman from a pedestrian.—Toronto Telegram.

Where Murder Is a Familiar Fact

It is getting so in Chicago that a murderer is considered insane if he does not plead insanity.—Victoria Colonist.

There Certainly Is in Chicago

A professor says that the newspaper, print too much crime news. That is to say, there is too much crime committed.—Chicago Tribune.

An Idea That Is Too General

Too much of the world is run on the theory that you do not need road manners if you have a five-ton truck.—Selkirk Record.

So It Would Seem

Even if no automobile has ever butted a train off a track, we will say for them that they are always trying hard to do so.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Quite So

An Austrian recommends the use of a scrubbing-brush on corpulent bodies to remove fat. Its vigorous application to a floor might accomplish the same result.—Nanaimo Herald.

Not Necessarily

Elzear Morel bagged a 255-pound seal in Quebec this week. That should make seal coats for two women if they each weighed 127½ pounds.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Hustling Is Not Always Efficiency

It is a great mistake to imagine that the average British business man is not a hustler. He may not appear to be hustling as strenuously as the average American business man, but he is 100 per cent efficient, all the same.—Washington Star.

Why Be Despondent

The next war will about destroy civilization, says a speaker at Toronto. If the fashion news is correct—skirts above the knees, red ears, curled eyelashes, et cetera—let the blow fall.—Hamilton Spectator.

Prairie Leaders to Be

The prairie provinces also have their trail breakers, men and women who are establishing themselves on the frontiers of civilization, making new homes and rearing families of new Canadians, from which may some day come the leaders of thought and action in this Dominion.—Toronto Globe.

A Scene for Real, Not Glycerine, Tears

Pola Negri, the film actress, has had to pay the U.S. customs \$57,000 for "forgetting" to declare on jewellery she brought into the States last May. Pola is a tragedienne; this fine may help to perfect her tragic expression.—Fort William Times-Journal.

The Gift of Fluent Oratory

A survey of public life makes it plain that Nature has been capricious in distributing the gift of fluent and copious speech. She has given that faculty to some men of great judgment, she has denied it to others of equal or greater judgment, and she has lavished it on some men of little judgment.—Ottawa Citizen.

Great Britain's Industrial Position

The difficulties the British face in regaining industrial prosperity are not entirely war-made. A new age is being ushered in and some of the advantages the British enjoyed under the old order are slipping them. We are emerging from the Steam Age, and slowly but none the less surely entering the Age of Electricity.—Auckland (N. Z.) News.

Legislative Item

A military guard in a Mexican state legislature suddenly went insane while the legislature was in session, and killed one of the members. It is a good thing for legislators that nerves are harder to jangle in our own hardy North.—Saskatoon Star.

Natural History Item

The things that stand cold weather best are the polar bear, the reindeer and the feminine ankle.—Toronto Star

The True Reason

The real reason why marriage is a failure with some people is that they couldn't make a success of anything else, either.—Niagara Falls Review.

But It Cannot Be Spanked

It is said that the radio is still in its infancy. Which probably accounts for its bad behavior when there is company.—Edmonton Journal.

It Would

Wouldn't that North Pole be a fine place for an undeveloped people that didn't want its natural resources stolen?—Duluth Herald.

In Brief

Too much moonshine. Too much gas, too much speed. Too much crash. Thirty days. Not enough.—Kincardine Review.

Danger Everywhere

Three convicts were injured in a riot at Sing Sing. It is getting so that even jails are not safe.—Buffalo Post.

Can This Be True

"The average girl has a vocabulary of not many more than 300 words," says a writer in a women's magazine. Well, though the stock may not be large, the turnover is frequent.—Vernon News.

But You've Heard It All

Every question and every bass drum has two sides, but sometimes you haven't heard much when you have heard both of them.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Of Course Not

Jack Dempsey offered no resistance when burglars entered his home. But, of course, Mr. Dempsey could not be expected to fight when there were no gate receipts.—Vancouver Province.

Or "Once Suspended"

No one likes to admit that his grandfather was hanged, so why not refer to him as a "grandfather once removed?"—Halifax Herald.

Canada's Important Place in the World

It is Canada's high duty and privilege to be the ambassador and creator of good will and good understanding between the great British Commonwealth of Nations and the rest of the English-speaking world.—Vancouver Sun.

The Wild Life

Let it be fully understood, this movement for the preservation of the wild life of the country has nothing to do with midnight revues, automobile speed hounds, joy rides and jazz.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Canada and the States

A common language makes friendship easier between two nations. It may be said that it also makes quarreling easier; but certainly that has not been the experience of this country and Canada. Quite the contrary.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A Prize for Work, Not Words

Congratulations to Miss Chataway, the Manitoba girl who wins the \$1,200 National Research scholarship. Evidently she hasn't spent all of her time living up to her name.—Montreal Gazette.

An Indian Lay

An Indian in Kansas has laid 46,644 bricks in 6¾ hours, thereby retaining his title as champion brick-layer of Kansas. Now a champion hen with a record for laying like that would be a champion indeed.—Minneapolis Journal.

As to the Provincial Legislatures

Do our Provincial Legislatures meet too often? Would not the public interests be served as well if they met every second year, instead of every year? This is a question not to be answered offhand. But one thing can be said offhand, and it is that some of the Legislatures when they do meet stay in session altogether too long.—Ottawa Journal.

Too Much Hurry

We are all in too much of a hurry. We eat fast, talk fast, ride fast, sleep fast—and die fast. We jump on and off moving trains. We dodge in front of rapidly moving vehicles. We would rather stub our toe than take the time to pick up our feet. What's the hurry? We still have all the time there is.—Montreal Devoir.

Speeders as Amputators

A surgeon recently amputated a leg by the light of his automobile. Some more reckless motorists have done it without lights.—New York World.

A Generous Invitation

Neepawa is not clamoring for people to come in and assume our obligations; we invite them to come and participate in our assets.—Neepawa Press.

When Posterity Will Look Back

The present may not make much of a hit with us at the moment, but twenty years from now it will be what is known as the good old days.—Montreal Herald.

A Suggestion

India is at a loss to know what to do with her excess princes. She might send them to Hollywood to carry spears in those Oriental feature films.—Buffalo Express.

Can This Be True

A Kansas pastor attributes the light attendance at his church to the custom of families remaining home Sundays to shave each other's necks.—Seattle Intelligencer.

He Would Flout the Idea

The Premier of Finland says movies are immoral. What if somebody should come back at him and say finann haddies were indigestible?—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Cosmetic Note

Statistics show that 18,000,000 boxes of rouge were used in the United States last year. As there are four times that many women, it would seem that a lot of them had to use common house paint.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sometimes Yes, Sometimes No

It is a political tradition that you must take 10,000 words to say what an average man would say in about 1,200. But then is a politician an average man?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Financial Item

Before you invest, or speculate to be more exact, have a confidential chat with your banker. He will have a much higher opinion of your sagacity.—Hanna Herald.

He Provided Work for the Census-takers

A Quebec farmer has just died aged 100 years. He leaves behind him 11 children, 66 grandchildren, 148 great-grandchildren and 9 great-great-grandchildren. This is our notion of first-class colonization.—Moose Jaw Times.

The Editor is Sarcastic

A man claims to have discovered a weed that will cure the tobacco habit. We knew about that a long time ago, though, we don't know the name of the weed. It is being sold right here in our town in the form of a five-cent cigar.—Fargo Tribune.

Where Danger Lurks

If children are permitted to do as they please and to go where they please, they will be playing in the sandpile of the devil's backyard before mother has played three hands of the bridge game.—Portland Oregonian.

As Things Go in Chicago

Two citizens who shot the cashier of the Drake hotel in Chicago and ran off with \$3,000 have been tried and sentenced to be hanged. They both say their trial was unfair. However, it is Chicago, and they haven't been hanged yet.—Brandon Sun.

A Mystified Editor

We see where one of the stores is advertising that it has an enlarged corset department. And we have been thinking all the time that they were getting thinner.—Hamilton Herald.

Quadripedal Bipeds

We have the Elks, the Moose and the Eagles. Every little American is born either an Elephant or a Donkey. Business men are generally known as bulls or bears. And our animal resources are not yet exhausted.—Boston Transcript.

Our Large Parliament

If the United States had as many members at Washington as Canada has in proportion to population Congress would contain 3,000 members. Even now the 435 members over there makes an unwieldy house, many useless laws, too costly legislation and unceasing delays in public business. And the House at Ottawa has just been enlarged from 235 to 245. Will the increase lead to wider deliberations and more expeditious action?—Sault Ste. Marie Star.